

LATEST  
PORTRAITS OF

SENATOR FORAKER'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN BETHLEHEM.

Vol-6.

SEPTEMBER.

No-3.

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO  
MIDLAND LIT-  
ERATURE & ART

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DRY TORTUGAS DESCRIBED.



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## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

### CASH PRIZES OFFERED FOR THE QUARTERLY COMPETITION.

This magazine will be filled every month with the choicest and best literature obtainable from all sources, professional and otherwise. But in order to encourage the large and growing number of its subscribers who may, with propriety, be termed amateurs in literature,—that is, those who are not making literature a profession,—the publisher of THE MIDLAND offers a special prize to amateur writers of both prose and verse, as follows:

*A New Prize.*—For the best *Original Descriptive Paper*, with accompanying Photographs or Drawings, or both, a cash prize of \$20.00 will be awarded.

For the best *Original Story of any length* a cash prize of \$20.00 will be awarded.

For the one best *Original Poem* occupying not more than a page of this magazine, a cash prize of \$10.00 will be awarded.

*This contest is open to all yearly subscribers to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. The eleventh quarterly competition will close October 1, 1896. It will be followed by other special announcements.*

This is not intended to interfere with the regular literary contributions to THE MIDLAND. Those who enter the contest will please clearly state such intention on sending their MS., that there may be no misunderstanding.

Failure in one contest is no bar to entrance in future contests. Any one subscriber may enter any number of contributions. The names of the unsuccessful will be withheld from the public. A price will be offered for such contributions as are found by the editor to be available for use during the next twelve months. Address, Publisher MIDLAND MONTHLY, Des Moines, Iowa.





*Julia B. Foraker.*

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

NUMBER 3.

## SENATOR FORAKER, HIS FAMILY AND HIS FRIENDS.

SKETCH OF CAPTAIN, GOVERNOR AND UNITED STATES SENATOR JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER.

By MRS. C. F. McLEAN,

Author of "Robert Louis Stevenson at Gretz," in the June MIDLAND.



J. B. FORAKER, THE BOY CAPTAIN.

ONE of the prominent figures of current history is Joseph Benson Foraker, ex-Governor, and United States Senator-elect, of Ohio.

When through the daily press a name becomes familiar to all, there is awakened a general desire to definitely sum up one's knowledge of such a personality—to complete the mental glimpses which the newspapers have disclosed under varied lights and shadows. It seems the peculiar province of the magazine to furnish full mental portraits of those who are making a stir in the world, and to more calmly judge of their character and achievements than journals can do, whose opinions have necessarily a political bias which modifies their estimate of public men. One of our recent presidents has been claimed by Ohio by right of birthplace and by a neighboring

State through long residence and identity of interest. Three States claim the immortal Lincoln, the State where he was born, the one where he spent his early manhood, and the State whence he went forth to serve his country—even to martyrdom. Ohio alone of the States can claim Joseph Benson Foraker. However, that fact can hardly militate to his disfavor, since the "Ohio man" in politics, as well as in recent American history, has become a recognized first factor in the land. Certainly the people of the midland region should not deplore the overshadowing importance of any State in that region, for along with that circumstance is the gratifying fact that the center of national influence has passed on from the East, until it has found its concentration near the actual center of population.

Senator Foraker was a country boy, as he was born on a farm near Rainsbor-



FORAKER, AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

On resuming student life after the War. From an old photo presented the editor of THE MIDLAND by Mr. Foraker while a student at Cornell University in 1869.



JUDGE FORAKER.

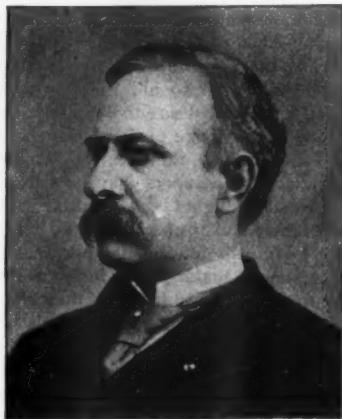
ough, Highland County, July 5, 1846, and there resided during the first sixteen years of his life.

So many of our great men were born in the country, and there grew to early manhood, that one may be pardoned for wondering if they could have acquired the physical endurance, and mental alertness necessary to success, under other conditions and surroundings. Waving fields of corn, canopied by a blue sky and edged with woods and meadows, such as the boy Foraker gazed upon in the first years of his life, do seem to give a wider mental vision as well as better eyesight than that given by the vistas of a great city. The subject of this sketch enjoyed all the sports that country life and especially school life in the country permit. It is certain that he was a good student, diligent and attentive, and also that the country schools of Ohio were as good as, even if not better than, they have been since those days "before the War," because young Foraker, having left school when sixteen years old to enlist in the Union Army, was able, after the War, without much further preparation, to enter college. Young Foraker was one of that large number of soldiers of the Union Army whose pure, youthful patriotism was the highest inspiration of the

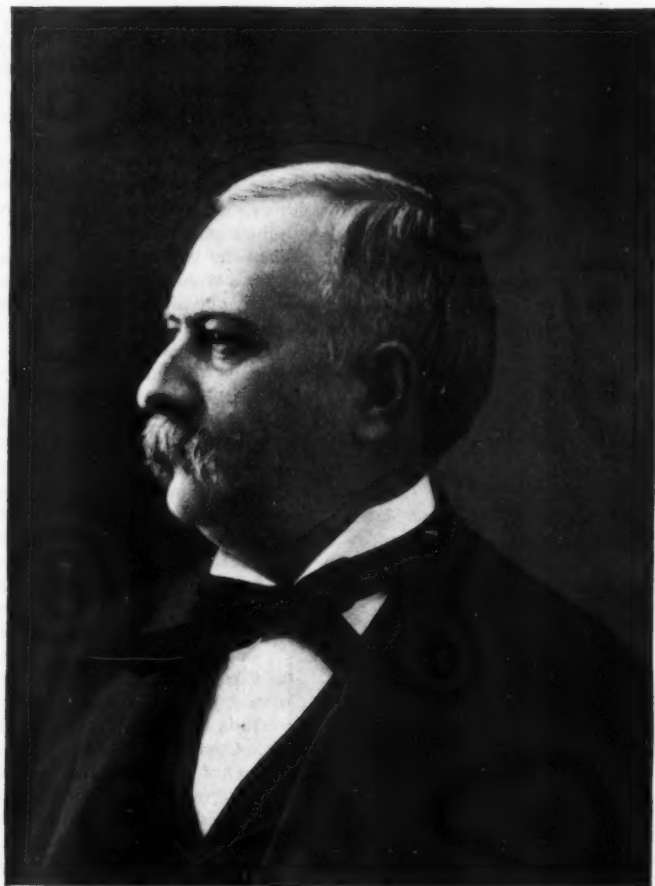
cause. But, long before the War, and indeed when a very small boy, he was a patriot who took delight in giving expression to his patriotism. Recently his older sister, Mrs. Amen, has told many stories of her brother's boyhood days fully illustrating his early devotion to his country. Over some of these recollections the newly elected United States Senator laughingly shakes his head, as though they were really not worth recalling, as so much of serious importance has occurred since then. However, he does not deny that when a small boy he possessed and proudly flung to the breeze an American flag of home manufacture; the white and red stripes were made of his sister's discarded flannel skirts, and on a blue calico ground he had laboriously sewed the regulation number of stars, even though they were a little uncertain as to the direction of the points.

This sister also relates other stories of like character.

During the first year after Fort Sumter, when he was but fifteen years old, the soul of the boy Foraker was burning with a longing to go to the defense of the imperiled flag. Although tasks were not left undone, nor lessons unlearned, in every waking moment there sounded



GOVERNOR FORAKER.



*Respectfully  
J. B. Foraker*

UNITED STATES SENATOR JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER.

to him, like the deep undertones of a great organ, the call to arms, and whenever he stopped to listen to the accelerated beating of his own heart, he felt that it was but keeping time to the tread of marching armies. At last that call became too imperative to be longer

unheeded, and therefore on July 14, 1862, Joseph Benson Foraker enlisted as a private in the Eighty-ninth Regiment of Ohio Volunteers. He was then but nine days over sixteen years of age, and eighteen was the required age for enlistment. How then was the boy of sixteen accepted

and enlisted? He put the figure 18 in his shoes, and as he stood up before the recruiting officer and gave his name he said he "was over eighteen!"

At sixteen, then, we find Foraker a soldier in the ranks of the Army of the Cumberland, where he endured every hardship of the march and the battlefield. In August, 1862, he was made sergeant and March 14, 1864, he had risen to the rank of first lieutenant. After the capture of Atlanta he was detailed for service in the signal corps, and assigned to duty on the staff of Major-General Henry W. Slocum, the commander of the left wing of Sherman's great army. On the March to the Sea, Lieutenant Foraker "for efficient services during the campaign in North Carolina and Georgia" was brevetted captain and made an aide-de-camp to General Slocum. That promotion came on March 19, 1865. At the required age of enlist-

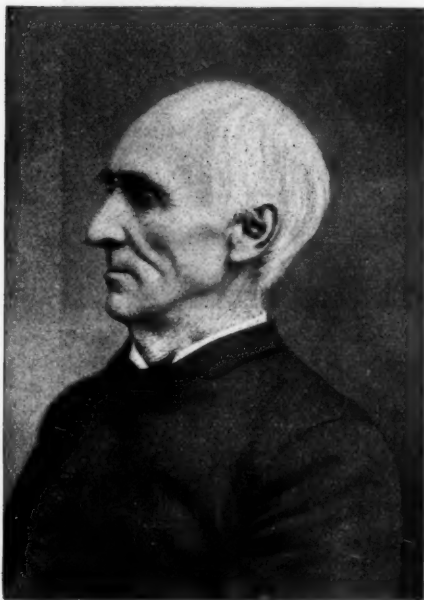
ment as a private, the boy soldier, Foraker, was already brevetted captain. What a wonderful record for youthful bravery and efficiency this statement of promotions presents! No wonder then that when the veterans of the Army of the Cumberland greet this still youthful man as he stands on the platform to address them, they fairly raise the roof with their enthusiastic cheers.

When the War was over and Captain Foraker, before the age of nineteen, was mustered out of service, with a wisdom rare in one who had mingled in the excitement of great and stirring events, he determined to resume the course of study interrupted by the War. He entered the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware and, later, in 1868, became a student at Cornell, where he graduated in the first class to leave that newly founded institution, in 1869. Meantime he had also studied law, and, having decided to practice his profession in a large city,

he became a resident of Cincinnati, was there admitted to the bar on October 14, 1869, and has ever since made his home in the Queen City of his native State. In 1870 the young lawyer married Miss Julia Bundy, of Wellston, Ohio.

Continuing this chronological record, let it be briefly stated that in 1879 Joseph Benson Foraker was elected Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, but, after three years of service, owing to impaired health, resigned his place on the bench.

In 1883 Judge Foraker was nominated by the Republican party for Governor of Ohio, but one of the occasional Democratic waves being then in progress over Ohio, the Democratic nominee, Judge George Hoadley was elected. In 1885, with Governor Hoadley once more his opponent, Judge Foraker was elected Governor. He was again the successful candidate of his party for the same office in 1887. In 1889 he was a third time put



HENRY S. FORAKER,  
Father of Senator Foraker.

in nomination for Governor, but through some unique local political complications another Democratic wave placed in the gubernatorial chair another veteran of the War, James E. Campbell.

Governor Foraker has been four times a delegate to the National Republican Convention. He served as chairman of the Ohio delegation in 1884, 1888 and 1892, and in 1896 as Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. In 1892, the term of Senator Sherman having expired, Governor Foraker was also a candidate before the Ohio legislature for that honor, but the Nestor of Ohio Republicans was again elected to the position. However, in 1895, as the term of the Democratic Senator, Calvin S. Brice, had expired, at the State Republican Convention of that year Governor Foraker was unanimously endorsed as the candidate of his party for election by the legislature. When that body convened in January, 1896, it was overwhelmingly Republican and, without the formality of a caucus, according to the instructions of the convention, Joseph Benson Foraker, being the unanimous choice of his party, was elected United States Senator to take his seat in that august assemblage in March, 1897.

This is, in brief, a statement of the public services of the subject of this sketch. It is now in order to consider the character of the man as proved by his acts and utterances. As a lawyer, Governor Foraker is hard-working and painstaking in the preparation of his cases, and alert and resourceful in practice; for a man who is eloquent on the platform, he is singularly direct and concise in legal argument. His decisions on the bench gave satisfaction, and have stood the test of time and experience.

It was while he was serving as Governor of Ohio that Joseph Benson Foraker first came into national prominence. When,



HON. H. S. BUNDY,  
Father of Mrs. Foraker.

during the first administration of President Cleveland, the order to return the captured Confederate flags to their various States was promulgated, the veterans of Ohio showed a strong spirit of opposition to that order, and a friend of Governor Foraker telegraphed to him from Hillsboro an account of the intense feeling shown by the soldiers of that place. To that message Governor Foraker replied:

*"No Rebel flags will be surrendered while I am Governor."*

This message raised a storm of comment, both favorable and adverse; there was much said about his waving the bloody shirt, and re-awakening the animosities of civil strife. On the other hand, there was evinced much feeling in favor of the stand the Governor of Ohio had taken, and many then expressed themselves as vigorously as Governor Foraker had done, who, without his ini-



JOSEPH B. FORAKER, JR.

tiative, would doubtless have remained silent.

Both North and South the storm raged for a while ; it then subsided, leaving the captured flags where they had hung since the boys in blue came marching home from the war, and Governor Foraker was to his friends the hero of the hour.

Those who had bitterly accused him of a desire to awaken sectional strife, and who had poured forth an entire vocabulary of abuse on his head, were soon obliged to modify their feelings when the news of the Charleston earthquake startled the country. Almost simultaneously with the report of the disaster came the announcement that, while others were paralyzed by the unusual calamity, Governor Foraker, with quick sympathy and prompt action, had, first of all, sent relief to the stricken city. He had

ordered tents and other military stores of the Ohio militia sent to Charleston. The same promptness was shown by Governor Foraker in sending aid to the sufferers by the Johnstown flood.

The Governor of Ohio has only limited power, since he does not possess the veto, yet in every possible way during Governor Foraker's administrations, his energy and efficiency as an executive officer were conspicuously demonstrated. It was during his administration that, in 1888, was celebrated the "Centennial of the Ohio Valley and Central States." That celebration included not only an Exposition in Cincinnati—which never fully received its meed of praise—and an enlarged State Fair at Columbus, but also many conventions and special gatherings in those two cities and in other cities and towns in the State. The



FLORENCE M. FORAKER.

plans for celebrating that Centennial in the special meetings of various existing organizations and in the formation of new associations were inaugurated and successfully carried out in Ohio in 1888, and then five years later were adopted and expanded in scope and results at the World's Fair in Chicago. During that Centennial Year there was no one in the State who ever recalled that Governor Foraker had been elected by a political party, so completely did he place every party consideration in the background. He was in fact as well as in name the Governor of the entire State. Among the many unique and interesting celebrations the foremost was that held in Marietta, the oldest permanent settlement within the borders of the State. The descendants of those early pioneers felt that a day was all too short to fittingly celebrate



CLARA LOUISE FORAKER.



JULIA BUNDY FORAKER

the heroism and sacrifices endured a hundred years before, and therefore gave up an entire week to the celebration. Governor and Mrs. Foraker moved their household to Marietta and there kept open house in order that, as the first official and social representatives of the Commonwealth, they might fittingly entertain the distinguished guests assembled from other States. Every one who visited Marietta at that time came away charmed with the Governor and his family.

On that occasion was presented to Mrs. Foraker a handsome gold badge, which she treasures among her cherished possessions and which was given by the commissioners of Indiana, Wisconsin and Michigan, (which in 1788 formed with Ohio the Northwest Territory,) who had been appointed by the Governors of those States to officially represent them at the Marietta

Centennial. The badge has excellent medallion portraits of Arthur St. Clair and Joseph Benson Foraker, the first Governor of Ohio and his successor of the Centennial Year. On the reverse is an inscription, "To our Hostess," with the names of the donors and an exquisite representation of the old block house at Marietta

Governor Foraker is a brilliant and loyal party man. He believes that it is possible to obtain national results only through political organization. Before the policy of his party is outlined for action he is ever an independent leader of opinion. He endeavors to shape the policy of his party to his own ideals, but he is as ready to accept its decisions when they do not accord with his views as when they do. His services in shaping the policy of the Republican party have been acknowledged in both State and National

Conventions. At the last Republican State Convention he was not only chosen chairman of the convention, but for the fourth time he was made delegate-at-large to the National Convention and chairman of the Ohio delegation.

In 1892, at Minneapolis, and at St. Louis in 1896, Governor Foraker was made chairman of the important Committee on Resolutions. It will, therefore, be seen that in the councils of the Republican party of his own State, and in the councils of his party in national convention assembled, his influence has constantly increased until there is to-day no leader in either State or national affairs who stands out more prominent than the newly elected Senator of Ohio.

But Senator Foraker is a party man without party bitterness and resentments. No man knows better than he how to gracefully accept the decision of the people at the polls when that decision is adverse. On one occasion when his opponent, James E. Campbell, was elected over him, Governor Foraker sent to him the following telegram:

*"To the extent that a defeated candidate may with propriety do so, permit me to congratulate you on your election."*

Governor Campbell was also in the Army, and, although he and Governor Foraker differ radically in politics, they possess a mutual respect and ancient comradeship.

There have been of late so much of sickly sentimentality and moral obliquity in regard to social questions in literature and the drama that it is refreshing, in writing of a public man, to tell that his private life is a poem. When a student at Delaware, Captain Foraker met Miss Julia Bundy, who was there attending the seminary for young ladies which has since been merged with the college. Like Geraint, the young Captain said, "By God's rood, that is the one maid for me!" When he left for Cornell, Miss



ARTHUR ST. CLAIR FORAKER.  
"Four and going on Five."

Bundy remained at Delaware. She graduated in 1868 and returned home. Shortly after Captain Foraker had begun the practice of law these two who had met at Delaware were married, and for twenty-six years Governor Foraker has found in his choice not only his wife and the mother of his children but what a famous Jewish rabbi once said a man should always consider his wife—"his first counselor and best friend."

Mrs. Foraker is so young in looks that no stranger would ever take her to be the mother of Joseph Benson Foraker, Jr. She is one of those women of even temperament and perfect poise of manner whose presence is soothing and refreshing. Governor Foraker is a man of nervous temperament and devouring activity, but Mrs. Foraker's sweet voice can even charm away a nervous headache. Her father, the Hon. Hezekiah Sanford Bundy, of Wellston, Jackson County, Ohio, was a member of the Thirty-ninth, the Forty-second and the Fifty-third Congress. During his last term he was the oldest man in the House of Representatives—seventy-eight years old. Mrs. Foraker lost her mother before leaving school, but her father lived, with unimpaired powers, till last year.

Accustomed from her early years to hear political questions discussed at home, Mrs. Foraker has ever since kept fully up to the times, and it is pretty certain that Governor Foraker never makes a political speech without consulting her on its principal points, nor a political move that she does not sanction.

Governor Foraker is singularly happy in all his family relations. His father and mother are still living in the old home, his father eighty-one years old and his mother seventy-six, both in excellent health and rejoicing in every honor conferred on their son. He has four sisters, Mrs. Milton McKeehan, Mrs. Louise Amen, Mrs. David Sprinkle and Mrs. William Newell, all of whom reside in Ohio. He has three brothers, James R., a lawyer of Cincinnati, and Charles and Creighton, who reside in New Mexico, where they

manage a large ranch. Another brother, Burch, was a Captain in the Army. He died in 1875, leaving a widow and two sons.

Mrs. Foraker has three sisters, Mrs. B. F. Stearns, whose husband was Major in the Thirty-sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Mrs. J. C. H. Cobb, whose husband was a Captain, and Mrs. Eliza Wells. Her only brother, William Sanford Bundy, died in January, 1867, from wounds received in the Army. His only son, William E. Bundy, is a prominent member of the Sons of Veterans, and has been not only State Commander, but also, although not yet thirty, National Commandant of that famous organization. He, too, practices law in Cincinnati.

As Joseph Benson Foraker, Jr., was the first child born to any member of the class of Cornell of 1869, his father's classmates sent to the first grandchild of their *Alma Mater* a silver cup. He is also the first son of a graduate to become an *alumnus* of Cornell. He is now a member of the law firm of Foraker, Prior & Foraker. With his mother's admirable disposition, he has evidently inherited his father's talents.

Governor and Mrs. Foraker have three daughters: Florence M., Clara Louise and Julia Bundy. The first of these, having graduated at a home school, attended a finishing school in New York, and, during two seasons, has been a popular member of the younger society of Cincinnati and suburbs. The second daughter, having also finished school in New York, will this coming winter be formally presented to her mother's friends. Miss Julia will attend school in Dobbs Ferry. She is very talented in music and gives promise of being a fine pianist. All three daughters ride the wheel, and under the care of a cultured friend are this summer making a tour of Europe. The youngest member must not be overlooked; he was born April 26, 1892, while his father was attending the State Convention at Cleveland. In memory of the happy time at Marietta, he was named for the first Governor of Ohio, Arthur St.

Clair. With an only brother "as big as papa," and the youngest of his three sisters old enough to play mamma, it may well be suspected that if there be an autocrat in the Foraker household it is Arthur St. Clair, age four. The family are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Governor Foraker's home is on Walnut Hills, now in the city limits, but above its smoke. Everything about the place goes to prove that Mrs. Foraker is not only a model housekeeper, but a home-maker as well; she has many treasures she prizes, but two take precedence—the uniform of the young aide-de-camp and a sword taken by him in battle. When the family take up their residence in Washington their home will be an intellectual and social center of great interest.

Governor Foraker is a man of wide reading and general culture, which fact shows in the finished character of his political speeches and other addresses. Personally he is a man who, by his courteous manner and sympathetic interest, charms all who meet him. In that respect he reminds everyone of Blaine; in fact, there is no public man of the present day who so often brings to mind that statesman as does Joseph Benson Foraker. Staunch and unyielding in all political contests, Senator Foraker also knows, as Blaine knew, that above and beyond political differences there are always at issue national questions in considering which all may rise above the political arena to the national.

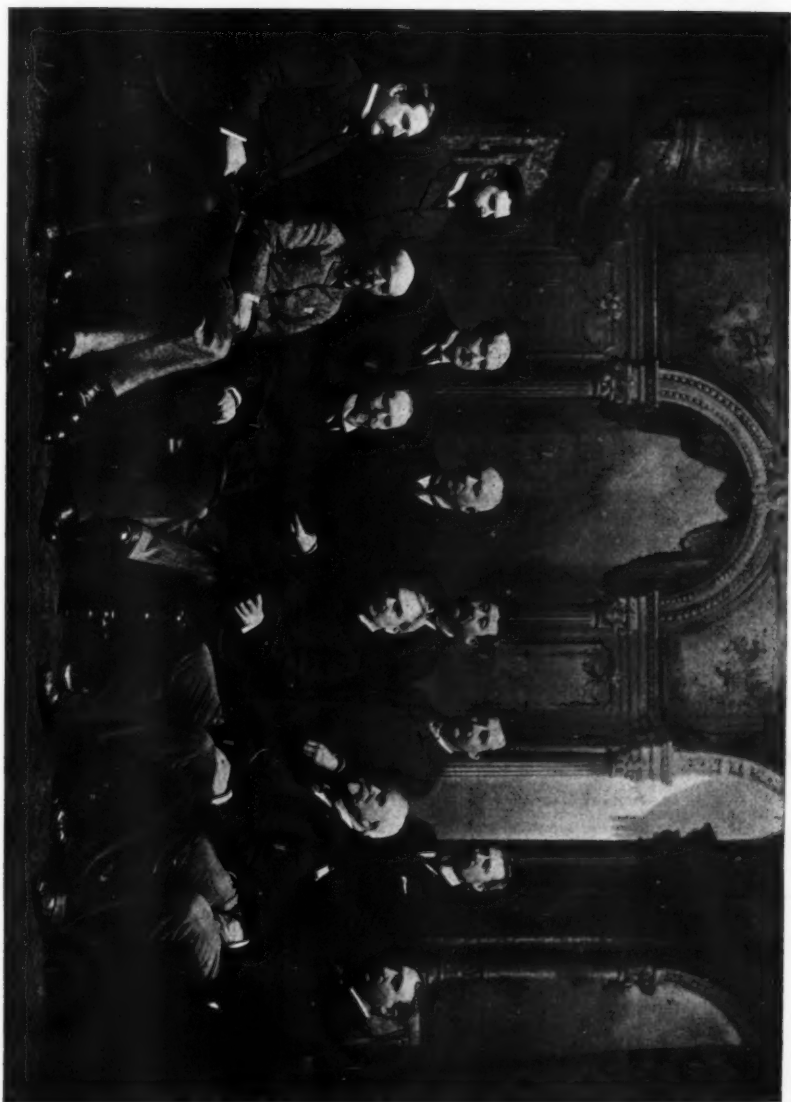
In his speeches Governor Foraker is singularly fitting the occasion; he knows when to loudly sound the slogan of his party and when to leave party issues and speak only as an American.

Perhaps the personal esteem in which he is held, and the varied characteristics that have made him a host of political adherents and personal friends who are not his political partisans, can be best demonstrated by a short account of a banquet tendered him after his recent election to the United States Senate, and given on Washington's Birthday of this year. At the Scottish Rite Cathedral—

in the largest banquet hall of the city—nearly three hundred and fifty citizens assembled to do honor to the newly-elected Senator. That the Governor of the State should honor the occasion with his presence, and that the Mayor of Cincinnati should preside were pleasing circumstances, but were to be expected since both are of the party of the honored guest of the feast; that General Hickenlooper of the Army of the Tennessee should have been on the committee of arrangements was also to be looked for, but that many men prominent in the Democratic party—leaders whose names are always mentioned when the question of Federal appointments by a President of their political faith comes up—should not only attend the banquet, but take active part on the committee, was indeed an unusual honor. But when it is stated that those same prominent political opponents were not only present at the banquet and assisted in making it a success, but were among those who most eloquently and fittingly responded to the various toasts, it may be set down as proof positive that Senator Foraker is a man of remarkable personal worth and distinguished qualities, since a so unusual honor by political opponents was voluntarily offered him. The speakers at the banquet were the Mayor, the Hon. John A. Caldwell; Governor Asa S. Bushnell; the Hon. E. W. Kittridge, one of the most renowned lawyers of the State, but one whose voice is seldom heard outside the court-room; the Hon. J. W. Warrington, another distinguished member of the bar who as seldom takes part in any but strictly legal gatherings; the Hon. M. E. Ingalls, railroad president, and one of the acknowledged local leaders of the Democracy in national affairs, and Col. W. B. Melish, a military man who also handles the weapons of wit as well as warfare.

With a tact that has been so much admired by even his political opponents, Governor Foraker's speech was brilliant, but devoid of party discussions or congratulations over recent political triumphs.

Martin J. Freiberg, Thomas Morrison, George M. Stone, Samuel W. Trott, J. G. Schallaps, Ralph Peters,  
 S. M. Pelton, Andrew Hickenlooper, Thomas B. Eagan, John A. Cuddehll, C. M. Holloway, Fern Langdon.



A GROUP OF SENATOR FORAKER'S PERSONAL FRIENDS.  
 The Non-partisan Committee of Arrangements for the Foraker Banquet.

He touched the deepest chords of patriotism, to which every heart could respond. One little ebullition of wit on the political aspect of his election made all of both parties feel at ease. Said Governor Foraker :

It was gratifying in the first place to be elected, as it has been said, with so little opposition from my own party. It was gratifying in the second place to be elected with so little opposition from the other party. And it has been gratifying beyond anything I shall undertake to express for me to have been made the recipient, as I have been, at the hands of my Democratic friends, of constant kindnesses, courtesies and marks of personal regard and esteem, from the beginning of this contest until this moment.

Further on Senator-elect Foraker said :

You make it easy for me to feel as I do, under such circumstances, in going to the Senate, that I go there to represent the State, and the whole State, and all the people in the State.

Then, referring in graceful terms to the former brilliant Senators from Ohio, of both political parties, he said that what was attractive to him in going to the Senate was the character of the questions with which he would have to deal. With a reference to questions of national importance and on which parties necessarily differed, he added :

The questions I refer to are broader than these. The time has come when there is an emphatic demand for a wise, broad, patriotic, progressive, aggressive, American statesmanship. I do not like the idea of our being unable to step out at either our front door or back door, on the Atlantic or the Pacific side, without seeing England's flag floating from all the islands that meet our view, with her guns pointing wheresoever she will. When the Sandwich Islands come knocking at the door with a republican form of government and the American flag, I say, let them in. When a civilized country turns civilized war into barbarism, as Spain is doing in Cuba, I say in the name of the Republic, and in the name of republican institutions everywhere, as well as in the name of civilization and Christianity, it is our mission to put a stop to it. And if, as a result, the stars and stripes should happen to float over that island, it would be no bad acquisition. I want to see the Monroe Doctrine, recently so much talked about, upheld and enforced against all the world. And I shall stand by the administration that stands for America, be that administration Republican or Democratic.

Then, referring to the Venezuela incident and the Nicaragua canal in terms not to be misunderstood, Senator Foraker left on all the impression of his broad, statesmanlike views and his intense patriotism. He feels that as a nation as well as individuals we cannot afford to be indifferent to the condition of

any class of people in this country, or that of any nation, however remote. Civilization has bound together individuals and nations in an unbroken chain, which makes every vibration felt through its entire extent, and the solidarity of the human race makes indifference to the suffering of nations or individuals not only cruel, but selfishly unwise.

Of course with the great political contest of 1896 yet to be decided it seems too long a look into the future to make predictions as to a succeeding candidate for the presidency. Yet one need not be a prophet, or the son of a prophet, to see in the man who at St. Louis so eloquently nominated William McKinley for the presidency the logical successor of McKinley to the presidential nomination on the Republican ticket, Joseph Benson Foraker.

He is to-day, as age goes for positions of national importance, a young man. In four or eight years he will yet be younger than many who have been elected to the first office in the land. In fact the only reproach Ohio has ever offered him has been "the atrocious crime of being a young man." For that reason twice has he been patted on the head and told to stand aside for older favorite sons and bide his time. It is said to contemplate that eight, or even four, years hence the ranks of the veterans will be greatly thinned ; yet it cannot be doubted that as long as one survives he will recall and cherish the predictions made for Joseph Benson Foraker by their beloved Sherman.

It was on September 25, 1889, at the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, when its veterans had packed the immense Music Hall of Cincinnati, to greet and listen to their old General. As Governor of the State Foraker had welcomed his General and comrades, and the Mayor of the city had also given greetings, to both of whom Sherman responded in one address. With the following quotations from his speech, this article on Joseph Benson Foraker may fittingly close. Said General Sherman :

And to you, Governor Foraker, we turn with feelings of love and affection stronger than any official title you may have, great as the State of Ohio may be in your estimation and in the estimation of the world, for you are one of us, body and soul. Well I remember you, my young friend, or boy, as you came through the June woods that day on your horse covered with lather, and came up like a soldier knight, and reported to me the message from your General Slocum. A knight errant with steel cuirass, his lance in hand, was a beautiful thing and you are their legitimate successor. You are no hireling; you never were. You are the knight errant of old transformed into the modern soldier, just as good as they were and better. I tell you that young man, now Governor of the State of Ohio, and wielding great power, was a beautiful sight as he rode up to me in those pine woods, covered with mud, not fit to be presented to this audience. A boy as I thought sent with a man's message and delivering it as a man and a soldier. From that day to this I have loved Governor Foraker. I have many a time been a guest at his house, and often have received from him marks of kindness to me as his old General. When I hear him speak he goes right to the point, no going

round the circle there,—the skirmish line goes right forward, no dodging or getting behind a hill or behind a log. Governor Foraker will speak right out as he generally does. I tell you he learned a lesson in war as good as any he ever learned at college and that was that when he had anything to say, say it like a man, and stand to it like a man.

Then, after referring to the then burning question of fairer representation at the polls for the colored voters at the South and urging that the results of the War would not be attained till justice was done to them, and that young men like Governor Foraker should bring that justice about, concluding his speech, General Sherman said: "I wish you, Governor Foraker all honor, all glory, all fame. I wish you may rise to the highest position the American people can give you."

## THE ANGEL OF THE TRENCHES.

**I**N TRENCHES of the Bosphorus,  
Crimean camp and battle-plain,  
She passed, a tender ministrant  
Of mortal agony and pain.

A courage true to womanhood's  
Ennobling duties, near or far,  
And held, e'en as the compass holds,  
The inspiration of a star.

Her voice, like music of the brook  
To thirsty traveler on his way,  
Or, as the plaint in woodland nook  
Of hermit thrush at break of day.

They named her Angel of the Tent,  
So like a spirit-vision fair,  
To soldiers of the Orient,  
A woman's gentle presence there.

Her shadow falls on barrack walls,  
And lips whereon death's seal is set  
Press with soft kisses, wistfully,  
The vague and fleeting silhouette.

Her lamp, a torch of light and love,  
With inspiration in its beam,  
As when, from radiance above,  
A glow descends on vale and stream.

And, as a light, her memory  
The years shall neither dim nor pale,  
A name encrowned of history,—  
Beloved Florence Nightingale.



MRS. ISADORE BAKER,  
Of Iowa City.

*Isadore Baker.*

## ON FOOT IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE.\*

THE CHURCH OF THE SEPULCHER IN JERUSALEM—CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM—A NIGHT PASSED WITH PILGRIMS IN THE MANGER—WITH THE MORNING STARS IN THE FIELD OF THE SHEPHERDS—  
BACK TO JERUSALEM ON FOOT.

BY N. TJERNAGEL.

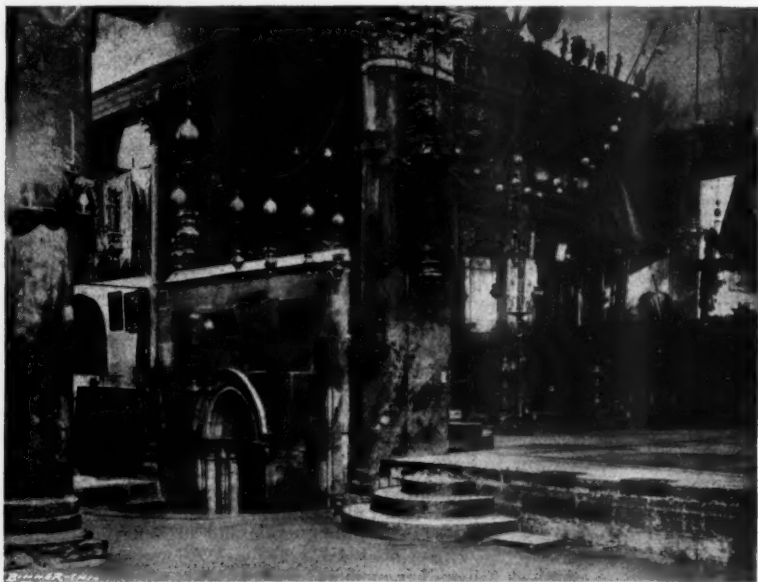
### III.

IT WAS on a Sunday that we made our entry into Jerusalem. It was a beautiful sight that greeted our eyes as we left the station and entered upon our walk over the old Bethlehem road into the city. The massive old walls and Jaffa Gate rose up before us, and on both sides of the road were groups of gaily clad native women and children, out taking their Sunday stroll. The women wore large white shawls, which almost enveloped them. Nothing but their faces—some of

them very beautiful—and the feet and hands were visible. The hands were covered with rings and the small feet were encased in beautiful tiny slippers.

Entering the Jaffa Gate we immediately began the inevitable hotel hunt. It is not an easy matter to find suitable lodging places in the Orient; for here, if the strictest cleanliness is not maintained, fleas and other "creepers" abound. We

\*The first and second instalments of this series were published in the June and July numbers of THE MIDLAND.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM, WITH DOOR LEADING BELOW TO THE CHAPEL OF THE NATIVITY.

had heard of the German "Johanniter Hospice" and, after traversing innumerable crooked streets and narrow alleys and asking many questions, we at last found ourselves applying for admittance there. The Hospice was founded by the Johannites of Germany. Besides providing a home for strangers sojourning here, traveling artists, students and others find a welcome. No charge is made against artists and students for the first two weeks. The food is substantial and the beds are clean. The price is five francs a day. On our

arrival there, my companion, an architect, from Hanover, was at once received and given free lodgings for two weeks. But when my turn came, the "*Haus Vater*" looked quizzically at me and my passport and said: "*Wir nehmen keine Amerikaner auf.*" He explained to me that only artists, etc., coming from European countries were given free lodgings; Americans have to pay. Not only the Arabs, but many Europeans, also, think that all Americans are burdened with too much money and carry it with them just



BETHLEHEM, CHRISTMAS EVE.

Procession on the Way to the Church of the Nativity.

to spend. The "*Haus Vater*" was extremely gracious to me, however, even after hearing I did not wish to board with him, and invited me to stay over. "It is too late and dark," he said, "to go out hunting for another lodging place to-night."

I cannot describe my feelings as I went to rest that night, thousands of miles away from home and friends; yet I did not feel homeless or alone, for I was dwelling near Mt. Zion, in the city of our Lord! The next day was Monday, ushering in Christmas Eve. In the morning as we were called in to breakfast, the "*Haus Vater*" read the wonderful story, (St. Luke, chapter II.), and it sounded more beautiful than ever before.

In the forenoon I went in the company of an American from Beirut, over to view the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. As we intended visiting it again and as our time was limited, we saw only a part of it, it being our intention to spend the most and best part of the day at Bethlehem.

The Church of the Sepulcher is situated on or over a small eminence called "Golgotha" (skull), which lay outside the old city. There are doubts, however, as to whether this is really the true place of the Crucifixion. A few are inclined to think that Gordon's Golgotha, situated outside the walls of the present city, near the Grotto of Jeremiah, was the true place of the Crucifixion. I have visited both places, but will now briefly describe the first and most likely one.

It seems unlikely that the first Christians would have forgotten their Savior so as to lose all trace of the place where he was crucified and buried; but one must bear in mind that in the Siege of Titus the city was razed to the ground and the people were either killed or sold as slaves. Other wars and disturbances soon came and, still later, the history of the city was buried in profound obscurity for several centuries. Under such circumstances, is it to be wondered at that there is so much uncertainty regarding the sites of the sacred places? In the history of Eusebius it is stated that dur-

ing excavations, undertaken in the time of Constantine, the tomb of Christ was discovered. Other historians write that the Holy Helena (called so by the Catholics), mother of Constantine, went on a divine mission to Jerusalem and discovered the Holy Sepulcher, as well as, through prayer, found the *True Cross*, which lay buried several feet deep in rubbish. This is firmly believed by many Catholics. On the site of the present Church of the Sepulcher, sixty years after the Destruction of Jerusalem, Emperor Hadrian built a Temple of Venus, so as to once for all put an end to the pilgrimages of the Nazarenes (Christians) to Golgotha. Over the Tomb of the Savior itself he built a statue of Jupiter. At this time Jerusalem was called *Ælia Capitolina*, by its Roman Conquerors. It was under the ruins of this temple and statue that the excavations mentioned by Eusebius were made; and the Empress Helena, who had come here with orders from her son (Constantine) to build a magnificent Christian church, discovered the Sepulcher and the Cross. The fact that Emperor Hadrian had, only a short period after the time of Christ, built a temple and statue over the place to prevent the first Christians from making pilgrimages here is considered strong proof that the present church, erected on the site of this heathen temple, stands on the proper place.

The Cross (according to Catholics) which was found by the Holy Helena, and with which so many wonderful stories are connected, was hewn in pieces, one part being left in Jerusalem, to be shown to pilgrims; another part sent to Constantine, who carried it with him in battle; and still another to Rome, where it is yet to be found. The piece which was left at Jerusalem has quite a history. It was well taken care of—worshiped, we might say—till Koesroes II., the Persian, conquered Jerusalem. He plundered the churches and among other valuables this piece of the Cross was taken away. Ten years later Heraklius gained a victory over the Persians and forced Koesroes'

successor to set the Christian prisoners free, and to deliver back the Cross. Years later (1099 A. D.) as the Crusaders came to Jerusalem, they at once sought to find what remained of the old Cross. It had diminished considerably in size since last heard of, but it was yet there. A few Christians, living amongst the Mohammedans in Jerusalem, had succeeded in keeping it hidden from the Muslims. When the Crusaders saw it, "it made them as happy as if they had seen the body of Christ hanging thereon." The Crusaders took it with them in many battles, but at last in their defeat at Karn Hattin it was taken from them by Saladin. Later the French and Greeks sought to buy it back, but Saladin answered that the "King of Georgia had already offered him two hundred thousand pieces of gold for it, but it was not for sale." Not till thirty-two years later, when Damiette was taken, did the Christians get it back. During these thirty-two years several pieces had been broken off, and from now on it was diminished little by little till at last nothing remained there. Small pieces of it can be found in many different countries of the world at the present day, it is said, nearly all in the possession of Catholics. Calvin once remarked that it would take three hundred persons to carry all the pieces which exist of the Cross that Christ carried *alone* to Golgotha; Luther asserted that there were pieces enough of the so-called True Cross to build a house.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher, built by Constantine, was consecrated, 336 A. D. The church was also called Anastasis. It consisted of a rotunda with the Sepulcher of Christ in the center. This again was surrounded by statues of the Twelve Apostles. The external form of the rotunda has been preserved. On the east was an open space with colonnades, while still farther to the east stood a basilica. In 614 A. D., this church, with other churches of Jerusalem, was plundered and destroyed by the Persians; but it was rebuilt in 626. It was not, however, as grand as the previous one

had been. In the time between 936 and 969 this church was damaged by fires, and in 1010 it was ravaged by Muslims. In 1055 a new church was built on the site of the older ones and into this one it was that the Crusaders entered in 1099. The Crusaders had not been in Jerusalem very long, however, before they conceived the idea of building a much larger church which could cover all the holy places and chapels. They considered the old church much too small. It did not stand long in peace, however. In 1187 the Arabs played havoc with the buildings, and in 1244 the Sepulcher was broken into by the Kharezmians; but it was restored in 1310, and a new dome built over the Sepulcher in 1719. In 1808 it was visited by a great fire, which nearly razed it to the ground. The present church was built on the ruins of the old one, by the Greeks and Armenians, in 1810.

My friend and I went first to the Sepulcher. As we entered the vestibule, the first object that met our gaze was a Muslim custodian stationed near the door for the purpose of keeping order. He gave us a rather chilly stare as we came in. It made me sad to think that there should be so much jealousy and fanaticism among Christians that here in the holiest of places, the presence of heathen guards is deemed necessary. There is much bitter feeling between the Catholic and the orthodox Greek churches. They contend one with the other for the possession of these sacred places. There have been several encounters right in the church, close to the Sepulcher, where the intervention of the Turkish guards was necessary.

Passing the guards, we came to the "Stone of Anointment," where some pilgrims lay prostrate, kissing the stone again and again, and turning their beads on it. The Stone of Anointment is, historically speaking, of doubtful origin, but firmly believed by some Catholics to be the veritable stone on which the body of Jesus lay when it was anointed by Nicodemus. There are a number of large

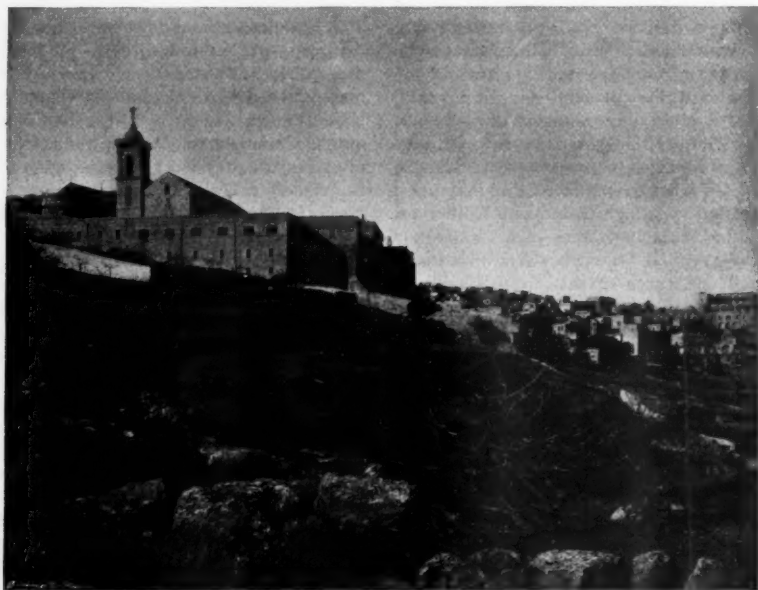
lamps hanging over it, some belonging to Catholics, some to Greeks, some to Armenians, and others to the Copts. A few yards away is a small enclosure marking the place where the women stood during the annointment.

A few paces more and we arrived at the Rotunda of the Sepulcher. Although beset with doubts as to whether this was the real place of Christ's interment, with reverence we bared our heads and entered the sacred place. We first entered the antechamber, where there are two stone benches and a large candelabra. Here the Oriental Christians leave their shoes when visiting the Sepulcher within. From this antechamber we entered the Angels' Chapel. In this chapel is shown the stone which is said to be the one which the Angel rolled away from the grave, and on which he sat. It is very small. I think I could have lifted it. Perhaps it is only a part of the original stone. It is encased in marble. It is

much worn on the top from continual kissing by pilgrims.

Through a very low door, only high enough for a small child to pass erect, we next entered, and at last stood in the Sepulcher of our Savior. We had a precious moment all to ourselves, no one else happening to be there as we came. Few persons visit this place without shedding tears, and perhaps it is really the most fitting place in all the world for mortal man to weep.

The Sepulcher is only six and one-half feet long and six feet wide. From the ceiling are suspended forty-three precious lamps belonging to different sects. These lamps are always lighted. On one of the walls is a relief in marble, which represents the Savior rising from the dead. On the door is a Greek inscription: "Lord, remember thy servant, the imperial builder, Kalfa Komnenos of Myteline, 1810." The roof of the Sepulcher is borne by marble columns. On the right, as we



CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.



A GATE IN THE WALL AROUND JERUSALEM.

enter, is the marble tombstone. This, which is in the form of a shelf, is five feet long, two feet wide and three feet high. The marble slab which forms the top of the shelf is split and is used as an altar. On this, it is said, Christ's body was laid. The Catholics say mass here daily. I could not see that the Sepulcher which is quite above ground, corresponded in the least with the one mentioned in St. Luke, xxiii : 53. Yet perhaps, in the course of time things have changed so that the top of the old tomb has fallen in or been broken open, thus making it possible for the present Sepulcher to be identical with the old one. The whole rock-surface here is overlaid with marble. This has existed since the Middle Ages and it is not known what the rock beneath really consists of. In olden times a sepulchral grotto was said to have been here.

The weather was beautiful and the road to Bethlehem almost as smooth as a floor as I started out on foot — after dinner

Christmas Eve — in the company of some German tourists, for the birthplace of the Savior. It is only a two hours' walk, but there are many interesting things to notice on the way. We passed by the "Hill of the Evil Counsel," where a fine view of Jerusalem can be had. On this hill the country house of Caiphas is said to have stood. On the "Wely Abu Tor" is shown the tree where Judas is said to have hanged himself. We afterwards passed over the Valley of Raphaim. The road was excellent all the way, but it must have been still better in olden times when it was paved and shaded by trees. On both sides of the road were situated rich gardens and vineyards. These, with the roses and sweet smelling plants, must have made the region a paradise in Christ's time. Over this road Abraham and Jacob, David, Solomon, Mary, Joseph and Christ himself had walked. We passed by the places where the Catholics believe Simon the Just and the prophet, Habakkuk, lived. They say it was here that the

angel took the prophet by the hair and carried him to Babylon. On the top of a large hill stands the Monastery of Mar Elyas. It is very well built and could resist a long, heavy siege. On the right side of the road a stone is shown on which the prophet Elias rested when making his escape from Queen Jezabel.

From this hill we saw Bethlehem for the first time. From its top can be seen the place where Christ was born (the church at Bethlehem), the place where he died and rose again from the dead (the Church of Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem) and the Mount of Olives where he left his disciples and went to his Father. A little farther on, on the left side of the road, is a well from which the Holy Family is said to have drank. Devotees tell so many stories of this kind that at last one is left in a maze as to what to believe and what not to believe.

Half an hour from Bethlehem is situated the grave of Rachel. It is now in the hands of Mohammedans who have erected one of their white-plastered "we-lies" (places of prayer) over it.

While we were standing here, some well-mounted Bedouins, heavily armed, dashed by in a mad gallop in the direction of Jerusalem. For the moment I involuntarily thought of war and bloodshed. But, when the dust cleared away, it was explained to me that it is quite common for these wild sons of the wilderness to suddenly emerge from their mountain fastnesses and play pranks along the highway to the consternation of people more peaceably inclined. They also come to Jerusalem and Bethlehem to trade and loaf and are then as a rule quite well behaved. The Bedouins are beautiful riders, and I know of no more interesting sight than groups of them skimming along on their sleek Arab horses over the well-trodden mountain roads, with guns and knives clashing and mantles flying.

Leaving the tomb, we walked rapidly on and were, within twenty minutes, in the old world-famous city. We had no sooner come within the city precincts than we noted a difference in the appearance of

the people. They were more intelligent looking than any people that we had before seen in this region. Many of the women are strikingly beautiful. There are 8,000 inhabitants. We at once went to the Church of the Nativity, where the Patriarch of Jerusalem had just preceded us, escorted by bands of music and a large gathering of people.

A church was built by the early Christians over the cavern in which Christ was born; and later, about 330 A. D., a basilica was erected by Constantine. The venerable old pile has seen many hardships in its time, but it has managed to pull through them all and stands to-day almost as it was originally built, looking like a fortress with its old, weather-beaten walls.

The church contains numerous chapels, tombs and altars, many of which are beautifully decorated. Besides the Chapel of the Nativity, there is the Chapel of the Innocents (children slain here by Herod); the Chapel of St. Jerome, where the saint lived and worked; the Tomb of Eusebius of Cremona and the Tomb of St. Jerome; the Altar of the Adoration of the Magi, etc. Near the basilica are the Armenian and the Greek Monasteries. The Emperor of Russia has erected a beautiful tower over the Greek Monastery, from which a fine view of Bethlehem and its surroundings can be obtained. A five minutes' walk from the Greek Monastery brings one to the Milk Grotto, so named from the tradition that the Holy Family once sought refuge here, and while here a drop of the Holy Virgin's milk fell to the floor. A belief prevails among Catholics that by visiting this cavern and touching the rock the milk of women and also of animals will increase. I saw several apparently sane men and women enter the place and touch the rocks with the greatest reverence. One old man emptied his pockets of letters and valuables, rubbed them against the rock and, as he rattled his beads, he kissed them and put them back in his pockets with evident satisfaction.

Northwest of the church is the Franciscan Monastery. It is closely adjoined

to the church, and from the outside all the buildings appear as if belonging to one. The entrance from the outside consists of a low door about four feet high and three feet wide; but, when once inside, there opened up before us a vast number of large rooms, spacious halls and chapels.

Christmas Eve had brought a great number of visitors, rich and poor, to the monastery, and the monks vied with one another in their efforts to entertain hospitably and without partiality. I visited the place in the evening, in the company of some German tourists I had met in the church. We had no sooner entered the monastery doors before the rich aroma from a dozen boiling pots in the kitchen told us in terms plainer than words what was in progress. We were soon afterwards espied by a fat, comfortable looking monk, who gripped our hands heartily and conducted us without ado or ceremony into a large dining-room. An interesting sight met my gaze as my eyes wandered over the large room, from table to table and from face to face. Here a great number of poor people, who had perhaps not seen a "square meal" for the last fifty-two weeks, were filling up with strong soup, meat, vegetables and wine. There were some tourists also, as well as a few Arabs of the middle class; and here and there a stray Bedouin could be seen. The monks were everywhere, with kind words and smiling faces, and flitted continuously to and fro among the tables and in and out the kitchen, carrying big bowls of soup, huge dishes of meat and large flasks of wine to their hungry guests. All were given more than enough, I thought; but I saw a few, whose stomachs must have had abnormal capacities, sneak back a second time and rapaciously devour another large "portion." These were not Arabs, but European tramps, of which kind there are quite a few that "hang around" the monasteries and other benevolent institutions in Palestine. One of my German companions had partaken of too much wine, and when we reached the open

air he commenced singing boisterously. When I mentioned to him that such behavior was not in keeping with the place and the "Holy Night," he was perceptibly moved and the mist seemed suddenly to clear away from his brain. His eyes filled with tears; and, as he looked up towards the bright, twinkling stars, he commenced talking about his mother far away. "If she only knew I was here," he exclaimed; "here where she so often came with her thoughts; here where the Heavenly Babe was born, and where the whole world is meeting in dreams to-night!" This sudden transformation in the man, together with the beautiful night and the sweet music which streamed out upon the sacred place, combined to produce an effect which has stamped itself on my memory and was better than a hundred sermons.

I spent the rest of Christmas Eve in the cavern where Christ was born, remaining till after midnight. A mere stable at the time of the birth of Christ, it is now used as a chapel by the Greeks, Latins and Armenians. It is situated near the center of the church. We descended to it by a staircase. It is thirteen and one-half yards long, four yards wide and ten feet high. The floor is paved with marble and the walls are lined with marble. It is lighted by thirty-two precious lamps, many of which are never extinguished. In the east end of the chapel is a recess, where can be seen a small silver star in the pavement, bearing the inscription, "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*" Over and around this hang fifteen lamps, of which six belong to the Greeks, five to the Armenians, and four to the Latins. During the fierce opposition which existed between the Greeks and the Roman Catholics in regard to the possession of the church, some years ago, this star was robbed by the Greeks. After many years of wrangling it was finally replaced. In the very place where Christ was born, fearful hand-to-hand encounters have taken place and blood has been shed! Catholics and Greeks both wanted undisputed possession, and the

only way the matter could be settled in peace was to have a heathen sultan act as arbitrator. Now the Greeks have services one part of the day and the Catholics the other. In the cavern, as well as in the church, the presence of Turkish guards has been found absolutely necessary to preserve order among Christian pilgrims! What a shame to Christendom!

Near the recess of the Nativity are three steps which descend to the Chapel of the Manger. Here, it is said, Christ was laid and here he was seen by the shepherds and visited by the Magi.

The whole cavern was full of people from different parts of the world; quite a different scene from that eve preceding the birth of Jesus. In the manger a priest said mass, while near by others talked or lay prostrate, kissing the silver star where, it is believed, Christ was born. Some were crying, others looked tired and a few had fallen asleep. In addition to all this, two sleeping women took turns at snoring! I for my part stood up most of the time, but by reading and thinking over the wonderful story

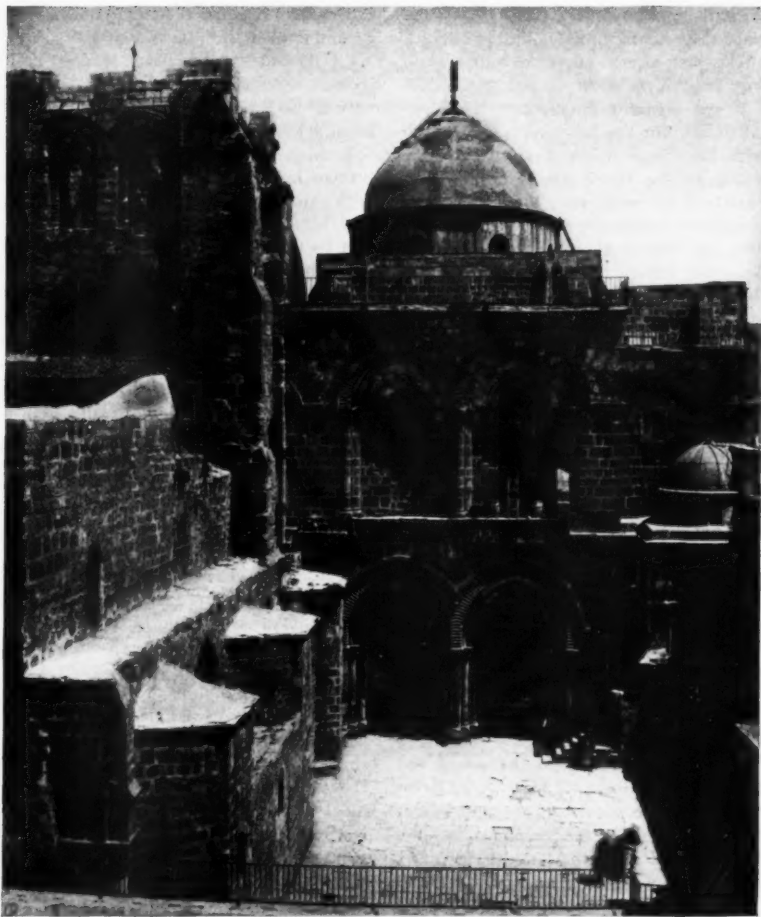
(in Luke, chapter II.) I forgot all about my weariness and drowsiness and was in a sort of ecstasy all night.

There were services in the church without interruption Christmas Eve and all through the night till Christmas morning. The church was crowded with people. The Catholic services were very impressive and the music was grand. At about three o'clock a little Arab boy offered me a chair—there were but a few; the natives were perfectly content with sitting on the floor. The offer was most welcome, for I had stood nearly all the night and felt very tired. I rested my head on the handle of my umbrella, which I had planted between the knees of sleepers on the floor, and before I was aware of it the soft music echoing through the church had lulled me to sleep.

I awoke with a start a little after four, and, suddenly remembering that I was to visit the "Field of the Shepherds" while it was yet night, I engaged an Arab to go with me and show me the way. Having armed himself with a club with which to



A SECTION OF THE WALL AROUND JERUSALEM, SHOWING THE COMPOSITE NATURE OF THAT ANCIENT STRUCTURE.



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER, JERUSALEM.

defend himself against dogs and Bedouins, we set forth. The path was very crooked and full of stones and hence not easily followed. Had not my Arab held his torch close to the ground in front of him, we would have lost the way. Arriving at Bet Sahur, a miserable little village some fifteen minutes' distance from Bethlehem, we were given a warm reception by the dogs. Every little village in Palestine has its army of worthless, yelping curs to

feed and license; they are a pestilence to the people and a great annoyance to the traveler. We were also hailed by an Arab. I feared trouble, but hearing no second call we pushed on. He must have been talking in his sleep and in the midst of wild dreams, for his voice from within the low stone house sounded unnatural and sepulchral.

We got through the village without anything serious happening to us; but a

short distance beyond it, my guide lost the way. For a long time he fumbled about, but at last, after a very awkward delay, we got back on the right path again.

It was a wonderful night. There was no moon, but the heavens were decked with countless brilliant stars. If one wants to see the heavens in all their grandeur, he must visit the Orient and remain out on a starry night. Then he will also be better able to appreciate the beautiful words, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

As we stood on the place where it is believed the angels brought their heavenly message, looking upward I thought I could almost see the glorious vision the shepherds saw, and hear the wonderful words of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will towards men." I was entirely alone on the spot, with the exception of my Arab guide. The night was without a sound, and seemed to me filled with a certain fragrance, pervaded, as it were, with sweet holiness from above. This is one of the most beautiful and inspiring portions of my trip.

As we were returning, we heard the bells of Bethlehem suddenly ring forth joyously, proclaiming to the world the birth of its Savior. "Let us go to Bethlehem" (Luke, II. 15). I thought I must join in the train of the shepherds as they hurried on to tell their wonderful news and do homage to the new-born King. When we arrived at Bethlehem I visited the manger once more, and then started back for Jerusalem. Passing through the main street, I met a shepherd boy who was driving his flocks to the field. Catching hold of a sheep, I pulled out a handful of wool, which I have kept as a memento of that day of days in Bethlehem. These sheep looked very much like the ones raised at home.

As I was leaving Bethlehem, the purple streaks of dawn commenced brightening up the landscape and, on passing Rachel's Tomb, the King of Day, arrayed in glory, appeared over the tops of the

Maccabean Mountains, sending out golden rays in endless profusion over the scene. As I neared the St. Elias Monastery I looked around and saw again the old City of David as it lay nestling among its hills in the morning sunshine.

Bethlehem is 2,550 feet above sea-level, on two hills running from east to west, with a small valley or depression between. The hills, which slope several hundred feet to the south and north, make the view charming. The soil in the vicinity of Bethlehem is fertile, and contrasts greatly with that of the surrounding barren country, hence the name Bethlehem, *i. e.*, "place of food." The city was very small in size in olden times, but was famed the world over owing to the fact that it was the home of David. After the birth of Christ a great number of people made pilgrimages here, and the city became quite important. Over a thousand years after the birth of Christ Bethlehem was laid waste by the Arabs, and in 1244 it was ravaged by the Kharezmians. Two hundred and fifty years later the fortifications were torn down. Since then the place has been free from outside disturbances, with the exception of a few raids by the Bedouins, but quarrels between resident Christians and Muslims have been frequent and blood has been shed. The Muslims were gradually crowded out, and the place is now almost exclusively Christian. Bethlehem is also the scene of the beautiful story of Ruth. The Field of Boaz is situated near the Field of the Shepherds, on a small, well-cultivated plain, about three-quarters of an hour's walk from Bethlehem.

As I was passing the Mar Elias Monastery I met two monks who were on their way to Bethlehem. They intended, no doubt, to celebrate Christmas Day in the church. They must have expected something very rare, for they walked with eager steps and kept their eyes riveted on the same spot as long as I saw them. As we met they smiled, pointed with rapture towards Bethlehem, then heavenwards; then they crossed themselves and proceeded on their way, while I slowly continued my journey on foot towards Jerusalem.



## UNHEARD, UNSEEN.\*

*WITHIN* my heart, while these Elysian days  
Beckon without, one dream forever broods,—  
A sweet, vain dream of blossom-bordered ways,  
Of balmy, gold-green woods.

*For well I know that far beyond the sound  
Of these loud streets, the fragrant, verdurous gloom  
Of many a quiet lane is dappled round  
With falling white plum-bloom;*

*That in the wildwood, pale anemones lift  
Their fragile bells from out the dew-wet mold,  
And wavering ferns in every sunbeam shift  
From emerald-green to gold.*

*And it must be that through the lonely glade,  
Where soft leaves murmur, and the moving bough  
Weaves all day long its lace-like film of shade,  
The thrush is singing now.*

*Alas, that one spent soul unhealed should pine,  
While nature's fairest bloom,—the light serene  
Of sunset woods,—the wild-bird's song divine,—  
Passes unheard, unseen!*

*Julia W. Albright.*

\*This poem was awarded the Original Poetry  
Prize in the July 1st Competition.



## IN SOUTHERN QUARANTINE.

SKETCH OF THE DRY TORTUGAS AND OF LIFE AT FORT JEFFERSON.

By ED. L. SABIN.

DOWN in the southeastern corner of the United States, under Italian skies and surrounded by the fairest of seas, lies a winter resort too little frequented by the pleasure seekers of the northern climes. The Dry Tortugas is a wonderful land or group of islands. Like jewels on Uncle Sam's fingers, these low-lying isles stretch to the south and west, until his grasp can avail no longer, and his sway in this direction is ended.

Here, on Garden Key, is the government's southern quarantine station, with headquarters in old Fort Jefferson. Garden Key is one of the last of the eruptions of the Great Florida Reef. Two miles to the west is Loggerhead Key, and beyond is the unbroken Gulf. Fort Jefferson is one of the most picturesque and historic of our ruined defenses. The passengers on a vessel ordered here by the authorities need have no fear of *ennui*. Quarantine is robbed of its terrors.

The fort was planned in 1847, with the intention of protecting a point that might be useful for naval supplies. But, with Uncle Sam's fatal procrastination, it was never finished. However, a large num-

ber of slaves were imported from Key West, some sixty miles away, and quartered on the grounds. The slave barracks are still visible. Captain Wright, of the United States Engineer Corps, had the work in charge. By 1859 the walls were partially completed, at which time they had attained their present height.

In 1861 came rumors of war. A few soldiers and their wives were the only colonists on the key. The local militia endeavored to capture Fort Taylor, at Key West. Reinforcements were called for by Fort Jefferson, and munitions of war were hastily shipped there. The labor on the walls, etc., was pushed. But all through the Rebellion the fort remained practically unmolested. One or two trivial mutinies among the troops were the chief events of an exciting nature. The Fifth Artillery, the One Hundred and Tenth New York, some Pennsylvania soldiers and a colored regiment were the forces stationed there.

During the War and after its close the fort was used as a military prison. Doctor Mudd, who dressed the leg of Booth, the slayer of Lincoln, was confined here. He tried to escape once, and hid in the coal-bunkers of a transport steamer lying at the dock. An officer prodded the coal with his sword, and Mudd was ignominiously discovered. Another prisoner squeezed out of a port-hole and propelled himself on a ladder all the way to Loggerhead Key. One morning the sentry discerned the body of a man leaning against the wall in the moat. The unfortunate had attempted to swim the moat and had been drowned. Murder was suspected, but it was finally decided that the man met death by his own act.

It is of Fort Jefferson, the ruin, that I write; for everything there is now in a state of decay, and the romance lover can



THE MOAT.

dream his hours away to good advantage.

The isle contains thirteen acres and the walls of the fort encompass it, making the second largest fortification on the Western Continent. At one side is a triangular bit of sand-drift. Here are the quarantine and old engineers' docks, and the tumbled-down shanties where the slaves lived. Some stores were placed here, too. A wide sea-wall encircles the moat. Once sentries patrolled it, and the ladies of the garrison used it for a promenade. Even to-day it is well preserved, and is an ideal stretch for a saunter. The ocean washes it everywhere save in two spots that are white sand. The moat is about twenty feet broad, and is three or four feet deep. At present fishes idle in the placid water, and sea life covers the sides and bottom.

Within the walls of the fort the bleakness of a coral reef gives place to a scene of tropic loveliness. From the sally-port a path winds through a clump of trees, and, widening into a smooth walk bordered with conch-shells, leads to the old officers' department, now utilized by the quarantine officials. The building is long, with a porch running from end to end, and cocoa-palms shading it.

A multitude of rooms are open to the air, and echo to the footsteps. The iron stairways are rusty, and in the little apartments, once the homes of gay young officers, the spiders alone dwell. It is impossible to maintain so large a structure in order, and the living rooms of the present occupants are all that can be watched.

The great barracks are located to the north. The windows are boarded up and the doors are off their hinges. Cactus and palm and mango, with vine and shrub, grow in wild luxuriance on every available foot of ground from wall to wall in the interior of the fort. The defenses were never finished. Magazines are half-built, and appear as though the workmen had dropped trowel and brick at the coming of the Angel of Death.



ARCADE WITHIN THE WALLS OF FT. JEFFERSON.

About one hundred and fifty guns are now in the fort. It will accommodate three hundred. In the lower casemates we gaze down a long line of black breeches, and see the piles of solid shot and shell occupying the same positions they held in the Sixties. Rust fills the muzzles of the cannon, and dust and cobwebs cover the once formidable missiles. Plastering is peeling off the embrasures. The guns point to the iron port-holes, which are always open, and through the apertures the sea is pictured.

In the upper casemates the vista presents nothing but a series of arches, from angle to angle. The floor is cement, and the arches are a dirty mottled yellow. No guns are placed here. Great jagged holes are torn in the wall, where port-holes were designed.

In 1867 a scourge of the dread fever prevailed, and the fort was turned into a hospital. The walls were demolished thus to secure the needed ventilation. In corners are yet to be seen the fire-places where the soldiers and prisoners and patients cooked their meals. Rotten pieces of cloth and rude culinary utensils are lying in the débris on the floor. If a garrison had been wiped out in a second by fate, the confusion could not be more striking or more mysterious.

The walls are sixty feet high. The parapet is lined with cannon, but the

weeds are tall over the dirt thrown up. The bastions are loose with dislocated brick, and the towers have tumbled in. The guns are in a variety of postures. Here a former giant of a fifteen-inch smoothbore, lying helplessly on its side, with the carriage rotted from under it. There a ten-inch rifle pointing to the zenith. No one notices these relics—Uncle Sam has better iron.

Goats scramble over the parapets and the dam suckles her kid neath the shadow of the dismantled cannon. The old fort is silent as the grave, save when the hoofs of the goats patter through the arches. Everything speaks of a peaceful and honorable decay. The upper casemate, where twenty-nine years ago yellow fever ruled and marked its reign by scores of victims, is now all deserted. Through the yawning holes in the walls we catch a charming view of sea and keys. Yet the ashes in the fire-places seem deposited there but yesterday. The parapet is dangerous to the foot. The lower casemate, once so warlike, is robbed of its grimness by the rust on the port-holes, and the dust on breech and muzzle and shot and shell. On the grounds are vast pyramids of solid shot. But the vines have crept over them and lovingly enveloped them. Peace pervades the very air. The portcullis lies under a fathom of water. The draw-bridge is never raised nor the sally-port closed. The walls that never felt a hostile blow are yielding to the attack of time.

In the summer, when the sun glints through the arches and the cool sea-breeze streams in the holes in the casemate, the fort is a veritable Land of Nod. At night, when the moon supplants the sun, the place is full of the spirits of the departed, and the soft air is peopled; the sighing of the wind conveys to the ear a multitude of whispers.

An old six-pound cannon stands upright on its breech just inside the sally-port. The muzzle is clogged and the iron corroded. The piece bears a date of the Eighteenth Century, and was found in the sea while Fort Jefferson was being

constructed. It is from the vessel of some pirate, and several other similar guns are to be seen at low tide, in the shoals. Probably long ago a buccaneer was wrecked in the locality. In a lovely spot in the interior of the fort a marble stone shows the resting place of Surgeon Joseph Sim Smith, U. S. A., and his little son. They died of the fever in 1869. Companies L, M, I and K, Fifth Artillery, erected the slab.

On this key, near the old light-house, Cooper located his character, Jack Tier.

All around Garden Key is a wonder-land. A score of islands fleck the emerald water. The Dry Tortugas are famed as once the haunts of vicious sea-robbers. Now they are only the homes of turtles and birds and are visited by a few fishermen. Peace rules the keys as well as dominates the fort.

The many reefs and shoals are dangerous to ships, and a light is ever in sight. On Loggerhead is a well-equipped station. The light is of the first order, and can be seen twenty miles away. I am told there are but seven such houses on the Atlantic Coast.

Near Loggerhead is Bird Key. Man-of-war birds and tern breed here, and as I landed the air was filled with sea-fowl. The key is bordered with a stretch of glistening sand. In the interior are tangled bushes. Pushing my way through the low jungle, I caught the whiteness of tombstones, and burst into a little cemetery. In a spot cleared of brush stood three stones: "Edward Welsh, Brig Caspian. Died July 29, 1892." "Capt. James Mustard, Brig Caspian. Died July 28, 1892." "Mark Gaze. Died January 7, 1888."

The Caspian, infected with yellow fever, put into quarantine at Fort Jefferson. She hailed from Havana, and the plague broke out soon after leaving that port. Her captain and Welsh died at the station here. The captain went first. It is reported that he was attacked by heart disease while in a state of intoxication. The next day the sailor followed him.

Concerning Gaze a more romantic tale

is related. He was a light-house keeper at Rebecca Shoals, a lonely reef light, and had occupied that position for a score of years. In January, 1888, he was seized with a fatal illness. On the night of the 7th, one of his companions placed him in a little dingey, and started for Fort Jefferson, sixteen miles away, to procure medical attendance. The night was dark and stormy, and a heavy sea was running. When half way to the destination, Gaze felt his end was at hand. He begged his comrade to throw him overboard and save himself, as each wave threatened to annihilate the small craft. The brave man, Jack Low, refused to obey the request. Then Gaze died. Low struggled on. When he reached the fort, the body of the old keeper was floating in the water in the bottom of the boat, and Low was wholly exhausted. The legends of the keys have hardly a parallel to this event, when this intrepid man fought his way over sixteen miles of stormy water, bearing the body of Mark Gaze to the fort. The three graves are side by side. Mustard and Welsh and Gaze sleep in the sand of this lonely key. The sea washes up to their very feet, and the black terns sit like ravens on every bush. Not once a month does a human being visit the isle, so desolate is it.

Three weather-beaten, dilapidated wooden slabs, surrounded by cactus plants, mark the resting place of unknown dead. Whether soldiers, sailors, or slaves, no one can tell. The key is said to be full of the bones of suicides and fever victims. On certain nights of the year the birds all desert the place. Then the spirits of the dead hold high carnival.

Five miles to the north is a perfect little gem, Sand Key. The surf rolls on all sides of it, and the smooth sand covers a gentle incline until a clump of grass in the middle stops the rise. In the midst of the grass is a grave. On the mossy stone is the inscription:

In memory of Henry P. Wever, Co. B, 110th N. Y. Vols. Born in Oswego county, N. Y., January 8, 1834. Died in Fort Jefferson, Fla., March 18, 1864.

Sleep soundly, brother.  
Your country's cause was dear.  
Your brothers leave you here to rest.  
Yet not without a tear.

For thirty years has this soldier slept here, and will sleep until the last call stills the rustling of the grass, and rends the white sand of the keys. Sand-crabs and sea-birds are the only living things on the isle, except the turtle crawling up to lay her eggs.

Three miles east of Sand Key is East Key, a long line of bushes and the ever present white sand. This key is famed for its turtles, and in the season hardly a night passes that parties do not turn a turtle on East Key. Here a few years ago a light-house keeper kicked open the hoard of some pirate,—over eighteen hundred dollars in Spanish money.

Beyond East Key runs reef after reef until Key West is reached. Taking all in all, one key is much like another—sand and bushes and birds and crabs.

Yet I never tire of looking at the marine gardens that cover the innumerable shoals of the region, and of exploring the countless little areas of land. The narrow channels between the shoals are indented by the blue water; the shallows are a mottled brown. Over many places a small boat cannot glide.

Great sea-urchins, with spines as long and as sharp as those of a porcupine, inhabit the bottom. Broad, flat rays slide over the sand beneath the boat's keel. Long strings of mullet and yellow-tail, with gorgeous angel-fish and graceful gold-fish, pass from coral to coral, or wind in a mazy dance between the posts of the old docks. The harmless nurse-sharks congregate by dozens around the reefs, and fine sport is had in spearing them. They are heavy creatures, often ten feet in length, and drag a dingey as a whale would. Clumsy brown pelicans sit on the reefs and watch for fish. When flying they look like overgrown woodcock. They present a ludicrous sight, squatting all in a row along the breakers, with the neck drawn in, and the pouch doubled under the bill.

The sand of the keys is honeycombed

with the holes of crabs. The animals are white and almost translucent. Black, bead-like eyes are set far out on the ends of long tentacles. The crabs sidle cautiously out of their houses and scoot back if anything unusual is in view. Any refuse on the reefs is speedily divested of all soft parts by an army of these quizzical cave-dwellers.

When a vessel is sent to Fort Jefferson, she is warped up to the quarantine dock, just outside the walls. All clothing, bedding, etc., is placed in an iron cage—a square box—and run along a track into another box surrounded by steam-pipes. The stuff is heated at a temperature of 230 degrees, then steamed at 190 degrees, and then heated as before. In the meantime a big pipe of a flexible substance, and resembling a hose, is carried across into the hold of the craft, the hatches are tightly closed, and sulphur fumes are pumped in until even the very flies are killed.

While the station is well equipped, the access to it is miserable. The two channels are crooked and narrow, and vessels are often obliged to "kedge in," with no aid from the wharf. It seems as though a better plan would be to have a tug at hand, or put the apparatus on a barge that could be placed alongside a ship in the outer channel.

A most interesting character among the pilots at the fort is Calvin Nedson, a



THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN MUSTERD.

Pequot Indian. He came from Rhode Island forty years ago, on a fishing smack, and has never left the region. He is very reserved, and no one knows why he separated from his native haunts, or who his relatives, if any, are. The Pequots are no longer a race. "Chief," as he is called, has witnessed the events of Garden Key and the fort for nearly half a century.

Dr. Robert D. Murray is surgeon in charge of the station. He is a gallant old soldier, and a wound in his face and a bullet in his leg tell how he served his country. His skill in yellow fever cases has an almost world-wide reputation. As a soldier, surgeon and gentleman Doctor Murray is *sans reproche*. In the officers' quarters are extensive laboratories fitted for the study of bacteria. A harbor light is on the fort. Doctor Murray, his assistant, the light keeper, and several pilots, are the sole dwellers on the key. The pilots are stationed there for three months. It is not a bad location, though the men say it is monotonous. Fishing is excellent, and the temperature is a great relief from that of Key West. The huge cisterns situated at intervals in the cement floor of the fort, contain enough cold water to supply a garrison for three years. And this means much in a tropical clime and on a coral reef.

The Florida Reef is no longer a menace to vessels. The crooked channels are



INTERIOR VIEW OF FT. JEFFERSON.

marked by buoys and lights. Wreckers thrive no more. Key West used to shelter a host of men who subsisted on the ships cast on the rocks. Often these wreckers did not scruple to lure the crafts to destruction by signal or strategy. Pilots would be sent aboard who would deliver the vessel into the hands of the wreckers. A captain would be bought off, and would close his eyes at the right moment.

In later days (and even to-day the practice is not dead among the Bahamas) the helpless craft would be boarded by a set of robbers, who would force their pretended assistance, and then claim salvage

money, when the vessel reached port. Rascally lawyers aided them. These wreckers fought the lights bitterly. With the venture they found their occupation gone.

The romance of the keys is fading away. Pirate craft, Spanish galleon, and slaver have disappeared. No more wrecks occur like that of 1737, when out of a fleet of thirteen galleons, treasure-laden, from Vera Cruz, twelve yielded to the fangs of the Great Florida Reef. Now merchant vessel and passenger steamer sail fearlessly up and down the coast, guided by the friendly light-house.



## A FATAL CAMPAIGN.

WITH GENERAL SKETCH AND NUMEROUS INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN, THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE, AND OTHER EVENTS BEFORE AND AFTER THOSE DECISIVE ENGAGEMENTS. MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES. XXV.

By COL. A. G. HATRY.\*

### I. EVENTS LEADING DOWN TO THE FATAL CAMPAIGN.

ON THE second day of October, 1864, Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, placed General G. T. Beauregard in command of the department embracing the States of Mississippi, Alabama, East Louisiana, Tennessee and Georgia, placing General J. B. Hood, then in command, as second. In pursuance of these orders he repaired to General Hood's headquarters, then at Cave Springs, Georgia, and arrived there about the 9th, and there conferred with him in regard to his future movements. On the 19th of October, supposing that Hood was near Alpine or Summerville, Georgia, with the Army of the Tennessee, Beauregard proceeded there, but found that Hood had commenced his movements toward Middle Tennessee, without advising him of the fact, and had marched as far as Gadsden, and he joined him there on October 21st. In this interview

between Beauregard and Hood the fatal campaign was planned. The conference at Gadsden lasted for two days, and the future operations of the Army were fully discussed. Hood stated that his general plan had been submitted to and approved of by General Bragg, then in command of all the Western Armies of the Confederacy. Beauregard asked Hood to give his views of this campaign, and, after much discussion, he consented to the movement. Hood's reasons were very good if everything had gone as he supposed; but he did not carry out his plan as he had laid it out before Beauregard, who was much the cooler and more experienced officer.

1. Hood alleged that Sherman was short of rations and forage at Atlanta, while his transportation was in wretched condition.

\*Author of "Sealing the Fate of the Confederacy: Scenes and Incidents of the Battle of Chickamauga," MIDLAND, December, 1866, with Portrait of Author.

2. Hood declared that the destruction of the railroads near Marietta and Dalton by the Confederate forces had been so complete that it would require at least five or six weeks to repair them, during which time the Army of the Tennessee could be thrown into Middle Tennessee *via* Gunter's Landing, distant about forty miles from Gadsden, and destroy the railroad bridges at Bridgeport and across the Elk and Duck Rivers, before Sherman could finish the repairs of the road below Chattanooga, thus forcing him to return to Tennessee to protect his communication and obtain supplies.

Beauregard remained at Gadsden two days after the departure of Hood and his army, and issued orders necessary for railroad communication in Mississippi and Middle Alabama for transportation of supplies, and directed Major-General Forrest, who was then operating in West Tennessee, to report to Hood with his command.

Hood was a brave and dashing officer, but of very vacillating disposition. Beauregard was to meet Hood at Gunter's Landing, and on his way there, much to his surprise, learned that Hood had changed his route and was on his way to Decatur, at which place he joined him. Hood found it impossible to cross the Tennessee at Decatur, which was then in possession of a division of Union troops strongly entrenched. He attempted to cross at Lamb's Landing, but failed; he next tried at Bainbridge, failing there also, and finally succeeded at Tuscumbia, which place became his base of supplies. This he accomplished October 30th. There and at Florence, on the opposite or north bank of the river, he remained with his army until November 21st. The strength of his army, according to his own report, (in this respect the Confederate Army officers always made their number less than the actual strength,) was as follows: Hood reports three corps of infantry, 25,085; artillery, 2,200; Forrest, Jackson and Roddy, division of cavalry; three divisions, respectively, 3,500, 2,000, 2,000; the whole command aggregating 34,785.

Sherman was still at Atlanta, and selected the Fourth and Twenty-third Army Corps, ordering them to rendezvous at Pulaski, Huntsville and Decatur, all under command of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas. When this news reached the Confederate leaders they hurriedly consulted what was best to be done, and decided that Hood with his army should move promptly into Tennessee and strike the Federal Army before a juncture could be effected with the reinforcements from Missouri and Arkansas, a force of about 8,000. On November 17th Beauregard ordered Hood to take the offensive and strike Thomas while his army was divided in such a way as to distract Sherman from advancing farther into Georgia. According to this order, Hood commenced his movement on November 21st. Beauregard, in his report to the Confederate War Department, maintains that Hood's failure in this campaign was due to his change of route, and subsequent events proved this to be correct, as, had he crossed the Tennessee River at Gunter's Landing, he would have gained full thirty days and found the Union forces scattered and totally unprepared to meet an army such as he had under him. Victory would have been his, and his march to the Ohio River would have been an easy task; Thomas would have had to make headquarters at Louisville in place of Nashville; Sherman's March to the Sea would have been unknown; the battle-ground would have been again transferred to Kentucky and the War prolonged at least a year. It was, however, to be otherwise. The old sayings come true in this case: "Delays are dangerous"; "He who hesitates is lost." The fatal campaign was opened.

The troops in Hood's command were the flower of the Western Army, veterans whose valor had been tested on many battle-fields. Their generals were the bravest in the Confederacy; such leaders as Lieutenant-General S. D. Lee, Alex. P. Stewart, Major-General Edward C. Walthall, B. F. Cheatham, Wm. B. Bates, Saml. G. French, W. W. Loring, John C.

Brown, and, last but not least, Patrick R. Cleburne, the so-called Stonewall of the West; and prominent brigadier-generals, State Rights Gist, Carter, Strahl, Granbery, Adams, and many others. All had attested their bravery on many battlefields. A strange coincidence, which perhaps is unequaled in our War history, is the fact that I was pitted against Cleburne in three fierce battles, and that he should meet his death in battle with our brigade and, without doubt, with my regiment.

Cleburne's first battle in the West was at Richmond, Kentucky, when he commanded a brigade under Kirby Smith, and defeated and routed our brigade and inflicted great loss upon my regiment; but he was severely wounded. I again fought him at Chickamauga and defeated him, and again opposed him at Franklin, where he met his death. As we shall see further on, with the make-up of such material, Hood surely expected to sweep all before him on this campaign; his veterans felt jubilant; they expected to see friends in Tennessee, especially the troop from that State, and the Rebel Governor Harris, who had joined them, promised them all a good time during the winter at Nashville, after driving the Yankees out of the State. It was their last chance for their beloved cause, and they were ready to make any sacrifice so they gained their object. They were led to believe that they had nothing to oppose them except new troops of very inferior quality, drafted men who never had heard a gun fired or seen a battle. Hood also seemed impressed with this idea, as he did not heed Beauregard's precaution to keep up his communication with the Tennessee River in case of disaster, as he expressed the opinion that such a thing was impossible under the circumstances.

Such was the existence of affairs in the Confederate camp, November 17, 1864. We will now turn our attention to the Union Armies. That the movement may be better understood, I will give a portion of General Thomas' official report to the War Department.

On November 12th communication with General Sherman was severed, the last dispatch from him leaving Cartersville, Georgia, at 2:25 P. M. on that date. He had started on his great expedition from Atlanta to the seaboard, leaving me to guard Tennessee or to pursue the enemy if he followed the commanding general's column. It was, therefore, with considerable anxiety that we watched the forces at Florence to discover what course they would pursue with regard to General Sherman's movements, determining thereby whether the troops under my command, numbering less than half those under Hood, were to act on the defensive in Tennessee, or to take the offensive in Alabama. The enemy's position at Florence remained unchanged up to the 17th of November, when he moved Cheatham's Corps to the north side of the river, with Stewart's Corps preparing to follow. The possibility of Hood's forces following General Sherman was now at an end, and I quietly took measures to act on the defensive. Two divisions of Infantry under Major-General A. J. Smith were reported on their way to join me from Missouri, which, with several one-year regiments arriving in the department, and detachments collected from points of minor importance, would swell my command, when concentrated, to an army nearly as large as that of the enemy. Had the enemy delayed his advance a week or ten days longer, I would have been ready to meet him at some point south of Duck River; but Hood commenced his advance on the 19th, moving on parallel roads from Florence toward Waynsboro, and shelled Hatch Cavalry out of Lawrenceburg on the 22d. My only resource then was to retire slowly toward my reinforcements, delaying the enemy's progress as much as possible, to gain time for reinforcements to arrive and concentrate.

General Schofield was stationed with the Twenty-third Army Corps at Pulaski and adjoining towns, and General Stanley with the Fourth Army Corps was marching to meet him, and joined General Ruger, also of the Twenty-third Army Corps, who, with a division, was stationed at Columbia. At this point, fortunately, the commanders of these troops all met and made a juncture of their combined forces, Schofield assuming the command. During the 24th and 25th the enemy skirmished with Schofield's troops at Columbia, but showed nothing but dismounted cavalry until the morning of the 26th, when his infantry came up and pressed our line strongly during that day and the 27th, but without any general conflict. The enemy's movement showed an undaunted intention to cross above or below the town of Columbia. During the night of the 27th Schofield withdrew to the north bank of Duck River and took up a new position. Reinforcements began to arrive—among these was my regiment, the One Hundred

and Eighty-third Ohio. Slight skirmishing took place all day on the 28th. Two divisions of the Twenty-third Corps were placed in line in front of the town, holding all the crossings in its vicinity. Stanley's Corps, posted in reserve on the Franklin Pike, was held in readiness to repel any vigorous attempt of the enemy in trying to force a crossing. The cavalry, under command of Brevet Major-General Wilson, held the crossing above those, guarded by the infantry. About 2 A. M. on the 29th the enemy succeeded in pressing back Wilson's cavalry and effected a crossing on the Lewisburg Pike. At a later hour, part of his infantry crossed at Huey Mills, six miles above Columbia; communication with the cavalry having been interrupted and the line of retreat towards Franklin being threatened, Schofield made preparations to withdraw to Franklin. Stanley, with one division of infantry, was sent to Spring Hill, about fifteen miles north of Columbia, to cover the trains and hold the road open for the passage of the main force, and dispositions were made preparatory to a withdrawal and to meet any attack coming from the direction of Huey Mills. General Stanley reached Spring Hill just in time to drive off the enemy's cavalry and save the trains, but later he was attacked by the enemy's infantry and cavalry combined, who engaged him heavily and nearly succeeded in dislodging him from the position; the engagement lasted until dark. Here was the opportunity of General Hood to capture the entire Federal Army; Stanley had but one division, and if Hood's generals had obeyed orders that afternoon with persistent attack and stronger force he would have overcome Stanley and forced a general engagement at Spring Hill instead of Franklin. Hood speaks of this as follows:

Late in the evening of the 28th of November, General Forrest, with most of his command, crossed Duck River a few miles above Columbia, and I followed, early in the morning of the 29th, with Stewart's and Cheatham's Corps and Johnston's Division of Lee's Corps,

leaving the other division of Lee's Corps in the enemy's front at Columbia. The troops moved in light marching order, with only a battery to the corps, my object being to turn the enemy's flank by marching rapidly on roads parallel to the Columbia and Franklin Pikes at or near Spring Hill, and to cut off that portion of the enemy at or near Columbia. When I had gotten well on his flank the enemy discovered my intention and began to retreat on the pike towards Spring Hill. The cavalry became engaged near that place about midday, but his trains were so strongly guarded that they were unable to break through them. About 4 P. M. our infantry forces, Major-General Cheatham in the advance, commenced to come in contact with the enemy about two miles from Spring Hill, through which place the Columbia and Franklin Pikes run. The enemy was at this time moving rapidly along the pike, with some of his troops formed on the flank of his column to protect it. Major-General Cheatham was ordered to attack the enemy at once vigorously and get possession of this pike, and, although these orders were frequently and earnestly repeated, he made but a feeble and partial attack, failing to reach the point indicated. Had my instructions been carried out, there is no doubt that we should have possessed ourselves of this road. Stewart's Corps and Johnston's Division were arriving upon the field to support the attack. Though the golden opportunity had passed with daylight, I did not at dark abandon the hope of dealing the enemy a heavy blow. Accordingly, Lieutenant-General Stewart was furnished a guide and ordered to move his corps beyond Cheatham and place it across the road beyond Spring Hill. Shortly after this, General Cheatham came to my headquarters, and when I informed him of Stewart's movements, he said that Stewart ought to form on his right. I asked if that would throw Stewart across the pike. He replied that it would, and a mile beyond. Accordingly, one of Cheatham's staff officers was sent to show Stewart where his (Cheatham's) right rested. In the dark and confusion he did not succeed in getting the position desired, but about 11 P. M. went into bivouac. About 12 P. M., ascertaining that the enemy was moving in great confusion, artillery, wagons and troops intermixed, I sent instructions to General Cheatham to advance a heavy line of skirmishers against him and still further to impede and confuse his march. This was not accomplished. The enemy continued to move along the road in hurry

and confusion within hearing all the night. Thus was lost a great opportunity of striking the enemy for which we had labored so long, the greatest this campaign had offered, and one of the greatest during the War.

General Thomas, continuing in his report, says :

Although not attacked from the direction of Huey Mills, General Schofield was busily engaged all day at Columbia resisting the enemy's attempt to cross Duck River, which he successfully accomplished, repulsing the enemy many times, with heavy loss ; giving directions for the withdrawal of the troops as soon as covered by the darkness. At a late hour in the afternoon, General Schofield, with Ruger's Division, started to the relief of General Stanley at Spring Hill, and when near that place he came upon the enemy's cavalry, but they were easily driven off. At Spring Hill the enemy was found bivouacking within eight hundred yards of the road. Posting a regiment to hold the pike at this point, General Schofield, with the balance of Ruger's Division, pushed on to Thompson Station, three miles beyond, where he found the enemy's camp-fires still burning, a cavalry force having occupied the place at dark, but had disappeared on the arrival of our troops. General Ruger then quietly took possession of the cross-roads.

Much has been written, by both Union and Confederate officers, as to the lost opportunity on the part of the Confederate Army under Hood to capture the whole or part of the Union Army under General Schofield. I have used every effort since the War to get at the correct facts from both Union and Confederate officers, but their views are much divided on this subject. I have always been of the opinion that there was no opportunity to lose, and that our army could not have been captured, but in order to explain my knowledge of these facts I must necessarily give some personal history and experience.

I had been in the service with the Army of the Cumberland from its organization, as an officer of the Eighteenth Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, and resigned to accept a promotion in one of the new regiments about to be raised

in Ohio, my former home. Governor Brough sent me a commission as Major of the One Hundred and Eighty-third Ohio Infantry, November 10, 1864, and I proceeded to Camp Dennison to take charge of it, and organize the different companies stationed there. This I did, and in a few days I was joined by Col. George W. Hoge, of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Ohio, and Lieut.-Col. Mervin Clark, of the Seventh Ohio, to whom I turned over the command, and, after completing the organization, proceeded *via* Cincinnati to Louisville, thence to Nashville, and by special train to Columbia, Tennessee, where we arrived November 28, and were placed in the Third Brigade, Second Division, Twenty-third Army Corps, under command of Brig.-Gen. Thomas H. Ruger, as previously mentioned.

The officers and men had hardly become acquainted with one another, it being but twelve days since its organization when we were put under fire at Duck River, on the following day. I must give credit to these new recruits ; they stood the test well, and the officers were satisfied that we had a good regiment. We were skirmishing all day at Duck River and about dark the army received orders to fall back to Spring Hill and Franklin. When south of Spring Hill (between the village and the intersection of the Rally Hill Road and Columbia and Franklin Pike are two branches of a creek), our regiment was halted to cover the retreat, with strict orders to hold the pike at all hazards. This was a most difficult task, as the Confederate Army was arriving in plain view, and some eight hundred yards away, and going into bivouac ; we were protected from view by a thick undergrowth of timber. This position was anything but pleasant and extremely hazardous ; we could plainly hear them giving orders. In this position we remained until near daylight. The night was dark — no moon and very little starlight. We could not make any fires, while the Confederates had their camp-

fires burning brightly on their side of the creek, feeling happy and with every assurance that the morrow would crown their army with victory, and, as Hood remarked, "drive the Yankees into the Harpeth River at Franklin." Our army continued to pass along the Columbia and Franklin Pike all night, with all the wagon trains, artillery and ordnance stores, and reached Franklin in safety early next day, the 30th of November. The experience of that night was more trying than any of my previous experiences during the War. Expecting an attack momentarily and not knowing with what force, we were in constant dread. Several times scouting parties came within one hundred feet of our line, yet we dared not move or fire for fear of bringing on an attack, which was strictly against orders, as our generals had no desire for a night attack, especially at this time. Although, had we been attacked, we could, from our position, have held the road until reinforcements arrived, and could have given the Confederates a severe punishment. I had been in several night attacks during the Chickamauga campaign, and each one of these proved fatal to the attacking party. In the present instance we were well prepared, and the Confederate officer who reconnoitered that night did well not to carry out Hood's orders to attack us at midnight, as he had ordered Cheatham and Stewart to do.

Hood's opportunity—if one really existed—to have captured the pike and mastered the position occurred between 5 and 6 P. M. Cleburne had attacked Bradley's Brigade of Stanley's Division and had been driven from the pike. Why this officer did not renew the attack and why he did not receive proper support cannot be answered, as he was killed the next day, except possibly for the following explanation, that at this time Hood was at Captain Thompson's brick house near the Rally Hill Road with the Rebel Governor Harris of Tennessee, and some of his officers were refreshing themselves, on account of the hardship and fatigue of the day, with some good old Robinson

County whisky, a scarce article in those days; and it is said that all partook a little too much, and therefore the order to drive the Union forces from the pike was delayed. After some further refreshments and more "Robinson County" the orders were finally disobeyed and entirely forgotten; and when, at 2 A. M., a staff officer came to Hood's headquarters with information that the whole Union Army was passing through Spring Hill, he went to bed saying, "Let the Yankees pass," and so the supposed great opportunity, and the only one perhaps favorable to success, was lost.

The reckless manner in which the Confederate officers led their troops the next day at Franklin shows their mortification at their shortcomings the previous evening. Cheatham has frankly confessed the great error of which he was guilty, and attaches all blame to himself. Hood condoned this blunder of Cheatham's, declaring it to be a severe lesson to him and, owing to his previous good services, he retained him in his command. The One Hundred and Eighty-third Ohio remained in its position until nearly daylight. Not receiving orders to move on, and fearing capture if we remained longer, we abandoned our position and moved rapidly along the pike. The whole army had passed and the orderly, sent with orders to relieve us, claimed we could not be found, probably fearing capture himself; being so near the enemy's camp, he found this a good excuse. We had no time to spare, as the enemy's cavalry were after us, and we marched in quick time and were soon out of danger. We reached Franklin at 11 A. M. and were at once set to work digging rifle-pits near the Carter house, on the west side of the Columbia Pike.

An incident I can never forget occurred on our way to Franklin that morning. Lieut.-Col. Mervin Clark of our regiment was riding at my side much depressed. I inquired the cause and he finally said that, while resting in the field the night before, he had fallen asleep and had slept several hours, during which time he had

a presentiment that we would have a battle that day and that he would be killed, and told me much of his private affairs, and directed me how to dispose of his body, horse, papers, etc., etc. I tried to cheer him up and to persuade him from such an idea, but to no purpose. Strange to say, in the first attack that afternoon he was shot through the head and instantly killed.

## II. THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

Shortly after our arrival at Franklin, about 12 o'clock, I was detailed by General Ruger as division field officer of the day, and proceeded at once to the picket line. That the battle and battle-field of Franklin may be thoroughly understood, I will first describe the ground. The Columbia Pike approaches Franklin over a comparatively level plain nearly a mile wide, though the ground rolls considerably a short distance to the right and left of the pike. About four hundred and seventy yards in front of the main line of our works was an intrenchment of about fifteen hundred feet in extent crossing the pike at right angles. This was about three feet high on the outside, and was prolonged to the westward by a stone wall and to the eastward fell away into a series of rifle-pits. In these works were the two brigades of Wagner's Division, commanded by Colonel Lane and Colonel Conrad. As the pike approached the main line of our entrenchments there was a slight rise in the ground of not more than three or four feet to the hundred. At the crest of this rise and fifty feet to the left or west side of the pike stands the Carter house, a one-story brick building with numerous outbuildings. South of this, and about one hundred and fifty feet distant, the main line of our entrenchments crossed the pike at right angles; the works were hastily constructed, but nevertheless they were strong earth-works, rising about five feet above the level of the ground with an outside ditch of about four feet wide and three deep. On the west side of the pike the works extended for about one hundred and fifty

feet due west, then deflected northwest for about two hundred feet, then turned at right angle northward to Carter's Creek near the river. About one hundred and fifty feet east of the Pike the entrenchments deflected southeast at an angle of forty-five degrees for one hundred and fifty feet, so as to enclose an old gin house which stood at that point, and then continued nearly eastward for several hundred feet more until another angle was reached, and so on to the railroad cut; immediately on the east side of the pike there was a tangled locust abatis, and on the west side of the pike a locust grove, the latter between the Carter house and the works. A number of writers, giving a description of this battle, have contended that still another entrenchment existed between the Carter house and these works on the west side of the pike, but they have greatly erred, as none existed and there was hardly room for one to be made or successfully maintained in the space of one hundred and fifty feet. The rails of the fences in the immediate neighborhood of the Carter house were used in strengthening the works.

Franklin is situated on a bend of the Harpeth River, and these entrenchments extended in a half-circle of about a mile and a half around the town, almost from bank to bank in this bend of the river. The sketch annexed will aid the reader to better understand the battle-field and the position of both armies.

The Columbia and Franklin Pike runs through the center of the town and across a railroad bridge over the Harpeth River, which, however, was too high for wagons, horses and artillery to cross and the river too deep to ford, so we were compelled to construct a pontoon bridge, and this required time. It was therefore impossible to avoid battle should Hood offer it, as our army could not cross until night-fall; therefore, every man in our army knew the situation and worked hard to make the place secure.

The works were roughly made and about completed when the battle opened. Hood was jubilant. He was confident he

would either capture us or drive us into the river.

The strength of the contending armies on the morning of November 30 present for duty from official reports was as follows: Union forces comprising the Fourth and Twenty-third Army Corps, about 29,334 officers and men. Confederate forces, Cheatham's, Stewart's and Lee's Corps, three in number, 44,832, officers and men. Of this force only about 32,000 Confederates and about 20,000 of the Union forces were engaged in this battle. Of the prominent officers on the Union side who did the fighting, were Generals Stanley, Cox and Ruger, and on the Confederate side Generals Cheatham, Stewart, Brown, Bates, Cleburne, Walthall, Granbery and Strahl. On the Union side, Wagner's Division, consisting of the brigades of Lane and Conrad, were stationed in the first line of earthworks before mentioned, about fifteen hundred feet in advance of the main line, while Cox's First Division of the Twenty-third Army Corps was stationed on the left or east side and Ruger's Second Division of the Twenty-third Corps was stationed on the right or west side of the pike. The Fiftieth Ohio, Seventy-second Illinois, Forty-fourth Missouri and One Hundred and Eighty-third Ohio were the regiments in the order as named in line on the west side of the pike near the Carter house. Next came Colonel Moore's Second Brigade and a part of the Fourth Army Corps. General Opdyke's First Brigade, Second Division, Fourth Army Corps, was in reserve in the rear of the Carter house, while Cox's Third Division was placed on the left or east side of the pike. The One Hundredth Ohio, Twelfth Kentucky, Sixteenth Kentucky, Eighth Tennessee, and One Hundred and Fourth Ohio were the regiments in the order as named; next came the Second and Third Brigades of this division, and extended to the railroad cut. In front of these troops (Cox and Ruger Divisions) three-fourths of all the fighting took place.

The Carter house was the central point and key to the situation. About two

o'clock while on the picket line I noticed suspicious movements on the rise of the ground about a half-mile away. The waving of signal flags and the formation of the line of battle convinced me that a battle was soon to be fought.

The Confederate line of battle was made up as follows\*: Cheatham's Corps on the west and astride of the pike, Brown's Division of this corps being on the west, and Cleburne's Division on the east of the pike; Bates' Division being thrown to the left of Brown and on the Union right flank. Stewart's Corps, composed of French's, Walthall's and Loring's Divisions, in the order as named, was formed on the right of Cleburne's, occupying the space between Cleburne's right and the Lewisburg Turnpike near the bank of the Harpeth River.

Their skirmish line now became bolder and was strengthened, and we were hard pressed. A little before 4 P. M. their lines moved forward in splendid style as if on dress parade, their colors floating in the autumn breeze, and soon they struck into quick time, driving our skirmish line into the two brigades of Lane and Conrad. These were also soon overpowered and driven pell-mell upon the main line which was ready for the attack, but dared not fire upon their comrades. Union and Confederate struck the rifle-pits at the same time. The shock was great and the charge so impetuous that the Confederates only stopped at the works, and in many places they rushed into them and a hand-to-hand conflict took place. Some were stabbed with bayonets, and others knocked down with clubbed muskets. Some of our troops were getting the worst of it and our line began to waver, when General Opdyke, at the most opportune moment, came to the rescue with his reserves. General Stanley also hurried to the front with the scattered forces of the two brigades of the advanced line and gave the Confederates a terrible reception,

\*For the information as to the formation of the Confederate lines, I am indebted to a Confederate officer who was in the battle.

driving them completely out of their lines. They retired sullenly beyond the crest of the slope in front of the works, and re-formed their lines. Their loss had been very heavy. General Gordon was captured with many prisoners and battle-flags. General Adams led his brigade with great bravery. His horse straddled the works, and both were killed on the spot. Their lines thus re-formed, they came again with the Rebel yell, led by their officers with desperate determina-

tion and bravery, only to be repulsed again with heavy losses, and thus between 4 and 9 p. m. twelve distinct bayonet charges were made upon our works, and each was repulsed with terrible slaughter. I can say without fear of successful contradiction that, for desperate fighting, no battle in the War exceeded this one. I saw many a man fall into the ditch from the works with a bayonet stab through his body. The Confederate generals led their men in great despera-



THE BATTLEFIELD OF FRANKLIN, TENN.

tion, and paid for their rashness with their lives. Here fell the Confederate Generals Scott, Quarles, Strahl, Gist, Cockerell and Manigault, killed. General Cleburne, the bravest of them all, fell, instantly killed, leading his division. Three lines in succession pressed forward to avenge his death; each in turn was repulsed with terrible slaughter, and General Granbery, next in command, killed. General Carter, commanding a brigade of Tennessee troops, a son of Mr. Carter whose house figures so conspicuously in these records, fell, mortally wounded while leading his brigade in one of the charges, and died in sight of his own door. His body was found by his sister next morning as she came out of the house. The family had remained in the cellar all day and night while the battle was raging.

The description of this battle, given by a Confederate officer some years after the War, I cannot but think will greatly interest the reader. There is much feeling exhibited, but the facts are all true, as he was through the whole of it. He says:

Our lines being formed and all in readiness, we moved forward about 4 P.M. with bands playing and banners flying. The air of the autumn evening was cool and bracing and the sun shone brightly in the western sky. For a few moments all was still save the sturdy tramping of the men in beautiful alignment, and the hoarse braying of the bands. Then a line of skirmishers was encountered who ran back firing and the charge began in earnest, on over the levels and slopes with unbroken front, a yell, a charge, and the troops went pouring over the first line of the enemy's works without a moment's check. Now, the main entrenchments appear four hundred and seventy yards away in shortened line as the Harpeth River sweeps toward the westward; at once as the troops come in view the works appear lighted as with the fires of hell. The seriate lines close up and rush forward; the men are dropping everywhere, but their shrill yell is heard above the roar of musketry; on they go, drawing closer together as they are pushed in from the right by the sweep of the river. Up the last slope they rush to the works, now not two hundred yards away; the sound of musketry is changed from a rattle to a crash, and then a hissing roar like the swish of rain in a great forest. Down go the men in swaths, but they do not falter; on into the vortex they rush. Brown's men on the left of the pike are now climbing the entrenchments to meet a deadlier foe within. Cleburne and Gordon, who have crossed the pike in the charge, are rushing upon the angle at the gin house. French, Walthall and Loring are closing up on their right flank, with furious energy. The slaughter is

now dreadful. Carter and Gist go down in the locust abatis on the left. John Adams falls on the works with his horse just to the right of the gin house. Brown is writhing in agony in the center of the pike desperately shot; Cleburne is shot from his horse, mounts another which is instantly killed and then, cap in hand, rushes at the head of his men into the very vortex of the fiery blast between the gin house and the pike. The youthful Gordon leaps upon the entrenchments with his men, to the left of the gin house, and is captured in a desperate struggle for the mastery there by the more numerous enemy. Granbery rallies a momentary check and is killed beside the pike in front of the gin house. Cockerell, Quarles, and Scott lie bleeding on the field. Govan, Lowery, Reynolds, Featherstone, and Shelby, cheer their men on again and again, as they recoil and rush back to the death-dealing walls of earth, to be again repulsed. Strahl with Brown's Division, his co-commanders all dead, holds grimly to the trenches he has captured to the left of the pike, aborting all attempts of the enemy to retake them, and, though enfiladed and taken in reverse from the angle to the right, and his men slain until the ditch is full of the dead, does not yield an inch, and is finally slain himself. Now, the early winter darkness comes, and the slashed and torn fragments of the assaulting columns sullenly give back and, except Brown's Division, now without a field officer, but fiercely defiant, pass over the slopes to the rear, and the battle is practically ended. But Brown's men, unled and undaunted after Strahl's death, cannot be shaken off, and hold the line desperately, until the enemy's retreat at midnight. Thirteen generals, innumerable field officers and over six thousand of the flower of the Southern youth, lay dead and wounded on the grassy slopes or within the enemy's trenches. This fatal battle, as declared by the generals in command, was the bloodiest of the War.

The fighting occurred within less than the space of a half mile square and over comparatively an open field. In and around the ditch in front of these works lay nearly two thousand killed and four thousand wounded. The Confederate officer says the dead lay in the ditch four and five deep, and all this occurred in the space of five hours! Such loss of life in so short a time is a fact unheard of in modern warfare.

The loss of the Confederate officers was so great that in several instances a captain was the ranking officer of a whole brigade. Their total loss, according to War records, was 6,252, of which 1,750 were killed, 3,800 wounded, and 702 captured. We also captured thirty-three battle flags. The Union loss was 2,326, of which 189 were killed, 1,033 wounded, and 1,104 missing. By referring to the War records, it will be seen that the loss sustained by the Confederates in killed and wounded in the battle of Franklin was

greater in proportion to the number engaged, than in any other battle fought during the War for the preservation of the Union.

I believe the rapid firing by our men was never equaled. The men stood three deep in the rifle-pits, the rear ranks loading while the front fired. From 4 P. M. until 9 P. M. there were over one hundred wagon-loads of ammunition used. No parallel to this energetic and fatal use of ammunition, and precision of the firing, can be found in the records of the War.

In a recent letter from Captain Samuel R. Watkins, who commanded a company in the First Tennessee Confederate Regiment, he says: "I now live at Ashwood, Tennessee, and in sight of St. John's Church, where thirteen Confederate generals that were killed at Franklin are buried." In a brief description of several incidents of the battle, he says: "After this terrible fight we looked around next morning for our officers, to find them all gone—all killed." It was here that Hood wrecked his army, and his fatal campaign was virtually at an end.

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My visits to the front and to headquarters, which my duties required as field officer, were attended with the greatest danger. I expected never to come out alive, but I was not wounded or hurt. I had one horse shot under me and several bullets passed through my clothes.

The loss of Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, of my own regiment, and of several of our best captains, who were killed and wounded, made my duties still harder, and I had many narrow escapes looking after them. We could not have maintained our position the next day, as Hood had during the night brought up his artillery and intended to open on us next morning with forty pieces of rifled cannon. This ordnance was far behind, and very little artillery had been used on either side. If Hood had had these forty cannon that afternoon, the Union army could not have withstood the shock, as

the works were not strong enough to withstand them. The great haste upon the part of Hood and his officers, and the mistaken idea of certain success, were as much of a mistake and lost opportunity in the battle of Franklin as was the loss of position and the failure to capture our army the previous day and night at Spring Hill.

At Ruger's headquarters, to which I had been called about 9 P. M., I received the orders which I was to deliver to the different commands, that we were to make a feint defense until midnight, and then proceed carefully to withdraw across the Harpeth River and proceed to Nashville. This order was delivered with great danger of being captured by the enemy or killed in riding the lines, but I got through without any difficulty or injury. The withdrawal was conducted very orderly but with sorrowful hearts, as we were obliged to leave the wounded behind, and as these poor fellows found this out their cries and pleadings to be taken along were heart-rending, but it could not be helped.

The march to Nashville that night, after marching the previous night, and after working and fighting all day and part of the night, was a hardship only to be borne by men of stout hearts and determination. I was so overcome with drowsiness that I laid my head on my horse's neck, my arms around it. I thus proceeded some distance, when I fell to the ground.

The morning of the 1st of December brought us under the friendly shelter of the guns of Fort Negley, at Nashville, and we went into camp on the flat ground on the inside of its battlements. The first few days the weather was pleasant and we could watch the Confederates from the parapet of the fort coming in and establishing their lines—their salient on the summit of Montgomery Hill, within six hundred yards of our center; their main line occupying the high ground on the southeast side of Brown's Creek and extending from the Nolensville Pike; their extreme right across the Franklin

and Granny White Pikes, in a westerly direction, south and southwest to Richland Creek, and down that creek to the Hillsboro Pike.

I remember watching them on the 5th of December. One afternoon they had made a headquarters at a large brick house that stood on their line. The house seemed to be full of soldiers, and some officers were fixing things very comfortably, when the gunners of Fort Negley consulted together and asked permission of the officer in charge to fire into the house. I was standing at the gun when my attention was called to this. I did not think we could hit the house with solid shot, but the man at the guns said, "Now, look out for fun," and, sighting the gun, fired, and sure enough the ball struck the house about half-way to the first story and came out in the rear. A second gun was fired quickly, with equally good results, and the scrambling out of that house was a surprise. What casualties occurred I never heard; but two more shots leveled the house to the ground in a shapeless mass, and a fine headquarters for whatever command it was was spoiled. Whenever any guard approached too near those deadly guns of Fort Negley somebody got hurt, and finally they kept out of reach.

The weather now was bad,—raining, snowing and sleeting,—and the task of General Thomas in getting ready for an active movement was indeed difficult. As it rained or snowed nearly every day, the ground was covered with a sheet of ice where neither man nor beast could walk. The wagons would break through, and the roads were impassable. I have never seen worse roads. Generals Grant and Halleck were urging Thomas to attack Hood. Had he done so at this time disaster would have surely followed, and wisely Thomas declined to do so until the elements permitted, when the men could stand up to fight. During the ten days before the battle the army was very busy. A court martial was ordered and I was detailed as one of the court. We were trying a number of officers who

had refused to obey orders and had shown cowardice. There are favorites in all armies, and there were many in our army who should have been tried for cowardice, while poor fellows falsely accused were made to suffer to shield some who should have been punished in their stead. The court did its best to act justly, and was much complimented by the General for its fair and just rulings.

### III. THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

All this time General Thomas was putting the army in good shape. The weather was getting more settled and by the 14th all was in readiness for a forward movement on the 15th. The day opened very favorably, and at an early hour the army was in readiness to move forward. The formation of the troops was partially concealed from the enemy by the broken nature of the ground, also by a dense fog which lifted only toward noon. The enemy was totally unaware of any intention on the part of the Federal Army to attack them, especially in the manner as laid out and planned by General Thomas. General Hood's army was in no way ready or in condition to fight a battle like this. His troops were badly demoralized, disappointed and dissatisfied on account of their being in sight of the coveted prize—the city of Nashville—and no hope to obtain it, and because of the terrible punishment they had received at Franklin.

A Confederate officer afterwards said to me, "We were in no condition to fight; the ghost of Franklin haunts us day and night; it is by us at breakfast, dinner and supper; as we sit at the camp-fire and look around we miss our comrades, officers and commanders, all so dear to us, and who had been with us all through the War; all gone to their rest beyond. Our hearts ached and we had no fight in us."

An abstract of the report of Brig.-Gen. James A. Smith, who took command of General Cleburne's Division after his death, on its arrival at Nashville, says:

I arrived in front of Nashville December 6th, and being the senior officer present with the division, after the death of General Cle-

burne. I took command of it after my arrival. I found it much reduced in numbers, especially in officers, many having been killed and wounded in the battle of Franklin on the 30th of November; nor was the tone and morals such as were desirable, owing to the fearful loss sustained in that battle. Many were barefooted and otherwise badly clothed. The other divisions, with few exceptions, were in similar condition. Taking all these facts, no army could fight as they should, and hence the battle of Nashville was an easy victory.

The result of the first day's fight was highly satisfactory to General Thomas and to the government at Washington, yet Hood held his lines stubbornly and ready for battle the next day. The Federal Army bivouacked in line of battle during the night on the ground occupied at dark, while Thomas made preparations to renew the battle at an early hour on the morrow. At 6 A. M. on the 16th, Wood's Corps opened the fight by driving the Confederate skirmishers to their main line. The Confederates had formed a new line and had entrenched themselves on the high ground and hills about five miles south of Nashville, between the Franklin, Nolensville and Granny White Pikes. Upon these fortified hills the Federal Army was obliged to charge and drive them from their works. Their defense, however, was weak, and by 4 P. M., being completely overcome at all points, the Confederate Army became panic-stricken and fled in a disorganized mass towards the Franklin Pike and towards Franklin. The key point of the Confederate lines was Shay's Hill, it being a steep hill with a heavy log fort on its crest; it was well defended by Bates' Division of veteran troops. Our division, now commanded by Couch, confronted this fort since noon, and there was a continuous artillery duel, the shells striking our lines frequently, causing considerable loss. The gunners of our artillery became so accurate in their aim that the enemy could not come out of their bomb-proofs, and on the appearance of any troops on the parapet they would be instantly wiped out with shells, which burst over the works with wonderful accuracy. Finally Colonel McMillan's Brigade, of McArthur's Division, was sent to Couch to assist him in taking the fort.

The charge sounded and our division went up the hill amid a fearful artillery fire, which ceased as we approached the works, and with a shout our men went over the works and into the fort, driving the Rebels out at the point of the bayonet, when their whole line gave way and the battle ended in a glorious and the most complete victory of the War.

General Thomas reports the losses in the two days' battle, killed, wounded and missing, 3,061. The Confederate losses were never officially reported by Hood. Thomas reports the prisoners captured as 4,462, including 287 officers of all grades, from major-general down, fifty-three pieces artillery and thousands of small arms. Hood's army was scattered all over the field, as the leaves before an autumn storm. He made several attempts to form a semblance of an organization at Franklin and other points, but without success. The troops that did not surrender moved rapidly toward the Tennessee River, pursued by our cavalry, and finally disbanded and returned home, while Hood resigned and some of the other officers and a few men joined Lee and Johnston in Virginia and North Carolina. The rout was complete. The proud and confident army and its invasion of Tennessee passed off the panorama of our War. The fatality of this campaign was not equaled during our Civil War. The poor Southern soldier of the Confederacy was to be pitied, as his sufferings were fearful. Barefooted and starving, he returned, bearing news of disaster to the homes of those who fell in a useless and rash experiment to please a reckless and careless leader. Had Hood heeded Beauregard's advice and remained steadfast to his first intention, his campaign might have been otherwise recorded; but fate ordained it otherwise, and the Lost Cause was nearing its end.

General Thomas, for this victory, was at once promoted to major-general in the Regular Army, and his praise resounded throughout the whole country, and he certainly deserved all the honor he got, as his services to the country exceed that of any other general in the service. I

consider General Thomas as the best general and officer of our Civil War.

#### IV. A REMINISCENCE.

In a few days after the victory at Nashville, the army was ordered to rendezvous at Clifton, Tennessee, on the Tennessee River; and to make this trip over a rough and mountainous country, unsettled and almost a dense forest, in mid-winter, was indeed a hardship. There was some adjustment of our brigade, division and corps. Gen. N. C. McLean was assigned to the command of our brigade, and we proceeded on our march to Clifton. At this time I received my commission as lieutenant-colonel, having been promoted to this position, owing to the death of Colonel Clark. Capt. Wm. Scott was promoted to major. Our regiment had suffered considerably in these battles, having fought three battles within thirty days after its organization—a case unparalleled during our Civil War.

I was now second in command of a regiment and but twenty-four years of age, a position seldom obtained by a young man of that age, as the following incident will show. We were marching toward Clifton, Tennessee, and at the foot of the mountains the roads were getting very bad; the Rebel Army had preceded us on its flight and had felled trees and otherwise made the roads impassable. Forrest's Cavalry was annoying us at every point possible. Our way led through an almost impassable wilderness and the commanding general determined to cut a new road through the woods and country, and therefore put the Engineer Corps in front, with a detail of about five hundred picked men to protect them in their work. I received an order on the evening of January 3d to report to McLean's headquarters at 6 A. M. January 4th. I wondered what it was that I was to do at that hour, a rather early one and out of place for ordinary duty, such as picket and camp. When I arrived at McLean's headquarters, the General was sitting in front of his tent. I had never seen him before, he having

assumed command but a few days previous. He was a large man, about fifty years of age, with a very long beard and a military bearing. I saluted and reported for orders. For a moment the General did not speak, but looked at me as I stood there. Finally he asked, "Colonel, how old are you?"

I answered, twenty-four.

"How long have you been in the service?"

"About three and a half years."

"With what rank did you enter the service?"

"A private, sir."

"With whom did you serve?"

"General Thomas most of the time."

This last answer seemed to satisfy him; a service with "Old Pap Thomas" was sufficient recommendation in the army for any service in any department. He then said, "When I saw you coming I wondered how such a young man could command such a position, but your long service with General Thomas is sufficient and satisfies me that you are a proper officer for the duty I desire you to perform. I desire you to take charge of the Engineer Corps and the detail to guard them, cut the road through the forest and clear it to allow the army to proceed without delay. It will require constant watching for Rebel cavalry and bushwhackers, and to guard our camp and march from surprises. Do you think you can undertake this task?"

I replied that, while I had little knowledge of engineering, I believed I could cut the road and would certainly guarantee him against surprises from the Rebel cavalry. He then invited me into his tent and, sitting down together, explained in full detail what was to be done, and as I left he seemed fully convinced that, although a young man, I could fill an older officer's position.

I proceeded to where the men and pioneers were stationed, took command and gave the order to forward march, and soon arrived at the place to commence the work of cutting the road. It was no easy task, in rain and sleet, fre-

quently attacked by Rebel cavalry. It was day and night work. I was determined it should not lag, and it did not. I had good men and in five days we had the road open to Clifton, and the army reached there on the 9th of January. I had never worked so hard, but was proud of having succeeded, and as I reported to the General when he reached Clifton, he complimented me very highly on my

success, saying, "You did well, young man; I was at first afraid you would not succeed so well. You deserve your position."

The weather was very cold now, as the winter was very severe, and it was a great comfort to again be able to sleep in a tent with a comfortable fire.\*

\*The service above described is especially mentioned on page 75, volume 45, Official War Records.



## THE MINISTRY OF SORROW TO BIRDS.

BY HIRAM HEATON.

HOW much of our interest in bird life arises from assigning to our feathered friends thoughts and feelings resembling those that stir our breasts is not easily determined. We fancy that life's uncertainties inspire the feathered songster's sweetest melodies; the trembling bough leads to confidence in its wings.

Whether the conceit that the nightingale sings her sweetest song while her breast is pierced by the thorn have foundation or not, I once observed an instance that seemed to me to almost prove it by analogy.

On one occasion, while driving along the road, I was struck by a peculiarly strong and penetrating voice from a meadow-lark sitting on a telephone pole. Without question, it was the most musical song I had ever heard from a meadow-lark. I observed it closely, being so near, and saw that it had but one leg. There was the stump of an amputated leg plainly to be seen. Had the agony of mutilation touched chords of music undreamed of by birds that have never passed through such an affliction? Or was it the memory of a mother's loving care in time of distress that had brought out those richer notes?

One day in hay harvest last summer I stopped the mower just in time to prevent it from mangling a half-grown lark. As it seemed unable to get away of itself, I

went to it, and found that a former turn of the machine had cut off one of its legs. A few drops of blood on the ground marked where it had been caught by the cruel sickle. Carrying it to a part of the meadow where it would be safe for a few days, I put it in the grass and left it to the care of the mother lark that was expressing unmistakable concern for her young.

Unlike the pheasant, quail, kildeer, and some other birds, the lark has no devices by which to attract the attention of intruders and lure them from her nest. Neither does she endeavor, by scolding and threatening, to drive away any undesirable visitor, as does the king-bird, the black-bird, and even the wren. She can only look on and see her nest despoiled and her loved ones crushed; but what she feels can escape only a dull head or a strong heart.

Several days after having carried the mangled lark out of the way of the machine, the work had reached the ground where it had been deposited; but now the anxious voice of the mother lark called me to stop in time, and I again caught the young bird to remove it out of harm's way. This time it plead for mercy, having so far recovered from the shock of amputation as to have regained its voice. This time I carried it to a bunch of grass beside a rock, where it

need not be again disturbed, and left it with its anxious mother.

For several days I looked on it, as I passed that way, and the assiduous care of the mother seemed in a fair way to rear it in spite of its cruel mishap. Ever

after, when I hear a lark with a song etherealized to a more than common degree, I shall think, maybe it is my poor little sufferer celebrating its recovery, or else pouring out its heart in grateful remembrance of its mother's love.



### "IN IOWY."

IN IOWY th' grass grows greener  
 'N any place I know,  
 An' a sweeter scent comes driftin' up  
 Fr'm where the vi'lets blow.  
 Th' wheat-fields sing a softer song  
 Thun where I'm livin' now,  
 An' bigger blossoms deck with white  
 Th' bendin' apple-bough.  
 Th' jimson weeds 'at flirt their heads  
 Longside th' dusty road,  
 Er startin' up fr'm corners where  
 Th' sweepin' cradle's mowed,  
 Have got somehow, it seems t' me,  
 A sort o' martial air  
 They don't take on down this away  
 Ner any other where!

In Iowy the lilocks bow  
 An' toss their purple heads,  
 An' mignonette comes jumpin' up  
 From out its winter beds.  
 Th' jasmine flowers an' 'lows its sweet  
 T' scent th' breath o' May,  
 An' daisies dot th' medder  
 In a jolly kind o' way;  
 Th' clover heads keep burstin' out  
 An' noddin' in the breeze,  
 Uz though they said, "How air yeh!"  
 T' th' hustlin' honey bees;  
 An' where th' fences cut th' fields  
 In jagged, wavy lines,  
 'Tis there th' honeysuckle  
 An' th' four-o'clock entwines.

In Iowy th' whistlin' quail  
 Hez got a gayer note,  
 An' a sweeter song comes bubblin' up  
 Fr'm out th' robin's throat;  
 Th' swallows take a deeper dip,  
 Th' pigeons coo more clear,  
 Thun all th' birds I've come upon  
 In any place 'round here.  
 Th' brooks jes' keep a murmurin',  
 A talkin' t' theirselves,  
 Er tellin' fairy stories t'  
 Th' listnin' medder elves.  
 An' all th' time th' wind it seems  
 Keeps callin' out t' me  
 T' come an' hear it sigh agin  
 Out there in Iowy.

—Frank Burlingame Harris.

## AGRICULTURE AND THE MECHANIC ARTS.

AN INSTITUTION FOUNDED BY THE STATE, FOSTERED BY THE GENERAL  
GOVERNMENT AND DEVOTED TO THE PRACTICAL  
EDUCATION OF THE CITIZEN.

By W. S. MOORE.

THE Iowa Agricultural College at Ames was formally opened March 17, 1869. It had its origin in an act of the Seventh General Assembly approved March 22, 1858, to establish a State Agricultural College and Model Farm, to be connected with the entire agricultural in-

terests of the State. The act provided for the appointment of a board of commissioners to buy a farm and erect a college building, and named a board of eleven trustees to select a faculty and organize a college, consisting of the following gentlemen: M. W. Robinson of Des Moines.



PRESIDENT BEARDSHEAR,  
College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

County, Timothy Day of Van Buren, John D. Wright of Union, G. W. F. Sherwin of Woodbury, William Duane Wilson of Polk, Richard Gaines of Jefferson, Suel Foster of Muscatine, J. W. Henderson of Linn, Clermont Coffin of Delaware, E. H. Williams of Clayton, and E. G. Day of Story. The act provided for the selection of a secretary from the membership of the board, and William Duane Wilson became the first secretary. In July, 1859, a farm of six hundred and forty acres, west of the town of Ames, was purchased for the use of the College. In 1862 a bill was passed by Congress entitled "An act donating public lands to the several States and Territories, which may provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts." This act provided that for the support of such colleges there be granted an amount of public land, to be apportioned to each state in quantity to equal thirty thousand acres for each senator and representative in Congress to which the States are respectively entitled by the apportionment under the census of 1860, provided that no mineral lands should be selected or purchased. All moneys derived from the sale of lands under this grant, and from the sale of land script, were constituted a perpetual fund, the capital of which should remain forever undiminished, and the interest to be inviolably apportioned by each State which might take and claim the benefit of the act, to the endowment, support and maintenance of at least one college, where the leading object should be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as were related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such manner as the legislatures of the States might provide, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life. It was further enacted that the grant of land and land script should be made on the following conditions, to which, as well as the provisions thereinbefore contained, the previous assent of the several

States should be signified by legislative acts. If any portion of the fund, or any portion of the interest thereon, should by action or contingency be diminished or lost, it should be replaced by the State to which it belonged, so that the capital of the fund should remain forever undiminished, and the annual interest should be regularly applied without diminution to the purposes mentioned in the act, except that a sum not exceeding ten per cent upon the amount received by any State might be expended for the purchase of land for sites or experimental farms, wherever authorized by the respective legislatures of said States, no portion of said fund nor the interest thereon to be applied, directly or indirectly, under any pretense whatever, to the purchase, erection, preservation or repair of any building or buildings.

The General Assembly of Iowa in 1862 accepted the grant upon the conditions and under the restrictions contained in the act of Congress, and by so doing entered into a contract with the general government to erect and keep in repair all buildings necessary for the use of the College. By this action of the General Assembly the College was changed from a purely agricultural institution into a college of agriculture and the mechanic arts, with a broad, liberal and practical course of study, in which the leading branches of learning should relate to agriculture and the mechanic arts, and which should also embrace such other branches of learning as would most practically and liberally educate the agricultural and industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life, including military tactics.

President Harrison approved an act appropriating annually out of any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, arising from the sales of public lands, to each State and Territory, for the more complete endowment and maintenance of colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts then established, or which might subsequently be established, in accordance with an act of

Congress approved July 2, 1862, the sum of \$15,000 for the year ending June 30, 1890, and an annual increase of the amount of such appropriation thereafter for ten years by an additional sum of \$1,000 over the preceding year, and the annual amount to be paid thereafter to each state and territory to be \$25,000, to be applied only to instruction in agriculture, the mechanic arts, the English language and the various branches of mathematical, physical, natural and economic science, with special reference to their applications in the industries of life, and to facilities for such instruction. The income of the College from national grants is, therefore, now more than \$75,000 per annum, expended in instruction, experimentation and illustration in agriculture and the mechanic arts and underlying and related science and literature. All buildings are erected and all repairs thereon are made by the State of Iowa, the cost down to date being less than \$400,000.

The location of the College is sightly and healthful, being on high, undulating ground, one and one-half miles west of the well-located and thriving town of Ames. The farm contains over nine hundred acres of land, which has been put into a high state of cultivation. The college campus embraces an area of 120 acres. Fourteen commodious buildings for the exclusive use of the various departments of the College have been erected by the State, besides the dwelling-houses and buildings for farm stock, machinery and work. The main building, formally opened twenty-seven years ago, is a conspicuous and interesting landmark. It is five stories high, including the basement, and is 158 feet long by 112 feet through the wings. Morrill, Margaret and Agricultural Halls, the elegant and substantial structures of more modern architectural design, do not detract from this grand old building, one of the few examples of the Mansard period of modern architecture which pleases the eye at any point from which it may be viewed.

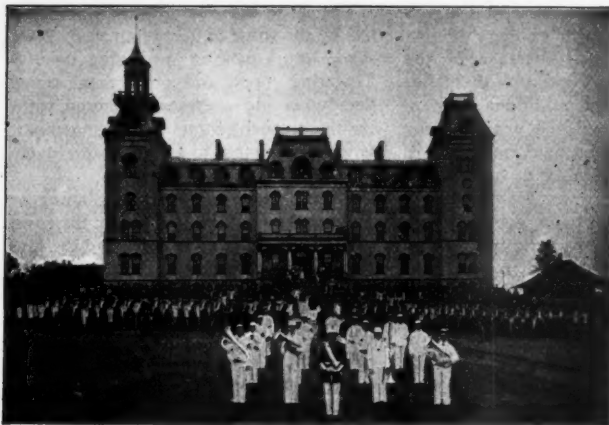
The large campus, originally treeless, has by the work of thirty-four years been made into a park of surpassing beauty. Towering forest and ornamental trees, deciduous and evergreen, planted without reference to geometrical arrangement, lend enchantment to a view of the lovely landscape.

From a small and crude beginning as a purely agricultural institution, the Iowa State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts has taken rank as one of the greatest technical schools in the United States. Over eight hundred students have been graduated from its walls, and many of these have distinguished themselves in the domain of letters, statesmanship and science.

The work of the College is divided into over thirty departments, and is given direction and thoroughness by an able and experienced faculty of forty-two professors. It is the purpose of the following



THE LATE MRS. MARGARET M. STANTON.



MAIN BUILDING AND COLLEGE BATTALION.

pages to briefly describe and illustrate the more important features of this work.

Complaint is sometimes made that few of the graduates of this College turn their attention to agricultural or mechanical pursuits. It is not reasonable to expect that all, or even a majority, of students enjoying the advantages of a curriculum sufficiently thorough to fit them for any station in the field of endeavor would turn their attention to tilling the soil, or to the pursuit of the mechanic arts. It must be remembered, however, that the experiments in the farm department have been of incalculable value to the farmer, and certainly not valueless to the student.

The education of the young farmer is modern, and was suggested by the necessity of strengthening the State through increased production of the soil and the more skillful condensing of its products.

There is no well-beaten road to follow in this education. The colleges of this kind in Europe and in the several States of our Union are trying to fit their work to local requirements. Some of them are not very robust departments of State Universities; some devote their best efforts to primary education in the classroom; others give emphasis to manual

training, and still others are satisfied to devote their endowments to schooling not materially different from that of our literary institutions. The college at Ames devotes itself to such education as the young farmer can neither get at home nor acquire at any other seat of learning. It aims to meet

the requirements of young men and women who are to be identified with the productive industries of the State, so that at graduation—after a four years' course that has mathematics as far as trigonometry and literary instruction in English language and history—they may be able to do something along the lines of agriculture, horticulture, dairying, breeding and feeding of live stock, management of the soil and its crops, drainage, soil physics, sewage, fertilizers, and other sciences relating to agriculture.

Shorter courses are arranged for those desiring them, especially in dairying in winter. The College is perhaps better equipped in illustrative material than any of its kind in the nation. The graduates of this department are in great demand. They are trained to turn themselves in several directions, and in an age that educates so comprehensively, but mostly toward the professions or the counting-house, young men skilled in the practices and sciences relating to agriculture in its various departments meet little competition.

Horticulture is taught in each of the four years' courses in agriculture, and no agricultural college of the Union has furnished from its graduates so large a num-

ber of horticultural professors, station horticulturists, officers of horticultural societies, writers for the horticultural press, nursery managers and local leaders in advancing horticulture. The work of this department in experimental horticulture has attracted attention across the continent, and has given to the whole country many valuable new fruits, ornamental trees and shrubs, as well as improved methods that have materially advanced the science of horticulture.

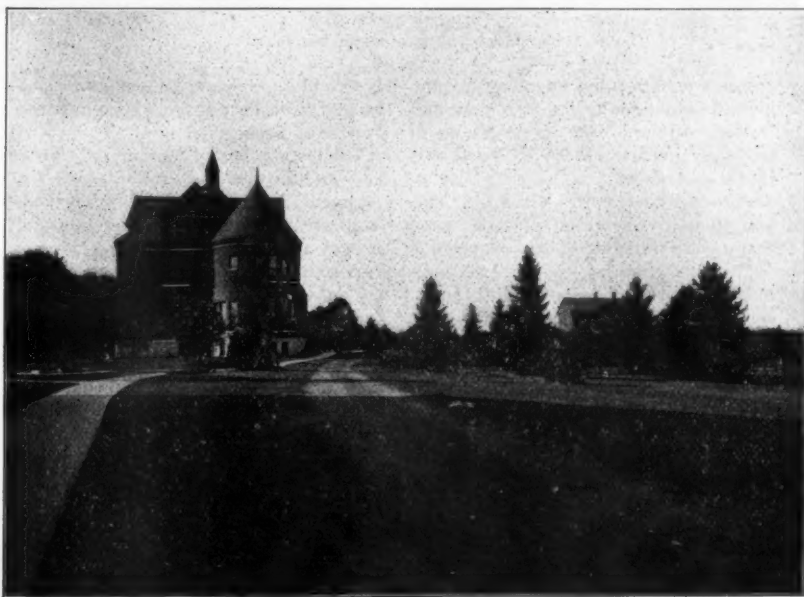
The Experiment Station was organized as a department of the College in 1888. The work is divided into the following sections: Agriculture and live stock, agricultural chemistry, dairy, horticulture, entomology, veterinary science, botany and bacteriology. The purpose is to confine the work in these lines to original investigation.

In the agricultural, live stock and dairy lines the work is particularly extensive, embracing investigation and study in the

development and characteristics of twenty-six pure and distinct breeds of stock and practically every variety of grains, grasses and forage plants adapted to the Mississippi Valley States. The results of the feeding investigations at the Iowa station have been widely quoted on both continents, and arrangements are now being made to reproduce considerable of the recent work in that line in the Canadian government bulletins for general distribution in the Canadian provinces.

The Experiment Station grounds last year produced oats that yielded one hundred and thirty-five bushels per acre, corn one hundred and seven bushels, and potatoes four hundred bushels. The stock grown and marketed has almost invariably topped the Chicago market, and the records in quantity and block testing have never been surpassed.

Investigations are conducted to determine the best method of butter and cheese making, and the product of the



MORRILL HALL FROM THE SOUTH.



AGRICULTURAL HALL FROM THE SOUTH.

creamery commands a premium over the highest quotations of the New York and Boston markets. The investigations of the dairy department have also shown how a loss of ten to twenty per cent of the product may be avoided and the output of the many creameries increased that much without additional expense.

The College Farm comprises land of almost every description. It has been asserted that the authorities in locating the College could not have found a poorer tract of land of equal area in the State. Originally, this was doubtless true of the greater part of the Farm, but it has been transformed into valuable and productive land, as the enormous crops produced fully attest. Last year the Experiment Station raised eight varieties of oats that ranged in yield from fifty-eight to one hundred and fifty bushels per acre, making an average of nearly one hundred bushels for the entire season's crop. Winter wheat yielded fifty-five bushels per

acre, and the eight varieties of corn raised ranged from forty-seven to one hundred and seven bushels per acre.

The Department of Agricultural Chemistry and the chemical section of the Experiment Station are closely connected. Both are under the same direction and occupy a large part of the first floor of Agricultural Hall. The Station's laboratory, the laboratory for teaching agricultural chemistry, the lecture-room and office are well equipped, conveniently located, and connect with one another. The instruction in agricultural chemistry is given to students in the agricultural course. The Sophomore Class begins the study at the commencement of the second term, and it is continued until the end of the first term in the second year. The aim of the course of study is to develop the students as close observers as well as chemists. The course of instruction in the class-room and laboratory is confined to the application of

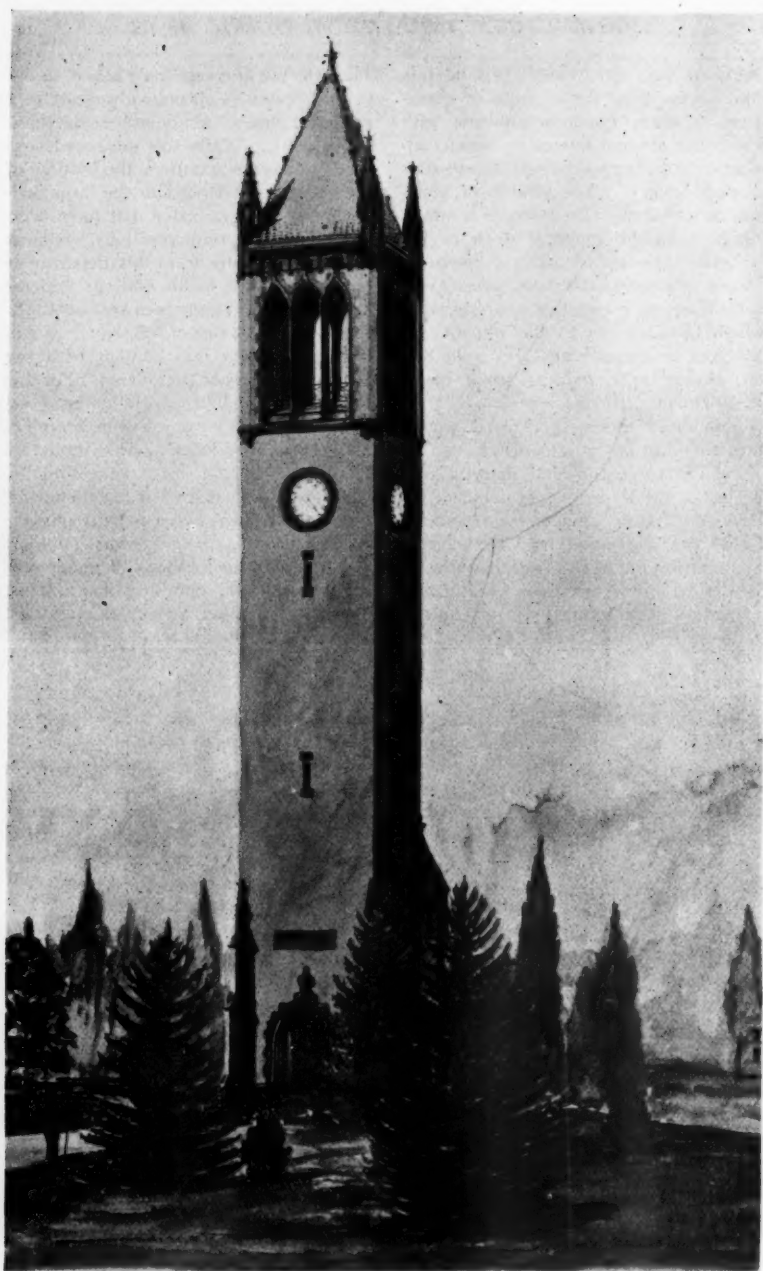
chemistry to agriculture. Within this limit are included the relations of chemistry to those common subjects with which the student comes in contact almost daily during his college life and after leaving college. The course of study may be called the "chemistry of common things." In the practical work of the laboratory the student takes up the preparation of simple substances, which gradually leads to qualitative analysis, from which he advances to the quantitative analyses, and finally analyzes soils, butter, cheese, milk, fodders, sugar beets, etc. The work in these processes gives him an idea of the methods used in practical chemical analytical work.

The Department of Veterinary Science is one of the strong departments of the College. Its object is to train students for the practice of veterinary medicine, to fit them for the work of original investigation and to fill positions where scientific and technical knowledge is required.

This was the first veterinary school in the United States to successfully establish a graded course of study embracing three years' work. While this advanced step tends to restrict numbers, the wisdom of the policy is evidenced in the large proportion of the graduates that have been chosen for important positions. Almost half the graduates from this department have been called to fill State or Federal appointments. Young men are not taught the book knowledge of this science alone, but are brought into contact with the practical aspects of the subject. For this purpose a free clinic is held at the veterinary hospital every day, to which farmers and others may bring their diseased or injured stock and have them critically examined and prescribed for. The student is in this way given a large amount of practical experience, which familiarizes him with the methods of manipulating patients and handling instruments. Probably no other agency in the West

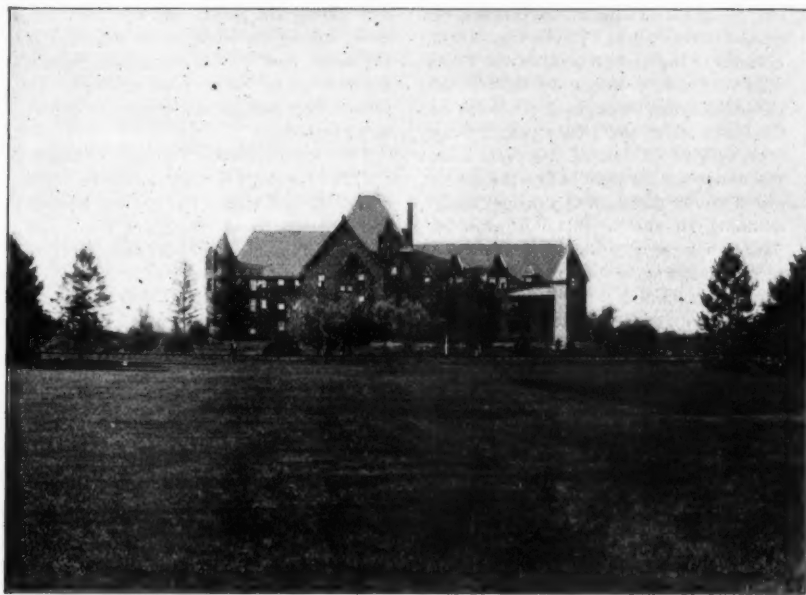


PHYSICS AND ENGINEERING BUILDINGS.



Designed by Geo. E. Hallett, Architect.

THE CAMPANILE, OR BELL TOWER, AT THE IOWA STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND  
MECHANIC ARTS.



MARGARET HALL.

has done so much to acquaint the farmer with important sources of danger to his herds, and indirectly to his family. It was here that the reliability and value of the tuberculin test for the detection of tuberculosis in cattle was first demonstrated in Western herds. This department is simply a medical college of a special type. In both theory and practice, in hospital work and clinical demonstration, in the dissecting-room and the laboratory, with text-books and lectures, the modern methods of practical college work are carried out in all their details.

Histology is taught in the first term of the Freshman year by lectures and recitations, accompanied by a thorough course of laboratory instruction. This embraces systematic and practical histology, including the microscopic study of all animal tissues. Each student is provided with a microscope, and is taught how to prepare, stain and mount the various tissues and sections of organs for

microscopic work. Pathology is begun in the second term of the Junior year. In this year general pathology and morbid anatomy are considered. Specimens are examined in the laboratory, both by the microscope and macroscopically. Throughout the first term of the Senior year a course of lectures is given on special pathology, in which is considered the morbid anatomy of each organ of the animal body, giving particular attention to diseases caused by micro organisms. In the second term of the Senior year surgical pathology is taken up in connection with surgical therapeutics, the instruction consisting of lectures on the pathology and treatment of surgical diseases, with special reference to anti-toxine serums and immunity, and to the technique of asepsis and antisepsis. Therapeutics is taught by lectures and recitations throughout the entire Senior year. The physiologic action and therapeutic value of organic and inorganic drugs,

anti-toxines and animal extracts are discussed in this work. Physiology is commenced in the second term of the Freshman year, and is taught by lectures and demonstrations throughout this term and the first term of the Junior year. Drawings, cuts or models of the parts under discussion are brought before the class to aid in giving the student a proper understanding of the subject. A more advanced course is pursued in the Junior term, consisting of lectures and laboratory experiments.

The Sanitary Department is under the control of the College Sanitarian, and consists of an especially constructed hospital building located on the campus at a suitable distance from the dormitories. Each student pays \$1.25 per term. This insures to them medical attendance, medicine and nursing for all diseases contracted during the term. The College Surgeon, who is also the Sanitarian, is to be found at the hospital a part of every

day during the term. By this plan diseases among the students are detected at the onset, and if of a contagious nature are isolated in the hospital at once. In this manner serious epidemics are generally averted.

The Departments of Zoölogy, Entomology and Geology occupy the entire north half of Morrill Hall. The general zoölogical museum is on the upper floor, and contains a systematic collection of representatives of the animal kingdom, the series of marine corals, starfishes and shells being exceptionally fine, and a collection of birds, which includes, besides most of our native forms, a number of peculiar foreign forms. An enormous alligator and turtle, donated by one of the College graduates, are conspicuous features. Of the higher forms, the great kangaroo, ant-eater, mountain sheep and bison are among the interesting species to be seen.

The geological museum contains an extensive series of minerals, typical rocks,



MARGARET HALL RECEPTION ROOM.

and sets of fossils representing the different geological ages, and a series of casts of fossils embracing some of the mammoth forms of ancient life. The collection of insects is especially valuable, and is rich in native species.

On the first floor are lecture room, laboratory and office rooms. The laboratory presents a particularly interesting scene when the tables are occupied by eager students intent upon the study of some microscopic bit of life, or the dissection of some of the larger animals.

Aside from the various collections on exhibition, the department has a great amount of material stored away for the purpose of study or awaiting space for display, so that the student here cannot feel any want of material for his work.

The equipment of microscopes, microtomes and other apparatus for modern research is very fine, and additions are made every year so as to keep abreast of the improvements.

The Botanical Section is an interesting and valuable part of the experimental work of the College, and its equipment is elaborate. Botany as a part of a college course has long been recognized. Older persons vividly recollect their course in botany. It was taken as a harmless pastime, especially suited for ladies. There was then no serious side to the study. Matters have, however, greatly changed. Botany is no longer pursued for the pleasure it affords, but because of its practical features. The science of botany teaches many problems, and it is the aim of the Agricultural College to combine the theoretical with the practical. It deals with that part of medicine which concerns itself with the question of contagious diseases. Every well equipped medical college now requires some work in bacteriology. All our better universities give the subject some attention. This College was one of the first institutions in the State, and one of the pioneers in the West, to afford a good elementary course in this work to a general class of students. Nobody can afford to be ignorant of the causes that lead to the

loss of life and property. In the bacteriological laboratory the students study germs and how to sterilize and disinfect; how these minute organisms help to clothe the earth with living green; what they accomplish in the various fermentations. The student in botany becomes acquainted with the minute structure of plants; how the plant elaborates food, and how food is stored away and used. In the laboratory of vegetable physiology and cryptogamic botany the student is provided with a microscope for the purpose of studying the relation of structure to function. Here are studied the various diseases of plants, such as rust, smut and mildew, which annually destroy millions of dollars' worth of products. The farmer and the horticulturist have seen the effect of the dreaded rust, but they know not how to remedy the evil. The student here studies the plant and learns how to prevent the rust. The value of the forage crop of Iowa alone is nearly \$75,000,000. Forage plants are carefully studied by the student. The College is fortunate in the possession of a large collection of flowering plants and cryptogams. It has acquired by purchase the valuable Parry Herbarium, containing some 25,000 specimens, made by Dr. C. C. Parry while engaged in the various government surveys, beginning with the David Dale Owen Survey,—when Iowa was a territory,—and following with the Mexican Boundary Survey, the Pacific Railroad Survey, and numerous other botanical collecting trips made in the Rocky Mountains, Mexico and California. The collection contains hundreds of new species, many named in honor of Dr. Parry. The College Herbarium also contains the collection made by Dr. C. E. Bessey, while connected with the College, and the collections of Prof. L. H. Pammel, made in Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, Texas, Colorado and Iowa, in all about 35,000 specimens, besides a good collection of cryptogams and various collections difficult to obtain, making a total aggregate of 70,000 specimens.

On the extreme west line of the campus are located the buildings used by the

Mechanical, Electrical, Mining and Civil Engineering Departments and the physical and chemical laboratory. These buildings contain machine shops, carpenter and pattern shops, power room, recitation rooms, drawing rooms, office rooms, and outfit complete for the conduct of the departments in mechanic arts.

The Department of Mechanical Engineering is an interesting and highly practical one. Its object is to prepare students for positions of responsibility in the profession of mechanical engineering. The duties which such positions require of their incumbents are those peculiar to superintendence of the construction of machinery, as in shops or factories; to superintendence of operation, as in power stations, which are the vitals of many and great industries and enterprises, private and public; to the designing of machines, *per se* or in groups; in complete equipments for manufactories or power stations, or to the business of general consulting

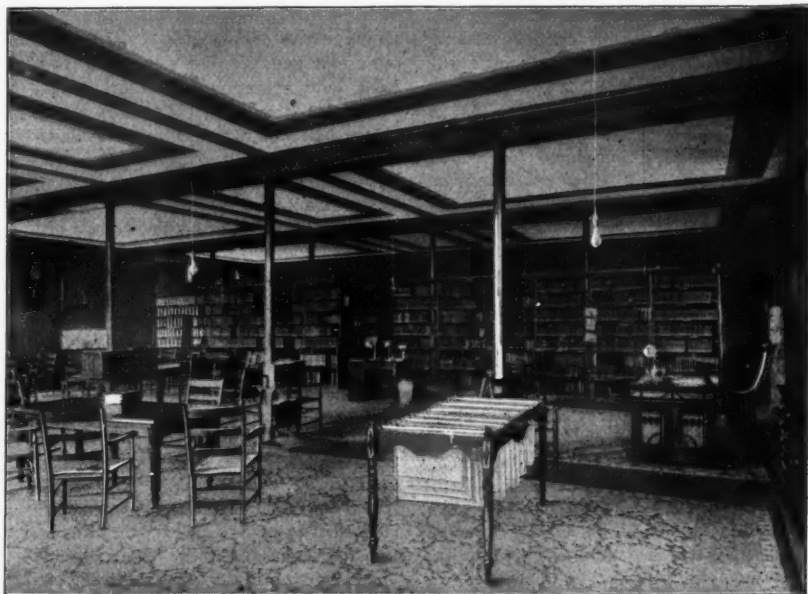
practice in engineering, with its varied duties and responsibilities.

The advantages offered at this institution for the attainment of the above objects consist of a course of study modeled upon those general lines which the experience of authorities has shown to be desirable, but modified by the exigencies imposed by the extent and nature of the material equipment at the disposal of the department; and of an equal equipment of considerable value, selected with care and with the idea of securing as large a variety as possible. Both the course of study and the equipment are supplemented and made available and useful by a corps of instructors to whom are assigned the different divisions of the work.

Provision is made for thorough instruction in the principles of shop work, in mechanical and free hand drawing, in pure and applied mathematics, and in experimental work in the chemical, physical and engineering laboratories. To supplement



THE CREAMERY.



THE LIBRARY.

the work in the engineering laboratory occasional trips are taken to electric lighting and other power plants, sometimes as inspection trips, but oftener for the purpose of making complete efficiency tests of the plants, the data obtained being worked up by the students and presented in the same way as in actual professional practice. The record of graduates of recent years is strong evidence of the truth of the broad statement that a technical education is a better preparation for the mechanical engineer than that acquired by self-making, so-called.

The Department of Physics and Electrical Engineering occupies seventeen rooms in Chemical and Physical Hall, and in the basement of an adjoining building. It is equipped with apparatus to the value of over \$15,000. Instruction is given in seventeen topics or courses in elementary and theoretical physics, in technical electricity, and in general and

practical astronomy by two instructors, both of whom have studied in Germany. A mechanic, under the supervision of the head of the department, is employed a large portion of the time in the manufacture of apparatus.

The special work of the electrical engineering course includes the testing and designing of electrical apparatus and machinery of all kinds, the testing of commercial lighting plants at points conveniently near to the College, and thesis work, which, for the most part, is of the nature of experimental research.

The Chemical Department was among the first organized in the College. It had a small beginning — a few tables in what is now the carpenter shop. The laboratory now can accommodate two hundred students, and the equipment is ample for the work offered to the student. The courses of study embrace general chemistry, qualitative and quantitative analysis, general organic chemistry, blow-pipe

analysis, proximate and ultimate, and special application of chemistry along any of these lines of study. Some study of chemistry is required for all the degrees conferred by the College, except that of bachelor of letters, the degree given to those who have completed the Young Woman's Course. However, it may be elected in this course, and generally is taken by the young women. The method of teaching is peculiar, in that the student is not made a mere corroborator of statements, but, to as great an extent as possible, becomes a discoverer of facts. By this it is not meant that the student has material put into his hands and is left, without direction, to find out what he may. He is guided by printed suggestions and questions, supplemented by instructors, to produce chemical phenomena and to interpret their meaning. Room has recently been provided for blow-pipe analysis and metallurgy, and it is expected that these two most important applications of chemistry will soon be opened to students.

The Department of Military Science and Tactics was required by the endowment act, and its organization differs somewhat from similar departments in other colleges. The aim is to instruct for the education of officers, rather than the simple training of men for the rank and file of an army. Armies are rendered strong more by the influence of the officers than by the expert work of the privates in mere matters of drill. A battalion may execute a faultless and machine-like manual of arms, and may march by with perfect alignments and "set up" at review, and yet be unserviceable soldiers for lack of knowledge by the officers and for want of proper discipline. It requires discipline—that distinctive mark which separates the young from the old soldier—and knowledge of the art of war, as learned from a study of the methods of the masters, to prepare and equip an army for its varied duties in the field. A minimum of privates and a maximum of officers is, therefore, the rule, and small companies are organized to execute some

of the more complicated work in minor tactics. The organization is regimental, with two battalions of four companies each, with a section of artillery and a band of sixteen men. There is also a ladies' battalion of two companies, which has reached a good degree of perfection in work and discipline, and is deemed to be of advantage.

Mining engineering—a new course just getting under headway, and which will continue to grow in importance as better mining ability is called for in developing the mineral resources of the State—is attached to this department. Poor methods are expensive as well as dangerous, and the demand for educated mining engineers and superintendents is annually increasing. Much valuable apparatus has lately been added to this department. Commercial law has also been assigned to this department, and each year a large class of students are instructed in this interesting and useful study. Bookkeeping has been temporarily assigned to this department, and students in this class are thoroughly taught double-entry bookkeeping.

The course of study in mathematics includes advanced algebra, geometry, trigonometry, analytics and calculus. The last two are required only in the engineering courses, being elective in all others. The department has established a reputation for thorough work, but despite its rigid requirements its studies are by no means unpopular among the students. Its classes have more than kept pace with the growth of the institution. In the early days less than a half-dozen students were enrolled in higher mathematical work, while this year there are two large divisions in analytics alone.

The Department of English Literature and History occupies space in the main building. The aim of instruction in English literature is to secure in the mind of the student a growing interest in the best thoughts of the best minds in the artistic use of the mother tongue. To this end courses are arranged, varying from year to year, for the direct study of the works of

the great masters of poetry and prose, accompanied by lectures and familiar talks, critical and bibliographical, relating to the times and influences, social and æsthetic, of the epoch under review. The student is required to reproduce the work of the class-room in a neat and satisfactory form at the end of his course, and is urged to devote as many hours to systematic collateral reading in the library as time will permit. The study is confined to the Junior year in the ladies' and scientific courses, three hours each week being given to it during the spring term and five hours during the fall term.

As seems eminently fit, the Department of Domestic Science and Art is located in Margaret Hall, the new home for the young women of the College. Here are provided, not only recitation rooms, but kitchen, dining-room, bedroom, sewing and fitting rooms, and offices, as well, all pleasantly arranged and conveniently furnished, in order that the students may learn to do, by doing, such work as makes for home comfort and health. One term of the first year is devoted to the study of cookery, the preparation of dishes by the pupils themselves, illustrating the principles and methods; and, in addition to this, lectures on personal hygiene enable the young women to more intelligently care for their own health while in college as well as afterward.

The second term continues the study of cookery, with the preparation and serving of meals, and adds a course of lectures on home sanitation and domestic hygiene.

Sewing has recently been introduced into the course, and much interest is manifested in the work in plain sewing, mending and garment making, which is to be followed by dress-making and such other advanced work as is suited to the needs of the individual pupil.

The domestic science of the Senior year includes the study of foods and their combinations from chemical, hygienic and economic standpoints, with preparation of meals to illustrate the various dietaries. The care of the bed-room and the sick-

room, invalid cookery, and laundry-work, each has its share of attention, the aim of the course being to provide for the practical needs of the common home.

Of the more elegant buildings on the campus, Morrill Hall, Agricultural Hall, and Margaret Hall are the special pride of the institution. Morrill Hall contains the great library, the immense museum, and the commodious chapel. Agricultural Hall contains the apartments of the Director and Assistant Director of the Experiment Station and the Agricultural, Horticultural, Veterinary, and Military Science Departments. Margaret Hall, the finest of all the buildings, is a structure of most pleasing architectural design. It contains the dining room for the students and visitors, and dormitories sufficiently capacious to accommodate all the lady students. Its spacious parlors are elegant,—and yet comfortable! The architect of the building is Mr. Geo. E. Hallett of Des Moines, and the architecture is of the French *chateau* style. It was named in honor of the late Mrs. Margaret McDonald Stanton, the first preceptress of the institution and wife of Prof. E. W. Stanton, who for nearly twenty years has been at the head of the Mathematical Department of the College, and enjoys the additional distinction of being a member of the first class graduated from the institution.

Mrs. Stanton was dearly loved, and as an additional monument to her memory the board of trustees at their last meeting decided to supplement Margaret Hall with a campanile tower one hundred and twenty feet high and sixteen feet square at its base. It will contain a chime of ten bells. The bells, valued at \$6,000, are donated by Professor Stanton. The heaviest bell weighs three thousand pounds, and the gross weight of the ten bells and fixtures is fifteen thousand pounds. It will be the finest chime of bells ever manufactured in the United States. The bells will be set to music, and their rich, mellow tones, under favorable conditions, may be heard many miles away. The bells will be seventy-five feet from the ground, and

a dial near the top of the tower will indicate the time of day.

The clock will sound the Warren chime every quarter hour—the first quarter will strike two bells, half hour four bells, three-quarter hour six bells, and the heavy bell will strike the hour. The tower will be built of buff-colored brick, with terra cotta trimmings. These colors, with the verdant landscape and evergreen foliage as a background, will present a contrast of rare beauty. The tower will be located

three hundred feet east of the main college building in the center of a cluster of evergreen trees.

This memorial tower was a happy conception. It will be to the student a perpetual reminder of the plain and modest virtues and the noble character it perpetuates, and will be an inspiration and example to every young woman ambitious to exemplify in her daily life the womanly graces and virtues which inspired the erection of this monument.



THE MACHINE SHOPS.

## THE SWEETEST SONG.

THAT song is sweetest, bravest, best,  
Which plucks the thistle-barb of care  
From a despondent brother's breast,  
And plants a sprig of heart's-ease there.

*Andrew Downing.*

## The Midland's Fiction Department.

### ADRIFT.

BY KATE SIBLEY-FOWLER.

THE COOL, even voice died away into silence. The man at her feet still absently dug in the sand ; it is only on the stage that lovers rave of their blighted hopes and broken hearts ; a brief interval of silence covers many a mortal hurt.

The girl was perched on a projecting ledge where the dark blue of sea and sky brought out in strong relief the easy grace of her slim, white-robed figure, and the noble poise of her perverse little head. A stolen glance but gave an added pang, for the absent look in her wide, clear eyes showed her thoughts were far away. His words had stirred an unwonted emotion and, as her eyes wandered away to the distant mountain peaks, her soul flew after them, beating with impotent eagerness against those barriers that shut her from the great world for which she longed with more than a lover's longing.

His glance recalled her and, flushing slightly, she slipped from her rocky perch. Together they strolled down the beach, the tall man and the little maid, and as he looked down at the bright, curly head and white, babyish hands, he was seized with a sudden helpless rage that so tender and weak a creature could safely oppose the strength of his desire.

What place was there for her in the big, hard, busy world ! A sheltered home, a man's protecting love, a babe's clinging arms,—these should be her world. But she coolly rejected all for wild and fantastic dreams. Had Mary Rice been plain, old, unattractive, herself-sacrificing desires would have been deemed noble indeed. That a young and beautiful girl should aspire to any life apart from love is ever, to a man, incomprehensible !

She did not care to make a home, she said ; she could not love any man well

enough to devote her life to him alone. Oddly the words sounded from lips so sweet. Consecrated women had passed long lives in the solitude and silence of the cloister ; others had sailed to meet certain death in foreign lands, for the problematical saving of savage souls. Remembering the lives, the sufferings of thousands of girls,—young, ignorant, weak in mental and moral attributes,—she, too, had consecrated herself. Caught in quagmires of vice from which they were helpless to extricate themselves, with few friendly hands outstretched to them, it seemed like treason for her to think of personal happiness. Forgotten by the world though their wrongs might be, forget them she could not and would not.

Martin Howard had listened to this confession with an impatience indescribable. It was sheer madness ! What was Mrs. Rice thinking of to allow Mary to entertain such notions ! Surely, it would never come to anything ; the idea was preposterous. As they sauntered along the sand, her silent proximity comforted his sore heart, and hope stirred again. There was no personal rival to dread. Mary was his close friend, for their tastes lay in common grooves. Many a half-hour had they spent on this quiet beach over the tiny aquariums left by the retreating tide ; often with microscope and Dana, as aids to their study, or content simply to admire the beautiful sea-weed and flower-like jelly-fish growing in the pellucid water like miniature shrubs.

The Point was a favorite picnic resort with the young people of Port Townsend in those early days before the railroad came, when their only connection with the outside world was through the little sound steamer which daily stopped at their dock. The inhabitants of this outpost

of civilization, like mariners cast away on a desert island, were forced to depend upon one another for amusement, and in fine weather an excursion to the Point, lying directly opposite and only a few miles away from the town, was a welcome diversion. The row across the intervening water was delightful, for that landlocked sea is usually smooth as glass, and the scenery is wild and picturesque.

There are many people who profess to love nature, but if we inquire somewhat closely we will find that, for the most part, they love her at a distance and when they have nothing better with which to engage their attention. So with the picnic parties at the Point. On the water it was common to hear "Oh!" and "Ah!" with pointing hither and yon at rosy-capped peaks rising above dark pines, at blue water rippling against white sand, or other of the natural beauties lavished on every side. But once arrived at their destination, the glories surrounding them were forgotten and the serious business of the day commenced. Between flirting and eating, there was little time for nature.

Mary dwelt among these people, but was not of them. A dreamer of dreams, filled with desires and longings which she never told, they voted her queer, and, in spite of her beauty and wit, few cared for her.

Martin had never feared her vagaries; his slower, calmer nature delighted in her little eccentricities. Mary's beauty had first fascinated him, and their common love of nature, of poetry, of all things beautiful, drew them to ever closer communion. Under the murmuring pines she read to him from Bryant, the poet of the trees and groves she loved so well. And he repaid her with the rich music of Tennyson, often reciting to the accompaniment of the soft swish of wavelets curling along the beach. Together they read scientific works or explored the fairy wonders of the microscopic world.

Thinking of these things as they strolled back to the rest of the party, Martin ailed to see it was the work, and not his

personality, which attracted the girl, and once more he comforted himself with delusions. But, meantime, his day's pleasure was spoiled, and so, after luncheon, he took a small boat to row back to town alone, giving that old excuse of important letters to write.

The ripples had grown to tiny waves and crowned themselves with white-caps before he started. The blue of the sky took a deeper and more threatening hue as he rowed on, and the rising waves turned to an angry green. Martin began to worry about the picnic party left on the Point, and earnestly regretted that they, too, had not started for home. The wind rose higher and higher, chopping the water fiercely. It was with the greatest difficulty he made any progress. Still his only anxiety was for the party he had left; though, now the water was so rough, he felt quite sure they would seek shelter for the night at the solitary farm-house near the Point. It would be a great risk to bring the girls across in such a storm. He would have laughed at the thought of danger to himself. Strong and expert, the water was like his native element. In college he had been one of the members of the boat-crew, and in this little water-girt town, rowing was still his favorite amusement. But the boat he was obliged to take this afternoon was a little tub of a craft, and the oars were short and old-fashioned. As the waves ran stronger, Martin had felt a peculiar giving sensation in one of them which sent a thrill of apprehension tingling through his veins.

Quicker and higher came the waves; they tossed the boat roughly and every instant progress became more difficult; but still he rowed on with undiminished energy. At last came a short, sharp struggle with the current, a crack like the report of a pistol, and Martin's worst fears were realized.

"Great God!" exclaimed he, "am I to drown like a wharf-rat, tricked out of life by a miserable, rotten bit of timber!"

A big wave came along, half filling the boat and rousing him to the necessity of action. To be adrift in a rough channel

with only one sound oar was a bad enough plight certainly; still, the situation was not altogether desperate. True, he could now only drift with the current, but two or three small islands lay in the channel. On some one of them he might hope to effect a landing. Using his one oar as paddle and guide, he managed to keep the head of the boat straight, and the old tub was broad enough to ride the waves well. By this time the tide was running out rapidly and the current carried him so far from the first island it was out of the question to make for it. Farther down the channel lay another, toward which, Martin remembered, the current set strong and direct. Soon he heard the boom, boom, boom, of the waves against its rocky sides. On he came rapidly; the surrounding waters were boiling, seething, writhing, hissing, black as night under their white foam,—a perfect witch's caldron.

The next few moments were a blank in Martin Howard's memory. It was not the reason of man but the instinct of self-preservation common to all brute creation which guided his actions, and when he came to himself the struggle was over, the last island was left far behind, and he was drifting out to sea, the broken fragment of his remaining oar still clasped by a nerveless hand.

Death comes to men in many forms and often indeed he is a welcome guest. Thousands have gone to meet him on the battle-field, without a thought or a fear. From beds of weakness men have reached out to clasp his friendly hand. They have climbed the operating table of the surgeon with a smile on their lips. From the depths of financial ruin men have many times summoned death to their aid. But to Martin Howard death was a foe to be battled with. The current of his young blood pulsed strong and full through his elastic veins; his hopes were high; his courage undaunted. And now in the full vigor of his young manhood, a cruel fate had caught and whirled him over the black wilderness of waters toward a nameless, unknown grave.

How long Martin lay in the bottom of the boat, where the waves had flung him, he never knew. He heard no sound but the roar of wind and wave; he dreamed of no friendly aid. Yet suddenly he raised his head. There had been a tug on one of those mysterious cords which link the soul to the world around it by other and finer means of communication than those furnished by the material senses. There, shining before him, very near and low down on the water, was a star, big and rosy. Martin stared; his brain was too numb to answer the call of his eyes. The star grew nearer; it multiplied itself; it danced on the waves. Then he raised a shout that met and wrestled with the roar of the elements and seemed to beat it back. He had forgotten this was the day the 'Frisco steamer was due at Port Townsend. Belated by the storm, she was just getting in. He sprang to his feet, shouted, waved his hat, raved, tied his handkerchief to the oar stump, nearly pitched himself out of the boat in his frantic efforts, saw the lights draw nearer and nearer, heard the churn of the paddle-wheel beating down the waves, as on the great steamer came, steady, remorseless as fate and all unheeding the anguish of one man. On and on, nearly running him down, quickly passing him by; soon the steamer was swallowed up in the blinding mist and gathering darkness. For the second time that afternoon Howard clasped hands with death.

Johnny Barter was looking out of the window with a disconsolate face! All the morning he had cheerfully minded the baby and helped his mother, but in the afternoon he had planned to take his little boat and row over to a high rock to hunt for gulls' nests. He had seen the birds hovering around there of late and he felt sure fresh eggs would reward the trip. They would be a welcome addition to his monotonous bill of fare—which was fish, salt-meat and canned goods all the year around. But at dinner that day Johnny's father, inconveniently weather-wise through years of light-house training,

had prophesied storm in the face of a clear sky, and the little excursion was spoiled.

The life Johnny led was not altogether dreary. This same ocean which was his stern warden was also his kind playmate and friend. Our Mother Nature has tender little secrets hidden away, even in the wildest and most forbidding portions of her broad domain, and right willingly she reveals them to those who show themselves worthy to be her custodians. Many a merry hour had Johnny spent watching the funny little barnacles hunt their dinner. And very good sport it is, too. "Pop!" and up goes the lid or roof of his funny little three-cornered house and an odd little hand is thrust out, which goes groping around in the water until it finds what it is looking—no, feeling—for,—something to eat; then the hand is drawn in, the door shut and the barnacle eats its dinner all by itself,—the greedy fellow! In these same deep, pretty little ocean gardens the limpets slide over the stones or fasten themselves to the rocks when disturbed; and a most time-destroying occupation it is to dislodge a limpet from a spot where it has fully made up its mind to stay.

In fair weather Johnny would often row up toward the sound, floating back with the tide. Hanging over the boat's edge it was great fun to watch the fish, which in those days swarmed in through all the western waters, or the crabs using their funny, pointed tails for rudders as they sailed in and out between the long ribbon-like sea-weed.

The greatest foe to Johnny's pleasure was bad weather. It was this old enemy which had cheated him out of an afternoon's trip, and very likely out of his anticipated omelet. The little face at the light-house window lengthened dolefully as wave after wave rolled in, each larger than its fellow and the night began to settle down, dark and threatening.

Presently a wave rolled up into view bearing on its crest a black fleck. Johnny stiffened like a pointer, but the object had rushed down the trough. Not up yet! How deep that hungry hollow must

be! There, it has risen again! Is it a bit of driftwood washed from the Point? Next time it will be near enough to see plainly in spite of the mist and spray. There it is again! How large it looks! It is nearer now—can it be—it *is*—a boat!

Johnny sees no more. He flies to the leeward door and, shouting to his mother to fasten it after him, is out on the rocks. The wind like a giant smites him. The waves leap after him, as if seeking to blind him with their spray and drag him down. But Johnny has looked wind and wave in the face too long to fear them now. He hugs the friendly rocks and creeps out in the very teeth of the storm. There is the boat—no mistaking it this time; it strikes with terrific force on the outermost rocky ledge, shivering into a thousand pieces. Johnny draws a long, sobbing breath, and the next instant a great wave roars and thunders and falls, crashing upon him, almost dragging him back with it into the raging hell below. When it is gone, Johnny sees, thrown up between him and the light-house, a limp object that he knows is the body of a man. Springing to his feet, he tugs at it with all his feeble might. In an instant another wave will be upon them!

But help is at hand. His father has hurried out after him and between them they half drag, half carry, the castaway into the friendly shelter of the light-house.

The storm that swept the west coast that night has passed into history. Great waves galloped across the broad Pacific, gathering momentum as they came, and broke with shivering force against the lonely light-house, dashing showers of spray far over its beacon light and shaking it, down to its very foundations.

Mr. Barter looked grave and anxious; it seemed as if nothing could stand against the fury of such a storm. Fortunately, his nervous little wife had her heart and hands too full to dwell upon their peril. Bruised and bleeding, half unconscious and moaning with every breath he drew, Martin Howard lay upon her best bed, bandaged, bathed and tended by her

skillful hands. He was as one half wakening from some terrible dream, his only sensation pain, and the slightest movement anguish. But no bones were broken and in a few days he was comparatively himself again, though so bruised and battered that perfect quiet was an imperative necessity.

For days the storm raved without. No boat could approach the island, and during the next three weeks Martin found time for much serious thought. He was sobered and humbled by the great peril through which he had passed, and in the silent watches of the night his true self sometimes stole out from its hiding-place and looked him in the face.

Thought alone is the true builder; by thought was matter conceived, by thought is character upbuilt. Minutely, with coral-like accretion, the work goes on until the soul is lifted above the dark waves of time and rises calm and fair in the sunshine of eternity. Martin thought of his feeble and beloved mother. Then, the remembrance of court and of cases awaiting his coming rose to vex his mind. But most he thought of Mary and their last interview. In the light of his new humility he felt less and less satisfied with his former attitude toward her.

What had he ever thought or cared for her desires and aspirations? In marrying him, he would have considered it fair and legitimate that her interests and individuality should be merged into his. And any thought of going half-way to meet her in her sacrifices would have been scouted as preposterous. Now, for the first time he keenly felt the underlying selfishness and self-seeking of his love. The beauty of her face had been far more to him than the beauty of her soul; no wonder he had failed to touch the heart of a girl like Mary. But, please God, it was not yet too late to make amends to her woman-

hood. Mary might yet be worthily his. While these thoughts matured in his brain, his bodily hurts steadily mended, and when finally a boat was able to effect a landing at the light-house, Martin went on with the steamer to Port Townsend.

He was received like one returning from the dead. The picnic party had been storm-bound at the point a number of days and on their return home the discovery was made that Martin was missing. No trace could be found and, after a few days, he was given up for lost. That his boat could weather the storm long enough to drift out to the light-house no one would have thought possible.

Among the many friends who came those first few days to congratulate and rejoice with Mrs. Howard and her son, Martin looked in vain for one face—the face he had so longed to see. When he grew a little stronger, his mother told him Mary had gone. Only a few days before she had started for Chicago, where she had made arrangements to enter a training school for nurses connected with one of the great hospitals. By this means she hoped in time to realize her dream of a medical education.

It was a terrible blow to Martin; he had not counted on this. In his weakness and depression he gave her up as lost to him forever. Happy in her chosen work, she would care nothing for his late repentance. But he must at least write and tell her of his feelings. Perhaps some day, when he was more worthy, she would let him come and see her; let him look upon that life consecrated to the poor and unfortunate; let him take once more that little hand which longed to give and not to hold.

And so Martin once more swung out into life's current, sometimes paddling, sometimes only drifting onward toward the island of his hope.

## OUT OF THE PAST.

A LOVE STORY.

BY HELEN M. SEDGWICK.

BERTHA, standing behind the closed shutters, watched Mr. Crawford out of sight, and then sighed.

"I was horrid to him," she said; "but it was so stupid of him to come here. Why didn't he wait until I went home! Next time I will—but—I don't know; I am happy as I am."

These disjointed musings were cut short as Bertha's attention centered upon a stout woman who came bustling into the yard, her silk skirt held well up from the dust, her face flushed with the heat and her breath coming quick and short from the rapidity with which she walked. This was Bertha's aunt and hostess, Mrs. Carroll Brown, and Bertha's face lighted up as she saw her.

"The dear woman," she said, "how hot she looks, and how she hurries!"

Mrs. Brown came in and sank into the nearest chair, fanning herself with her handkerchief.

"Dear Auntie, take this fan," said Bertha. "How warm you are. You must put on your coolest wrapper and lie down and let me fan you."

"That sounds delightful," said her aunt, "but I have only stopped a minute to rest. I am on my way to a meeting, you know, and after making three formal calls, where I was almost too hot to be polite, I must say I dread another walk in the sun."

"Yes," said Bertha, sympathetically. She could find nothing else to say and so turned again to her contemplation of the old-fashioned lawn.

There was a pause, and then Mrs. Brown resumed, "My dear, I know it's no concern of mine, but I want to know what you have done to that young man to make him look like that."

"Like what?" said Bertha, weakly.

"As if something had mortally hurt him. I met him out there and stopped to ask him why he was running away before tea time, and his face—why, it is dreadful to see a man look like that, Bertha! I expected to find you crying, for I knew something had happened; but here you stood as composed as possible! I do not like the look of it, and I wish you'd tell me about it."

Bertha colored and sat nervously clasping and unclasping her fingers. "I will tell you," she said. "I—that is he—well, he spoke to me, you know, a year ago. He wants to marry me; I told him to wait a year and then he could speak to me. He—he followed me here. It's a year ago to-day. I was angry to think he followed me, and, anyway, I don't like to think of binding myself yet. I was cross to him. He felt worse than I meant him to feel, but," with a smile, "he will recover."

Mrs. Brown shook her head dubiously. "Don't you love him, Bertha dear?" she said.

Mrs. Brown's straightforward questions were startling at times. A wave of pink swept up over Bertha's face and she hung her head like a naughty child. "I will tell him sometime whether I do or not," she said.

"Oh Bertha!" cried her aunt, "don't be too sure. A man won't be trampled on forever. He may not come again. I tell you I know from his face that it was no little hurt you gave him. I have seen too much harm done by silly flirtations. I don't want my Bertha to be silly. I see you don't like to be scolded, though, and I am sorry if I have been hard with you."

"You good Auntie," said Bertha, "the idea of your being hard with anybody! Mr. Crawford has probably forgiven me

by this time and you must forgive me, too."

With this peace descended upon them, though the one was only silenced, not convinced, and the other felt her conscience to be unusually troublesome.

"Here I sit," exclaimed Mrs. Brown, "and am certain to be late to that committee meeting! I am sorry to leave you all alone. It is so unfortunate that Beth has one of her headaches and can't entertain you; and now that Mr. Crawford has gone you will be left entirely to your own resources. There are books, but I suppose you have read them all."

"You have no idea what a resourceful young person I am," said the girl. "I am sure to find something fascinating in this dear, delightful house. Will you let me go into the attic?"

"The attic!" echoed her aunt. "My dear, think of the heat!"

"What do I care for heat," scornfully, "when I can rummage among relics! You said your attic was full of heirlooms, and I long to explore; may I?"

"Certainly," assented Mrs. Brown. "I only wish I might stay and tell you about the things."

"I wish you could," said Bertha. "Have you any treasures from the history of the lovely girl whose picture hangs above my bed?"

"My husband's sister, Alice, she was," said Mrs. Brown, "and a most peculiar woman. I believe I have nothing of hers. When I knew her she was very unapproachable, and so pale that her flesh looked almost transparent, while her eyes were the saddest eyes I ever saw. She scarcely ever spoke unless directly addressed, but she spent her whole life in doing good. She never married. But," recalling herself, "I must go." And she hurried away, leaving Bertha dreaming over the little scrap of human history she had heard.

"Alice," she mused,—"I like that name. I suppose that seat out under the pine trees was hers. 'Alice's seat' is what Beth called it, and I meant to ask her why, but forgot it. This queer old house

must be full of histories, and this sounds like a tragedy. I'll go right away to the attic and look for Alice relics."

In the attic she stood and looked about her with awe. Under the eaves were piles of boxes and a row of trunks, dusty and ancient. Queer old chairs and bedsteads were piled away in dusky corners, and a melodeon with yellow keys and broken pedals stood as mute as the voices that had sung to its accompaniment in the long ago. The light was dim in the room and the place seemed full of mystery. "Ghosts!" she ejaculated, under her breath, but, being a healthy young person, she was more curious than superstitious, and so began her investigations.

She pressed her fingers on the silent keys of the melodeon and tried to conjure up before her the quaint maidens who had once played upon it. She opened trunks and lifted out into the light the folded dresses; but they, and the old-fashioned bonnets and ribbons and fans, yellow with age, only brought her vague visions. There was no life history in them for her without an interpreter.

"I must have Auntie tell me about these," she said, as she smoothed a soft old silk. "There are volumes in them, I know, but,—I sigh for Alice to-day. I am in an Alice mood and she comes not. I shall peep into those boxes and then go away."

While she was rummaging among the boxes, finding only musty books and old school essays, she accidentally struck her hand against something which fell with a crash to the floor. As she stooped to pick it up she saw that it was a brown work-box of quaint old design. In its fall the lock had broken, and the box lay open. Inside the cover there was a small mirror, and under the mirror someone had half carved, half scratched the name, "*Alice Brown.*"

"Oh!" cried Bertha, rapturously. "Alice, my dear, mysterious Alice! I have found you and your box full of treasures!"

In the tray of the box was a locket with a picture of the Alice who smiled down

at Bertha from her bed-room wall, not of the pale, cold woman of whom Mrs. Brown had spoken. Then there was a slender chain, a heavy, plain gold ring and one bracelet with a broken clasp. That was all; but when Bertha lifted the tray she saw a little book that looked like a diary, and some letters neatly tied.

"O, I have found her letters and her treasures!" exclaimed Bertha, clasping her hands and gloating over the box in her lap. "But it seems sacrilegious to read what is here. I don't seem to have any right. No—o," doubtfully, "I don't believe I have any right; but," after a pause, "I will do it, and I know Auntie will not care, and she—well, I believe if Alice were alive she would tell me her secret because—I need to know it!"

"Where shall I begin?" she sighed. "Oh, here is a paper which looks as if it might tell me something."

It was a sheet of letter paper wrapped about one of the letters, and written upon it Bertha read:

I have put into this box all the letters or trinkets which in any way bear upon my life tragedy. I feel it to be a tragedy, and know that it has changed me and my life. No one knows, or can know, how I loathe myself for my share in the history. My future life shall show, God helping me, that my sorrow is real and that I will atone. Oh, the bitterness of it all! Oh, useless tears and vain regret!

"How terrible!" said Bertha. "Poor Alice!"

The locket and the chain he wore—and they were given me by his sister who pitied me. The ring I flung from me that last day out by my seat under the pines. He did not guess that I would creep on my hands and knees until I found it again. The bracelet is the only gift I ever received from him. My letters to him his sister gave me also. His to me I had kept as among my dearest treasures. Together they tell my pitiful little story.

This box is to me as the grave of my foolish, happy girlhood. I can see in its little glass that I am a foolish, happy girl no longer.

"This is enough to give one a fit of the horrors!" said Bertha. "She has written those careful sentences as if she

talked of someone else. Still I can see that her heart was broken. Why? I wonder. Broken hearts, indeed! I am growing sentimental. I never believed there were such things, but the spell of this old romance is upon me. This little book is evidently a diary with only a few entries. I shall read it first."

In the delicate, old-fashioned hand with which she already seemed familiar, Bertha read these entries:

June 10.—My birthday, and I have commenced my first diary. I mean to write in it only those things which seem to me important. I am very happy and gay here in my dear old home. So many people are good to me, and all my life seems to stretch before me like a shining way. I am growing a little restless lately and sister Sue suggests that I am made so by the dark eyes of my new friend, Mr. Terrence. He is very kind and I enjoy his society, of which I am accorded a great deal; but, as to being in love—I scorn the suggestion. Sue is dreaming. There he comes now.

July 1.—The excursion to the woods to-day seems worth noting, though I scarcely know why. I enjoyed the whole day to the full. Mr. Terrence did not. That was because I smiled upon Tom Day—who is very nice, I am sure—and why should I reserve my smiles for Mr. Terrence, indeed!

Oh, this gay, beautiful old world! Sometimes I think that I must be different from others and shall always be happy, as I am now, so happy—so happy!

July 30.—I have found out why I was and am so happy. Do you know? No one else shall guess it. It is so strange that I—but I shall not tell even you, you discreet little book. Some one else shall be the first to hear—sometime, but not for a long, long time. To feel my power and be happy is enough for a while.

August 10.—He knows, and I have this ring "to make me remember," he said. As if I could forget! I am afraid I yielded too quickly. I think I shall try his patience a little now to atone. Hugh Terrence, dear Hugh! Mrs. T—; but what nonsense I am writing!

September 1.—He is going away for a month. How can I live through a long month without him! How did I live before I knew him! He is my life, my joy; but he does not guess it. I like to tease him and he thinks me cold sometimes, and sometimes fickle. I wound him daily, through a spirit of mischief, and then my heart weeps over him while my outward

self laughs at him. If he would repay me I might repent, but he is too true.

"Now, these letters must come in here," said Bertha. "What a gay, careless girl she was! I know how she felt, only it looks cold-blooded, written in black and white."

There were only three letters. Two were written in the firm, clear hand of a business man. They were short. The first was dated September 6th and Bertha read, trying to read the man's soul through his few words:

-----, Sept. 6th.  
*My Dear Alice.*—I am settled here in the hotel and hard at work, on the errand that brought me here. The town is a very pretty one, they say. I do not like it, and you can guess that no town would be anything but a desert to me without you. You would think me foolish if I should tell you how I miss you. I would tell you something of my business but it would be dull reading and there is really nothing else to tell except how I love you, and you are tired of hearing that already. Write soon and tell me every little thing about yourself. I long to hear from you.  
 Yours always,  
 HUGH TERRENCE.

There seemed to be no answer to this, for the next hurried note ran as follows:

-----, Sept. 20th.  
*My Dear Alice.*—Why do you not write to me? I am so worried that I can scarcely sleep. Are you sick? Unless something is seriously wrong I cannot leave my business here before October the first, or even later. Do write immediately to  
 Yours,  
 H. L. TERRENCE.

"Here is an entry in the diary for September twenty-third," said Bertha, "and her letter was not written until September twenty-fifth, so this fits in here." The entry in the diary was this:

September 23d.—His second letter came this morning. He is coming home,—coming home! The whole world seems to sing for joy to-day. I shall see his dear kind face again, and we shall sit together again under the pines. He loves that seat, he says, because it is mine. How can he know how much dearer it is to me since he sat there with me? I must write to him. I am afraid I have been cruel. When once he has caught 'his shy bird' she will not peck him any more, and all her song will be for him.

Alice's reply ran thus:

"Dear Hugh.—You must try to forgive me for not writing sooner. I have been so busy. The young people have had so many rides and drives and picnics and dances that I have had little time for writing. When you come I will tell you all about our gay times

We have all missed you very much; of course, I missed you more than the rest. We will all be so glad when you come home. Indeed, you'd better come soon, for Tom Day, who doesn't seem to see my ring, threatens to carry me off by force. Tom is a very nice boy and I might, perhaps, have cared for him if I had not seen you first, but I did see you first.

I have callers down stairs and must go to them.

Hoping to see you very soon, I am

Your own  
 ALICE.

Those were all the letters, and there were no more entries in the diary until December 30th. Then Alice had written, and Bertha's tears fell on the pages as she read:

December 30th.—Oh that I were dead, dead! I am all alone in this big dreary world! There is no happiness in it. I am alone. He is gone out of it. There are people, but what can they do to help me? A foolish, heartless coquette, a silly, vain child who was not fit for the love of the man who loved me—that is what I was, and he is gone with never a word of good-bye. Oh Hugh! Oh my love! Oh that I could weep! Oh that I might shout aloud to the world how I loved him and how I hate myself, my lonely self.

January 15th.—I must write, I cannot speak my sorrow, and yet no words ever written can tell one fraction of the bitterness that fills my life. I was happy. Can I ever even remember what happiness feels like again? Hugh and I had said nothing of our engagement, through some foolish notion of mine, so people think I only flirted with him. Mother guesses why I am so changed and she thinks I am going to die. If she knew how I have wished to die! But I do not want to now. I want to live and atone. When I grow stronger I shall give my whole life to other people. I cannot preach to them. What am I to talk of goodness! I can and shall do something to help then. I can scarcely even think yet what I mean, but my meaning will develop, I am sure, and make itself plain even to my dazed brain.

He did come home. I was gladder than any one ever was before, and yet I was not kind to him. I cannot tell why I treated him so. If he could come back now I would show him all my love—but he will not come, he will not come!

He came to me in my nook under the pines. He was troubled about Tom Day. I laughed at him. He grew angry with me for the first time and reproached me. I could have knelt before him and pleaded his forgiveness, I loved him so,

but I was so silly, I only made him the more angry. Finally I grew angry, myself, and declared that he had no right to say who should be my friends, or that I had flirted.

He touched my ring as a sign of his right and I snatched it off and flung it from me. Then he turned and went away without a word. I was sorry when he was gone, but I would not call him back. I thought he would come again and beg me to forgive, and then I would be kind.

He never came again. O, he never came again! How can I tell why?

There was a fire. As he went away from me he saw the building burning, and saw a man standing under a wall that tottered. The man was a drunken wretch and no one cared for him.

My Hugh ran to him and warned him, but too late. The wall fell and two lives went out instead of one, and one was my Hugh's.

Never another word will I write in this book of heart experience. It has been like the pain of death to write these last. It was all my fault! I killed him — and I loved him so! Oh, Hugh, my Hugh, good-bye!

That was all. The little story was ended.

Bertha folded the letters and tenderly laid them and the book and trinkets back in their places and closed the box. As she did so she caught a glimpse of her own rosy, tear-wet face in the glass, and the thought that had been vaguely haunting her mind while she read, took shape and turned her white with fear.

Would her face, as lovely now as the young Alice's, grow white and cold; and would her eyes be full of bitter sorrow some day? Alice had looked into this very glass when she was young and beautiful; and, probably, when she had written those last words, and had closed the grave of her young folly, the little glass had shown a different face and — why?

Bertha put the box in its place and fled to her own room.

During tea Bertha gave her aunt a bright account of her expedition among the old trunks and boxes, but said nothing about Alice. "I feel as if I had been back years into the past," she said; "don't I look ancient?"

"You look sick," said Mrs. Brown, decidedly. "I believe you stayed up there too long, and you have such an imagination that I suppose you conjured up all sorts of bogies and got yourself into a state of nerves."

"State of aroused conscience, rather," laughed Bertha. "I feel young and foolish after visiting so long in the dead past."

How her aunt's heart would have yearned over her if she could have known the self-accusation, the bitter self-reproach with which Bertha had lashed herself during those two hours in her room. In the dead Alice she had seen a prototype of herself — young, gay, a petted belle, a capricious girl. She, too, had gained the love of a good, true man. "And I," she cried, "I have laughed at him and sent him from me, all because I felt my power and was so sure of him, and now he may never come back! Auntie said he might not, and oh, I love him so!" Even while she talked and laughed with her aunt, her mind was full of dark forebodings lest her life would end, as had Alice's, in lonely sorrow.

After tea, while Mrs. Brown was busy about the house, she wandered aimlessly through the yard until she came to Alice's seat under the pines. Here she sat and dreamed, her thoughts a dismal jumble of the past and dreaded future. She had brooded over the thought that he might not come again until it seemed to her certain that he would not, and she began, in girlish fashion, to plan her life as a spinster.

The sound of quick steps on the pavement brought her back to the present, and she even aroused interest enough to peep through the boughs before her. The street on which she looked led to the station, and before her she saw Arthur Crawford, of whom her thoughts were full, walking quickly and with a traveling satchel slung by its strap over his shoulder.

He was going to the train. He was not coming. She knew by his face that he would not come.

Quick as thought she sprang toward him, parting the low-reaching pine boughs, and stood there where he could have seen her if he had looked; but he did not turn his head, and walked with the same steady, quick pace past her.

She watched him until he had passed, and then, because her young heart could not accept its punishment in silence, she stretched out her hands and called him.

"Arthur! Arthur!"

Then he turned and saw her, and leaped the fence and ran to her, his face full of the intense joy that never comes to a man's face but once.

After long years of waiting, the pine trees looked down upon two lovers who had found their happiness where once two lovers had lost theirs.

Out of the past had come a lesson to a dear little girl of to-day—and she had learned it just in time.



## "DOCTOR NUNNELY."

A SKETCH.

BY EDGAR WHITE.

I WAS a type-setter on the *Tribune*, a small afternoon daily printed in M—, a thriving little city in Central Missouri. Four compositors, a foreman, and a gentleman dignified at the head of the local page as "city editor," made up the force necessary to get the paper out. The proprietors furnished the editorial, part of which was the result of their brains; but credit for the largest amount was due to the scissors. When there was a rush of work in the "job department" some of the "news" printers would go in there and assist, and we would run "plate matter" to fill up the vacancy occasioned by the absence of the "case men." None of us were investing largely in railroad stocks with the proceeds of our toil, but we were making "board and clothes," and our thoughts were fixed on the future.

One cold morning in the early part of January, 1885, the boys were all gathered around the stove in the composing-room, warming their "sticks" and hands preparatory to making an onslaught on the "hooks," which happened to be crowded with copy,—a rather unusual thing that early in the morning. For this blessed result we were indebted to a big ball among the railroad men the night previ-

ous. Our city editor was making a laudable attempt to everlastingly scoop our "slow-going" contemporary down street. The copy on the hooks consisted of a long list of names of "prominent" engine-wipers, firemen, etc., and their wives and sweethearts, and an elaborate description of the ladies' variegated costumes.

Presently our foreman remarked, "Boys, Mac [the city editor] has got lots of the 'truck' [copy] out now, and there's a mint of it to come yet. I wish some ornery tramp print would come 'long, but the trouble with 'em is they're never 'round when wanted."

We were all prepared to dutifully assent to the foreman's observation, when there, at the head of the steps leading from the press-room below, stood an apparition—seemingly a being from another world.

The boys all started and gave utterance to involuntary exclamations of surprise and terror. The figure stood still a moment, then muttered hoarsely, "Mornin'," and advanced to the stove. The boys made way for him, but covered him with their astonished glances. He was certainly a wild and picturesque object, and

would have attracted attention anywhere. His whole body, from his ragged cap down to the miserable apology for shoes on his feet, was covered with ice and crusted snow. His long whiskers and moustaches were frozen stiff and stuck out like spikes on a bludgeon of *Cœur de Lion's* time. He stood awhile, apparently indifferent to the consternation he created, and then commenced to shift around as the fire began to have its effect. The ice and snow melted, and a little lake formed at his feet. The foreman was the first to muster up courage and address him. He endeavored, with commendable tact, to draw him out, as follows:

"Pretty rough weather, pardner?"

"Rather," remarked the refugee, dryly.

"Come far?"

"Kansas City."

"Not all the way in this storm?" exclaimed the foreman.

"No."

A few minutes' silence ensued. It evidently took something more persuasive than our foreman's eloquence and a red-hot stove to draw our interesting visitor

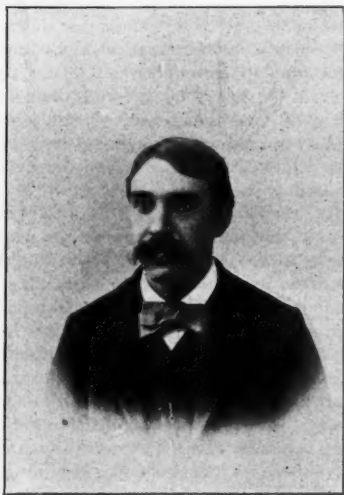
out, and one of the printers rose equal to the pressing need of the occasion. He walked over to his coat and took out a bottle of "contraband," which he kept solely for the purpose of administering to persons in distress, and it was noticeable that this printer was frequently "in distress" himself. He handed it to the stranger with the short but comprehensive remark, "Take sumthin'?"

The castaway said nothing, but the eagerness with which he held out his hand clearly evinced that he would "take sumthin'," and when he lowered the bottle the entire contents had been applied where the most benefits would likely result. He passed the empty vial back to his benefactor, with the non-committal observation, "Pretty fair, but I've tasted better."

Under the combined influence of the "tonic," and the genial warmth of the stove, his reserve melted and he told his story to the printers, who crowded curiously around him.

He had formerly been city editor of a leading daily in one of the Southern cities. An unfortunate marriage caused him to seek oblivion from his troubles in the wine-glass. He struggled hard against the tempter's wiles when he saw he was going down grade, but he made his discovery too late. He was finally forced to tender his resignation. He left the city and traveled over the country as a tramp printer. He had several times held good positions in large cities, but his evil genius remorselessly pursued him and he was cast out. He had been in South America, Australia and Africa. Sometimes he made his way as a printer, sometimes as a doctor, (he explained he was also a graduate of a well-known Southern medical college,) and sometimes he earned his bread as a day laborer.

Three days before he had stowed himself away in a box-car, and had come as far as the town of B—, about twenty miles west of our place. Finding no work there, he started out on foot. When he was within five miles of town a violent



EDGAR WHITE, OF MACON, MO.

storm of snow and sleet overtook him. He could find no shelter, and as night was coming on he feared to attempt to cross the railroad trestles on foot, so he took the wagon road. This soon diverged from its parallel course with the railroad and turned north. The storm increased and he lost his way. He was compelled to seek protection in a rickety old barn, where he passed the night. At the first sign of approaching day, although he was stiff with cold, he set out again, and with some difficulty succeeded in reaching the railroad track once more. He followed it and, after many perilous experiences in crossing the ice-coated bridges, finally reached town. In concluding he said his name was "Nunnely," and that the title of "Doctor" had been added while working in an Australian hospital. He wanted work; would we give it to him?

As he proceeded with his narrative his voice became soft and musical, and seemed to emanate from a heart full of gentleness and love for humanity.

The foreman sent him around to a restaurant, and told him to return and go to work if he felt able. When he got back to the office he announced that he was ready for business and was assigned a "case." He was very quiet and kept at his work all day. It was soon apparent that he was a first-class workman and the editors and proprietors were delighted with him.

The senior proprietor of the paper, Mr. Wentril, made it his boast that he was running his paper for revenue only—for all there was in it. Though he made a great public display of getting out a live paper and a newsy sheet, nothing ever appeared in the *Tribune's* columns that was in any way calculated to offend any wealthy or influential patron of the paper, though some who were not such were roasted pretty frequently for slight shortcomings. The injustice of this course had been remarked on more than one occasion by those lesser mortals whose misdeeds and small deviations

from the path of strict rectitude had been graphically portrayed under big headlines in the *Tribune*; but, so long as the "higher" class didn't kick, it was an unavailing protest to the thrifty proprietor.

When Saturday night rolled around and he was paid for his week's work, Doctor Nunnely purchased a pair of cheap, strong shoes, and a more civilized looking hat. He patched up his threadbare garments and his general appearance was somewhat improved.

He never again referred to his past life, and all attempts to draw him out failed. When there was no night work to be done, he would generally be found sitting around the office stove down-stairs, smoking his pipe and reading.

Work in the office had been pretty brisk, and it was decided to keep the Doctor with us a while longer. He was so quiet and good-natured, and did his work so cheerfully and well, that he had almost made himself a "household necessity" in the office.

As fast as he could afford it, he made additions to his wardrobe, and soon was dressed as neat and tidy as anyone connected with the establishment. He got acquainted and mingled with the people around town and made many friends. With all his intelligence and capability, he was very modest. The city editor frequently gave him reporting assignments, and he always did his work in good shape. It was noticed that he rarely drank, and he seemed to have waged a successful battle with his appetite at last.

He had been working this way, first in one department and then in another, for some time, when one day quite a change was observable in him. He had been out very late several nights before. When he came in the office, the morning referred to, he appeared very much agitated and nervous. This was unusual for him. He didn't talk much, and when spoken to returned the briefest of answers. Toward noon he seemed calmer and more like himself. Next day the foreman went off on a trip to a neighboring town,

and to the Doctor was assigned the duty of making up the afternoon forms. The proofs had all been read and revised, the last "galley" emptied in and the forms sent whirling down the elevator. The steam was turned on and the press started. The machine—a single cylinder—had been running about an hour, and most of the city carriers had obtained their papers and were out delivering them. Suddenly we heard loud talking below. The press was stopped and Mr. Wentril rushed up-stairs. He held a copy of the paper in his hand. His face was white with anger. Lifting the paper aloft and pointing to an article under a great "scare-head" on the local page, he blurted out, "What infernal fool put this in?"

No one answered. The boys crowded around to see what the offensive matter was. The city editor took the paper from the wrathful man's hand, and read aloud to the horrified listeners:

**HIS MASK OFF!**

HIS SAINTLY REVERENCE, H. K. SNIVELER, PLAYING A STAR ENGAGEMENT IN A NEW ROLE!

A QUIET GAME OF POKER ON ---TH STREET WHICH IS NIGHTLY HONORED BY THE PRESENCE OF OUR BELOVED PARSON.

LARGE LOSSES COMPEL HIS SANCTIMONIOUS HIGHNESS TO TRESSPASS HEAVILY UPON HIS FRIENDS.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

This was a bomb-shell from a masked battery. The article was written throughout with a master's hand. It was clear and forcible and the facts brought in such concise detail that it had every appearance of truth on its face. It showed the reverend gentleman to be a gambler and hypocrite of the most pronounced type. It was such a publication as would give the leading actor an easy road to successfully prosecute a heavy damage suit for libel—provided, however, he was the fortunate possessor of a character that could be damaged.

Mr. Sniveler and a large portion of Mr. Sniveler's congregation were among Mr.

Wentril's particular gods, and to mention any of them in the paper other than by way of compliment was almost a sacrilege. This was natural, because they were comparatively wealthy, and stood high in the local social scale. The insertion of the article in question was a flagrant violation of Mr. Wentril's most holy creed, and the vials of his wrath were uncorked and the stoppers thrown to the four winds.

The printers heard the denunciatory matter read with amazement, and looked at one another in a futile endeavor to find out who the audacious writer was. Mr. Wentril's next remarks came like the rattle of musketry:

"Now, see here! I want to know who fixed that up—what scoundrel did it! I'll fire him out of this shop so quick he'll never light! He's ruined the paper! Did you do it?" he asked, suddenly turning to the city editor.

"No sir, I did not," answered that gentleman with quiet dignity.

"Well, some one did it, and—by the gods! I'll find out who! One of you boys must have set it up, anyhow. Where's the copy?" he demanded.

While the boys stood around, aghast and dumbfounded, old Doc Nunnely emerged from behind his frame in the corner, and, walking to the incensed boss, said, calmly and coolly:

"I did it; there is no one else to blame; but it is true, every word of it. I knew you would not let it go in if I spoke to you about it, and my old newspaper instinct came over me too strong to be resisted. I couldn't bear to see so good an item 'squelched.' I slipped up here last night and set it up after the office downstairs was closed. No one noticed it today, because I kept the galley hid and made up the forms myself. I knew the matters set out were true in every detail, as I had absolute proof—"

"You're a liar! It is as false as—"

Whatever Mr. Wentril endeavored to finish his sentence with was never known, for old Doc's right arm shot out so suddenly that a flash of lightning would have

been distanced if entered in the race. Its destination was Mr. Wentril's mouth and it reached there on time to the fraction of a second. The irate proprietor fell back against a case, and then dropped heavily to the floor. He lay like one dead. The action seemed to rouse the boys from their apathy, and all of them started to grab Nunnely. But the old tramp picked up an iron side-stick, and said :

"Hands off, boys! I don't wish to hurt any of you. You see how it was. I had to do it. He called me a liar. I forgot I was only an old tramp; but I'm not used to such talk. Perhaps he'll think better of it when he cools off. I am going away now. Forgive me. May God bless you all; good-bye." And he turned sorrowfully away and passed down the steps. That was the last seen of him.

The printers assisted Mr. Wentril to his feet. He was in a terrible rage and vowed dire vengeance upon his audacious assailant, but the old man had gone.

It developed that Nunnely's sensational exposure was correct in every particular, and what corroborated it most strongly was the fact that the Reverend Mr. Sniveler hied himself away to parts unknown soon after the paper's appearance on the streets. Several members of his flock, and also many of the merchants around town, were left financially interested in the parson's whereabouts; but, in his hurry, evidently, he forgot to leave them his future post-office address, and they

are still waiting for him to write and give them that information.

The item proved to be a good "scoop" for the *Tribune*, and many were the compliments the enterprising Mr. Wentril received, all of which he took—as soon as he saw the right chord had been struck—as nothing more than was his right, and he modestly remarked to his congratulating friends that he "tried to keep up with the news."

We were not kept long in doubt as to the fate of the old tramp printer. Two days after he left M—the following brief dispatch appeared in one of the St. Louis dailies :

ST. CHARLES, Mo., Mar. 11.—An east-bound freight was wrecked near this place last night. The accident was caused by a broken rail. Five box-cars were thrown from the track. All the train crew escaped uninjured, but in one of the demolished box-cars was found the body of a man, horribly mangled. From papers found on the remains it appears he was Dr. E. E. Nunnely, of New Orleans. The company's loss will be severe, as the cars were new and of an approved pattern.

The boys telegraphed for what was left of old Doc, and all the printers in town turned out to attend the funeral. The foreman of our paper, while laboring under what we took to be an inspiration, composed the following epitaph, which was placed upon the wooden head-board over the old man's grave :

DR. E. E. NUNNELY,  
TOURIST—DOCTOR—PRINTER.  
Died in Harness.  
March 10, '85.

## A RECREANT TRUST.

HONOR and Love in battle met one day,—  
No history makes record of such strife,—  
The battle-ground deep in my heart it lay,  
Its turning point the tragedy of life.

Conscience was Honor's chosen out-post grim,  
A veteran warrior ne'er by battle scarred,  
In dead of night the hosts of Love stole in,  
For sentry Conscience went to sleep on guard.

Roy Farrell Greene.

## THE YOUNG HOMESTEADERS.

A HISTORY OF THREE YEARS' LIFE IN DAKOTA.

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.

### PART V.—DAYS OF DEVELOPMENT.

MAISIE quickly developed a fine talent for housekeeping. Their pretty cottage had two rooms and pantry below and two rooms and a closet above. With Tom's and Halvor's help to the carpenter and mason the cost of the building was reduced almost to the price of material.

So after buying some young stock, a buggy and harness, a riding pony and side-saddle and a sewing machine for Maisie, there was money left and to spare for furnishing the little dwelling.

Their cozy little sitting-room was fitted with a new and good carpet, a base-burner for hard coal, a pretty center-table, easy-chairs and bits of bric-a-brac. Under Maisie's deft touch the various rooms of the cottage and their belongings assumed an atmosphere of cheer, comfort and taste. It was this capable and intelligent housekeeping, when opportunity came for the display of her talent, which first awoke in Tom admiration for his sister's growing womanliness,—and a knowledge of attributes which had really blossomed in adversity. Maisie was no longer a child. She was like her mother, Tom decided, only she was a great deal handsomer than any member of their family he had ever seen. When he first saw her in one of the new dresses she had—with some assistance and direction from a town dress-maker—been able to make, he offered himself a big wager—the only habit he had of betting—that there wasn't a girl back in Greenville, nor yet in Plateau County, who would be voted, in any crowd, as pretty as Maisie.

Their new home had been built in September, and Howell, who took a lively interest in all their affairs, fell into the habit of dropping in on his way to and

from Marionette, and quite frequently, during the autumn months, rode over to spend an evening with the young people. He was a man of thirty or thereabouts, but youthful and buoyant in feeling, and, furthermore, had the resourceful and progressive mind which leaves a man still young and a student at eighty. His straight figure, clean-chiseled face, tawny moustache, steady blue eyes and genial air of *bonhomie* would have made of him an attractive presence anywhere. But the books and magazines he brought the young folk, his entertaining and instructive conversation when with them, endeared him to Tom and Maisie both as friend and as teacher. He was, in fact, a man of fine education, who kept well abreast of the world's current thought. But for his growing library and the magazines and reviews which came to him monthly, doubtless his bachelor establishment on the Coteau Hills would long since have palled upon him. And now he found relief and genuine pleasure in sharing his store of information with these eager, intelligent young minds in Cow Creek Basin. Yet he would have been the last to admit a thought of inequality in the transfer. He felt truly that he had cause for gratitude in his new acquaintance and that himself was the recipient of favor.

So it was that when winter had set in, the trio of newly made friends had formed a small reading circle, which met two evenings in the week, at the Hewitt cottage, to discuss the literature and thought of the day.

One evening in midwinter when they had already accomplished a good deal of profitable reading and discussion, Howell brought over Hamlin Garland's then recent novel, "Jason Edwards," and, taking

turns in reading aloud, they finished the story at a sitting. In this way they had read novelettes, and novels in parts, of Howells, James, Craddock, Tolstoi, Daudet, Cable, Stevenson, Frederic and others. Tom and Maisie in the meantime, and during the fall months, had devoured the contents of volumes of bound magazines.

On this evening, when Tom had finished the closing chapter of Garland's tragic story of Dakota, he laid the book aside with a gesture of impatience.

"I don't like the way Garland writes about us Western people," he declared, "especially of the farmer class. They're not such a hopeless, woe-begotten lot, even out here in Dakota, and in Iowa and Wisconsin, surely, such specimens as he turns out in 'Main Traveled Roads' are the exception and not the rule. The fellow makes me tired with his everlasting — what do you call it — pessimism?"

"I agree with you, Tom," said Maisie, "in all but the 'tired' feeling. Mr. Garland writes, it seems to me, wonderfully well, and he draws vivid word-pictures which are entertaining and all that; but his farmers are not real folks as you and I have known them. The real ones are mostly happy and contented people, though, of course, they have their ups and downs, as we say. Why, dear me," she exclaimed, turning to Howell with animation, "see what a hard time Tom and I had for more than two years. Yet we managed a good deal of cheer and comfort even inside our squalid little sod shanty. Our days weren't all rainy, and they weren't all hot and dusty, either," she added, laughing at the more appropriate figure of speech. "And, Mr. Howell, do you think that Tom, even with continued bad luck, could ever have turned out such a man as Jason Edwards?"

"No, Miss Hewitt," said Howell with heartiness. "Tom could never, under any circumstances, be ground into such hopeless material; nor could his sister, by any chance of fortune, develop into a farm-wife of the Garland pattern. There are

people and people in the world. Jason Edwards is, of course, only a Western farmer by removal, but in all his types of the simon-pure, rural midlander Mr. Garland seems to have found his material in the lowest strata of our intellectual development, in the poverty-stricken renter and the mismanaging, much-mortgaged incapable, whose fortunes no country, however rich in resources, could mend. He leaves wholly out of account the great majority of industrious, progressive, wealth-producing men who have made our Valley States to blossom as the rose. And, at this moment, the dominant element in this prosperous and wealthy prairie country is the new generation born and reared between the Missouri and the Great Lakes — brought up, as we say, in the atmosphere of comfortable homes, in the shadow of the school-house, — intelligent, reading, thinking young men and women. Our author, entertaining as he is, and dramatic to intensity at times, is manifestly unfair in presenting the people of the Middle-West. He is a special pleader for a cause on one hand, and an artist with a mole's eye on the other. In his search for the true type of the Western farmer, it is as if a sculptor, wanting to model a single piece which should typify the animal life of this Upper Mississippi country, had dug in the muck of the river and brought forth a burrowing snail."

In this talk, the young ranchman had arisen from an easy-chair at the table and assumed a favorite attitude, — his back in the glow of the base-burner, his hands locked behind him, and one foot slightly advanced. His bronzed face lighted as he talked with the play of intelligent and refined expression. His youthful listeners sat with eyes fixed earnestly upon him, drinking at the fountain of his thought, their own faces aglow, mirrored in its reflection.

"Mr. Garland is a professed realist," he went on, "one with a purpose of reform to subserve. How much better for his cause would it be — the cause of the poor and oppressed — if his novels had in them truthful pictures of the life he es-

says to represent. Then, by contrast and by helpful suggestion, he might hope to attain some end. As it is, who reads his stories? Thousands of people, yes; but they are largely of the class who are interested in local color in fiction, in dramatic and telling sketches, in the latest fad in novels, in radicalism or what not, for the sake of an hour's entertainment or a novel sensation of intellectual sort. As a matter of fact, I believe the readers who get most consolation out of Garland are of that class who derive a large share of their self-respect and satisfaction in life from contrasting their own condition with that of people whom they consider beneath them. The prosperous middle-man, with leisure and inclination to read, and a large bump of self-esteem, finds a subtle flattery in Garland's stories. His vanity is tickled. Here is the great, teeming West, mirrored at the magic touch of a master's hand; familiar characters come and go; he knows them all. Yes, this is real life, all right, but not a coat nor a garment in all this motley and miserable crowd fits *him*. He has never been able to read Dickens, nor Thackeray, nor George Eliot, without feeling himself, as it were, now and then, slapped in the face. But those writers were not genuine realists, you know, and this fellow, why, he writes right down to the bone of things and gives us men and women—most men and women—just as they are,—as we see them in every-day life!"

Tom and Maisie laughed heartily at this sally, delivered in a humorous tone. "You've got Garland down pretty fine, Mr. Howell," Tom asserted. "He doesn't even draw the Dakota 'boomer' in his true colors. Look at those fellows in Marionette, The Plateau County Land Company, Jenkins and Stuart, and the rest. They're on the make fast enough, and they've gobbled a good deal of land; but where will you find men, after all, more ready to give real help to the newcomer, or who would pull a deserving fellow out of a hole quicker than any of those fellows!"

"True enough," responded Howell, "and if our crabbed author knew the inside history of half the operations of the various land and loan companies and immigration bureaus which have helped to develop this territory he could write a story of character and purpose in vivid contrast to that of the 'Average Man.' Many a fine fellow in this country has gone to the wall financially, and many a 'solid' corporation into insolvency, trying to hold up the farmers of the dry belt. And they have done this, too, when they might, by foreclosing their mortgages, have sold out at cost and have saved themselves. There's many a farmer in Plateau County to-day whose interest on his mortgage loan is three or four years behind, yet who is allowed to keep his stock and personal property and is helped with advice and often with seed grain at the bare market price by his creditor. Almost without exception,—within my knowledge, at least, which reaches to nearly every town of consequence in the territory,—the men who have handled lands and loans, who have put their money, or that of their patrons, out at interest, have dealt more than honorably with their debtors. Here and there you will find a rascal who is skinning his customers on both sides, but he can't keep it up long, for keen-witted men are watching him, and such a fellow is soon driven out of a commercial center by means which are known to shrewd and honorable business men."

"But, Mr. Howell," put in Maisie, "while much that you say comes within the range of our own Dakota experience, are you sure that you use the right adjective, 'crabbed,' in attacking 'our author,' as you call him? To me there seems a great sincerity of feeling and purpose in his writing, and I must confess that I can not—despite what you have so ably said—rid myself of the idea—a woman's idea, likely—that he is presenting actual men and women as he has seen them in the communities where he has lived, in the Central States."

"Very possibly he is," answered the

guest, "but the other men and women whom he leaves out of the *ensemble*, by far the larger majority, the honest men, cheerful day-laborers, fairly well-to-do farmers and country merchants, these are obscured in a picture which seems to present life and environment complete in a community. If you wanted to send to a friend a photo of your farm here in Cow Creek Basin, would you have the artist come this winter, set his camera for your old sod shanty down there, and take in the whole bleak field of vision to westward, or would you have him come in summer and take the cottage, the new barn and hen-house, the garden, the field of growing potatoes, the irrigation ditch and flowing well?"

"I see," cried Maisie, delighted with the illustration. "Mr. Garland's picture of life out here is a trick of the novelist—the artist; and the secret of it lies in the 'point of view' which Mr. Henry James makes so much of in the magazines I read the other day."

"Exactly," assented Howell.

"Yes, but the photo," put in Tom, "which Maisie would have taken of the farm, would represent only another point of view and wouldn't truly picture things as they average up here during the year."

"Now," said Howell, "we're getting at the meat in the kernel. The truth would really lie between the two extremes as they might be presented in the two photographic views. Life and nature are many-sided affairs on these prairies, as elsewhere, and to prove the assertion I shall change the subject of conversation, by your leave, from literature to wolf hunting."

"You know, I've told you occasionally of the raids the big buffalo wolves—as we call the large variety, *Lupus Americanus*, out here—have made into my sheep corrals this winter. Well, I've discovered where the gang haunts—in the rough lands a few miles up the creek, six or seven of them, bold, cunning scamps that we've tried in vain to poison. Yesterday I engaged some of my hunting friends at Marionette to help in running them

down with hounds. There'll be quite a crowd over at my house to-morrow night, with all the available leggy dogs in the county, ready to go on Wednesday morning. And, Tom, I want you to be over there bright and early to join us—ride one of your farm horses over and I'll loan you a racing cow-pony for the occasion. Will you come?"

Tom had arisen in excitement during Howell's recital. "Well, I guess I will," he cried, gleefully. "I'm not much of a hunter—Maisie can beat me shooting the rifle I bought last fall—but riding to hounds! and after those big fellows, too,—why, it will beat fox-hunting in England all hollow!"

"Oh dear, dear!" cried Maisie. "And I with my little Cootsey pony can't be in the game at all! Can't you race them down the valley so I can see the sport?" she asked. "I shouldn't want to see you chase jack-rabbits," she added, "unless the poor little mule-ears had the best of the race; but those ugly ogres that kill innocent sheep and howl around of nights while the cold chills creep up and down one's spine,—it would be royal fun to see the hounds and riders run them down."

"Maybe the chase will turn this way, Miss Hewitt," said Howell, smiling. "It will if gallant riding can avail—that is, if we succeed in stirring out the quarry. But you must be with us certainly Thursday evening. There are two sleigh-loads of people, mostly ladies, coming from Marionette, and our wolf-hunting will wind up with a social party. The Russel and Gardner young people—over south of me, you know—will be invited to-morrow, and there will be music and dancing."

Maisie's eyes sparkled delightedly.

"Why, it will be my coming-out party!" she cried with gay laughter, "with Tom and you for chaperones! What could be more splendid!"

After their guest had donned his overcoat and gone, Tom struck a Howell attitude before the fire and looked long and quizzically at his sister's happy face.

The girl, gently rocking to and fro, seemed quite absorbed in a study of the warm colors of her new carpet.

"Maisie," said Tom at length, "Maisie, if I were you, I'd set my cap for Howell."

Either an extra glow from the base-burner, or a slight inward wave of color, heightened the red of her cheeks. She bit her under lip softly, however, and answered Tom's quizzing look with level, steady eyes.

"I would, Tom," she said, calmly, "but my cap isn't big enough. Besides, —speaking after the manner of the land hunter,—I fancy the claim over there is already preempted."

"What makes you think that?" Tom asked, in a tone which brought the flicker of a humorous smile about the corners of his sister's mouth.

"Well," she said, "you remember looking through his album the first time we

drove over — the large one with the flying clasps and morocco cover — and don't you recall the cabinet photos of himself and a lady in the second page — the lady with the fine eyes and a face like — well, like Amélie Rives' in the *Century* or *Harpers*, — which was it? Well, when you were out looking after the horses, we — he and I — went over the album again, and he told me about the lady. I've forgotten her name — it had a foreign sound — but she lives in Burlington, Iowa, and is highly cultivated — a grand musician and artist, and all that. Oh, he's awfully taken with her, and you'll see it will be a match some time and we shall have her for a neighbor."

And then, at the blank look in Tom's face, the roguish girl burst into a laugh so hearty and joyous that its merry rhythm infected even the window-panes, which answered back in frosty crackles.

(To be Continued.)

## HOME THEMES.

"We've much to be thankful for." They were commonplace words enough. They fell from the lips of a sweet-faced woman, about whom there clung a certain refinement and dignity in spite of years of hard work amid surroundings far from refining. I held the baby and watched her and pondered a little. How much had I to be thankful for? The baby, of course; bless his heart! He is new since last Thanksgiving — the dear child, with his hair that gleams red in the sunlight, and eyes that can so easily be smiling or tearful. There are no mounds but those over which grass has grown and pansies have blossomed for many a summer. I am thankful for new friendships found and old ones strengthened. As I run over the list, not a very long one (no list of real friends can be long), opposite each name I can write that the love is deeper, that the trust is greater than it was a year ago. I am thankful for home, humble though it be. There is love there, if not luxury; contentment, if not wealth. There is the litter of children's toys and the patter of little feet and the sound of a blithe whistle and the voice of prayer. There is health and cheerfulness and more work than there are hours in the busy day. I am thankful for the lessons given me to learn.

They have not been many nor hard and the Teacher is always kind. I am thankful that the Heaven above seems more real and the great Father of all seems nearer and life more worth the living than a year ago.  
*Mary E. P. Smith.*

### FUTURITY.

As when, on Carmel's peak, the prophet saw  
A cloud, scarce larger than the human hand,  
So we perceive the future, yet too oft  
We cannot understand.

The cloud we see on the horizon's brim  
May, ere the nightfall, fill the heavens deep.  
And, ere the setting sun illumines the west,  
The tempest o'er us sweep.

We cannot understand, and yet we catch  
Sometimes the glimmer of a light unseen,  
And sometimes, in a dim, vague way, we feel  
The hand on which we lean.

And though we cannot see beyond the veil  
God holds before our eyes, we feel that He  
Is leading us, by ways we cannot know,  
Into eternity.

*James Ellis Gow.*

Nothing tends more powerfully than a succession of shallow, vagrant fancies to dull and dissipate all the finer instincts of the soul. Fidelity is to human character what the key-stone is to the arch. Without it everything crumbles.

*Mrs. Lillian Monk.*

## Women's Club Department.

### MOTHERS AS CLUB WOMEN.

BY MARY C. CARROLL.

IT HAS been urged by those who know little of the object and aim of the work now being done in Women's Clubs that it is demoralizing in its tendency, that the mother's interests are diverted from proper channels, and that days and weeks are spent in raking among the ashes of the past, digging up material for a treatise on obscure subjects, to read before the Club, which is of no particular benefit to the mother herself or of interest to those who listen to the reading; and so wrapped up does she become in this work that she cannot find time to read even a fairy story beside the pillows of the little ones before Winken and Blinken and Nod go sailing off in their wooden shoe.

In order that these sentiments, so freely and openly expressed by those not in sympathy with the work, should have weight and accomplish the desire to influence the mind of the public, there should be qualities in the persons who give utterance to these opinions which harmonize with them, and their lives should show that they live up to what they teach, otherwise their words fall to the ground.

To illustrate: In a conversation with a woman of lovely Christian character, I incidentally mentioned something I was doing in the way of Club work, but, checking myself, said, "Perhaps this does not interest you."

She, being a privileged friend, replied, "No, I do not care to hear anything about Club work. I think any woman, who is a mother and a housekeeper, cannot spend her time in writing articles for a Club, or studying lessons like a school-girl. I put away my books when I left school, and have no inclination to perplex my brain with study of any kind. My

family requires all my thought and care, and my energies are exhausted in looking after the bread and butter question three times a day, to say nothing of social duties, and the ever-present question of what to wear and how to make it."

The subject was dropped, and I soon took my departure; but, on the occasion of my next visit, my friend complained of severe pain in her eyes. She explained by saying that she had just completed the work on a table-cloth and a dozen napkins which she intended to send to her sister as a Christmas present, and an elaborate border of drawn-thread work on table-cloth and napkins testified to the fact that her eyes had indeed endured a severe strain. The question at once arose in my mind, would it have taken any more time, or interfered more with her family duties during this interval, to have kept up the work in any Woman's Club?

I will venture to say that there are very few mothers who take the time, when the little ones are preparing for bed, to collect their thoughts sufficiently to write an article for even a "Mother Goose" book. Instead, no one is more likely than a Club woman, with mind well stored with information, to tell her little ones not only fairy tales but stories in which the events of the day are woven into a fascinating tale, and perhaps in this way some childish misdemeanor is gently rebuked, or some example held before him which incites him to greater efforts to be "good."

Woman, in whatsoever condition of life she is placed, seems endowed with superfluous energy, which is not confined to the actual, everyday duties in the environment of her home life. In our grandmothers' day, this surplus power was

used in various ways; sometimes in cutting bits of cloth into almost infinitesimal pieces, only to sew them together again; then, after arranging them in proper shape, days were spent in preparing a feast, to which friends and neighbors were bidden who, equipped with needles, thread and thimbles, gathered around the quilting frames, and, with almost invisible stitches, the beautiful spreads, which were the pride of every household, were fashioned.

In those days the dainty embroidery which beautified their garments was wrought stitch by stitch by the fair hands of the wearer. Women even spun and wove the texture of which their garments were made. The wool shorn from the sheep's back was washed, carded, made into rolls, spun into thread, colored with home-made dyes, and wound into balls, and then knitted by the patient mother into hosiery for her family. Candles, those "lights of other days," were manufactured by melting tallow and pouring it into molds, or dipping cotton wicks in hot tallow repeatedly until they attained the required size. And so in every branch of the household, the mother was the manufacturer, almost the creator, of her own conveniences and comforts. All this necessarily took much of her time and strength; but think you that a mother who was so disposed could not find time to tuck the little ones in, to tell them the little rhymes and stories so dear to the childish heart?

I could tell you of women whose time is at their own disposal and yet who never darken the door of a Club room, who, when asked by their little ones, whose minds crave knowledge as their bodies crave food, "Mamma, why is this?" or "Why is that?" "What makes the stars shine?" "How does the little flower come up out of the ground?" Or, standing on the sea-shore watching the mysterious tide advancing, receding, asks with childish interest, "Why does the tide come and go?" And the mother with thoughts intent on dress and style more than on the training of the immortal

mind, replies, "What an inquisitive child! Don't forever bother me with such silly questions; the tide always comes and goes just that way; how do I know what makes it!"

O, if it be true—and who can deny it—that with the mother, more than anyone else, rests the future of the child; that to her influence and guidance he will owe all that he shall become,—how great are the inducements to store her mind with knowledge, that she may teach those dearer, far dearer than anything else to her heart, the way to live, that they may go forth when the time comes to take their places in the world, well trained, well educated; and the sweetest thought that will come to them will be that it is to mother they owe so much.

But there are mothers who will study the eccentricities of a cooking stove far more than they study the best way of correcting their children's faults; will take more pains with the food with which they pamper their appetites, to the injury of their digestion, than in selecting the mental food for nourishing their minds; or who will spend hours in ruffling and embroidering the little frocks with which to clothe their bodies, with a vague idea perhaps that their minds will take care of themselves.

It is the elevating influence of Women's Clubs that is opening the eyes of mothers to these mistakes, and that is fitting the women of to-day for better wives, better mothers and better members of society.

The subjects they study are not all "obscure"; they are practical and to the point, and are an incentive to use the knowledge thus gained in raising their lives to a high standard. They study Household Economics, that every dollar may be made to do its work faithfully and well; they study Philanthropy, that they may learn the best methods of relieving the wants of those who, "always with us," require a helping hand; they study Physical Culture, that they may learn the best means of preserving and building up their bodily strength and thus increase their usefulness; they study

Current Events, and thereby learn of the happenings in our own land and other lands, of the changes and vicissitudes which are constantly taking place in the social, the religious, and the political world.

How much better this mind-growing and brain-sustaining exercise, than sitting for hours intent on manufacturing, with small hook and fine thread, yards and yards of crocheted trimming. It takes no more time than embroidering figures of cats and dogs, or flowers which require a label that one may know what they are intended to represent, on canvas or broadcloth, with which to upholster their furniture. The study the Club woman is engaged in has not the demoralizing effect of novels of the cheap grade with which our country is flooded, and over whose contents matrons and maids have in the past steeped their minds.

And yet there are women, seemingly practical and intelligent, who will tell you, in words which do not seem to admit of contradiction, that it is impossible for a woman with children and household cares to become a member of a literary Club, and respond to its requirements, without neglecting her home duties and causing her family to feel the discomfort which results from this neglect.

Such broad assertions are like (if you will excuse the comparison) a foul baseball, which strikes one unexpectedly and with great force. We are for a time stunned, in fact, laid out; but, gathering ourselves together—getting in a safe place—and, after careful examination, finding that no bones are broken, we look over the ground carefully, draw comparisons between the homes of Club women and non-Club women, their children, their lives; and, to their credit be it said, the Club women are not in the rear.

Their homes are well ordered, their children, guided by intelligent, well-read mothers, give promise of full intellectual development, and they are far from being daunted by the criticisms of those whose minds run in such narrow channels, which wear deeper and deeper until they no longer have an outlook over the broad and beautiful world of progress, but settle down in their ruts, and declare that for their part they are perfectly contented in their sphere. Each one has a right to choose her own path. The world is wide and, as we go our several ways, if our paths cross, let it be with pleasant recognition.

The arduous duties which fell to our grandmothers' lot have, by machinery and the various inventions of man, been far removed from us, and, instead, the mind is free to enter lovely avenues, open on every side. If some choose the walks of science, it is well; if others fill their minds with love for the beautiful in art, it is their privilege, for God made and painted the beautiful flowers with as great care as He formed the everlasting hills or the pathless ocean.

Let us each respect this right in others, and if we cannot join them in their pursuit of knowledge and pleasant interchange of ideas, let us accord them the same privilege that we take ourselves,—to follow the bent of their inclinations.

And with regard to the intellectual movement of the present day, disapproval from those who do not cast their lot with us is a small trouble.

Putting it aside as of little value, profiting by experience, and looking forward to a future full of grand possibilities, opposition is only an incentive to renewed effort.

By troubles well met we grow stronger and rise,

"By stepping stones  
Of our dead selves, to higher things."

## CLUB NOTES.

BY HARRIET C. TOWNER.

A GLANCE at Mrs. Mary J. Reid's interesting and comprehensive resumé of Recent Western Literature, in the May MIDLAND, demonstrates the essential value and importance of Western literature. Another fact not less significant is made apparent, that women are contributing their full share of this literature, whether measured by amount or by character and value. The first fact ought to be convincing to those who doubt the existence of a distinctively Western literature. The second is certainly encouraging to the women who have so nobly and persistently labored to plant the seeds of literary appreciation in what seems at times to be unpromising soil. The Woman's Club movement is, and will continue to be, a powerful stimulus to all forms of literary activity. Its value will not perhaps at present be understood or appreciated, but when the history of Western literature shall be written, the historian of the future will accord to this movement no inconsiderable part in making that literature honorable and conspicuous.

Among Iowa club women who are known through their books, is Mrs. Maria C. Weed, of the Tourist Club of West Union. Mrs. Weed has been identified with the federated club movement in Iowa from the beginning, having been the first treasurer of the Iowa State Federation of Women's Clubs and accepting this year the appointment of historian. Mrs. Weed's most important work is "A Voice in the Wilderness," a story which deals in a brave and suggestive manner with the morphine habit. Her pen is not an idle one, and we are indebted to it for many bright stories and sketches. She has written for many papers both East and West, and is at present conducting a club department in *Woman and Home*, published at Cedar Rapids.

Another Iowa club woman whose work is familiar to many readers is Mrs. Alice Ilgenfritz Jones, a member of the Ladies' Literary Club of Cedar Rapids. Mrs. Jones began her literary work very early, and published her first book in 1879. Several years later she collaborated with a friend in writing a novel. She has contributed largely to magazine literature. "Beatrice," which MIDLAND readers had the pleasure of reading in serial form, is by far her most important work. This

story, in which there are very charming descriptions of Southern life, concerns itself with the race problem, as it affects a beautiful, refined, carefully educated octoroon. Mrs. Jones is now at work upon a historical romance.

Among recent books by Iowa club women none have attracted more attention than "Whose Soul Have I Now?" by Mary Clay Knapp. This story has been called a "psychological romance," and describes an ideal condition in which love so dominates life that material things give way to those of the spirit. Mrs. Knapp's own name appears on the title page of this book, but her contributions to periodical literature, which have been numerous, were published under an assumed name until two years ago when she took a position on the *Chicago Herald*, signing her articles for the first time with her own name. Mrs. Knapp is heartily in sympathy with all club work, and has been called the "Mother and Grandmother" of the Tuesday and Nineteenth Century Clubs, of Cedar Falls; she was also a charter member of the first club formed in Cedar Falls, which soon will celebrate its twenty-first birthday.

Among other books by Iowa club women are "Two of Us," by Mrs. Calista Halsey Patchin, of the Des Moines Woman's Club, and "A Mormon Wife," by Mrs. Grace Wilbur Trout, formerly of Maquoketa, but now of Chicago.

Mrs. Ada Langworthy Collier has also published many short stories and one or two novels, but she is best known by her verse. Her longest and most important poem being "Lilith; The Legend of the First Woman," published in 1885. Mrs. Collier is a leader in club work in Dubuque, and has occupied the president's chair of the Dubuque Ladies' Literary Association, one of the largest clubs in Iowa. At the last biennial meeting of the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs she was elected auditor of the Federation.

Another writer of verse, as well as prose, is Mrs. Isadore Baker, a member of the No Name Club of Iowa City. Mrs. Baker has recently published a little volume of poems entitled "In Memoriam," consisting of tributes to great Americans, and has written much for newspapers and leading magazines.

Many short stories, sketches, and newspaper articles come from the pens of some

of our club women, a goodly number having more than a State reputation. All cannot be mentioned, but among them are: Mrs. Minnie Douglass, a member of the Clio Club of Cedar Rapids, with whose stories MIDLAND readers are familiar; Mrs. Ella Hamilton Durley, of the Des Moines Woman's Club, associate editor of the *Des Moines News*; Mrs. Minnie R. Cady, of the Marshalltown Women's Club, and Mrs. Eunice Gibbs Allyn, of the Dubuque Ladies' Literary Association, who, in addition to much newspaper work, has written many short stories and verses, and published last year a humanitarian work, "The Cats' Convention."

Miss Rogers, also of the Dubuque Ladies' Literary Association, gives much of her time to journalism, and is also well known as the author of the "Waverly Dictionary"—an alphabetical arrangement of the characters in Sir Walter Scott's Novels, with descriptive analysis of each, and illustrative selections from the text. Miss Rogers combines lecturing with her journalistic work, and has lectured in most of our large cities—her favorite subject being Madame Roland, though she is greatly interested in financial and political subjects. It will be remembered that Miss Rogers delivered a lecture in the Woman's Building, at the Chicago Exposition, on "The Novel as an Educator of the Imagination." There are many others whose work merits attention, but lack of space will prevent further particular reference at this time.

Like many other Iowa clubs the Nevada Woman's Club advocates rotation in office, giving each member an opportunity to share the responsibility and to bring to the service of the club her best thought and executive ability. The club will begin work in September with an entirely new set of officers, Mrs. W. O. Payne being the new president. They have also made several changes in their constitution, that regarded the most important being the requirement for membership. Heretofore two negatives excluded; now, any lady who, over her own signature, asks admission, and is vouched for by three members, may be admitted after signing the constitution. Guest fees and fines for absence have been done away with, and every member must be a working member as before.

It has been said that Minneapolis, Minnesota, is essentially a city of women's clubs, and one of the interesting organizations connected with the history of women's clubs in the West is the Wo-

man's Council of that city. The Council was organized in 1892, and grew out of the desire of the various organizations of women to join forces and work together for greater benefit not only to themselves but to the city. The Council consists of ten departments, comprising Literature, Art, Music, History, Temperance, Philanthropy, Church, Education, Reform and Science, and it is intended also to include Medicine and Labor. Each department is made up of societies working along that special line, and there are now seventy-four associations represented. The annual fee of each society joining the Council is three dollars, and it may be admitted on payment of this fee and on making a satisfactory report of the work accomplished to the credential committee. A monthly meeting, called an Open Parliament, is held on the last Saturday of each month, except November, when an annual congress and business meeting is held which covers a four days' session. Mrs. T. B. Walker, of Minneapolis, has been the efficient president of the Council since its organization, and the executive board is composed of two delegates from each society. In answer to the question, "What has your Council to show as results for its four years' work?" Mrs. Edith M. Conant, vice-president of the Minnesota State Federation, and corresponding secretary of the Council, says: "We feel most sincerely that we have carried out the thought set forth in the preamble of its constitution, wherein is expressed a desire for a larger mutual sympathy in each other's work, for greater unity of thought, and for more effective action. It has served to bring small clubs of earnest thinkers in more direct contact with the general public, and thus some much-needed reforms have been inaugurated. Besides these things, we can claim the broadening of narrow and circumscribed lives; the development of latent talent, which has made a few women, at least, competent to earn their own living; and an uplift of woman's thought and life that has commanded respect. Should the next four years show as great results as the past four, we shall feel satisfied, and it is not a light thing to satisfy Minneapolis womankind, for her aims are high. She has indeed 'hitched her wagon to a star.'"

The Minnesota State Federation has fifty clubs enrolled, with Miss Margaret Evans, principal of Carlton College, as president. Among the many helpful things undertaken by the Federation is an Art Interchange, through which it becomes the owner of a large number of

stereopticon slides, illustrative of the history of art, and loans these slides to all clubs wishing to use them. Reference books in art are to be added, so that members may have access to the best aids to the study of Architecture, Sculpture and Painting.

Minnesota club women in all parts of the State are doing much practical work, and it is a fact worthy of note that, of the sixteen towns having public libraries, fourteen were started and are controlled by women.

The St. Louis Musical Club is the largest of the federated clubs of Missouri, and includes in active and associate membership four hundred and thirty-eight. Its concerts and recitals comprise both native and foreign talent, and it has signalized its desire to bring the best music within reach of the people of St. Louis by assuming \$3,000 of the \$8,000 guaran-

tee fund necessary to insure the return of the Damrosch Opera Company.

The Department of Applied Economics of the Omaha Women's Club gives a certain sum each month to the Travelers' Aid to assist young girls who come to the city in search of employment. Sums varying from fifty to one hundred dollars have been voted by this club to various worthy and beneficent objects.

A knowledge of the laws of her State, relating to women, is coming to be a necessary part of woman's education. In recognition of this need, Miss Adeline Harrington, of Denver, Colorado, has compiled an abstract of all Colorado laws affecting the rights and property of women. The Home Department of her club had these published and sold them for ten cents a copy, making it possible for everyone to easily inform herself.



## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

IN A personal letter to Colonel Emerson, dated New York, August 4, '96, Col. Frederick D. Grant renews his assurances of personal friendship and, alluding to "Grant's Life in the West," to begin in the October MIDLAND, says: "I expect to enjoy reading your articles as they are published." We might add that thousands of others scattered all over the Union are eagerly waiting the appearance of Colonel Emerson's life of Grant. We will state in advance that the work is well written, in easy, natural style. The narrative is sometimes delightfully exuberant with the enthusiasm of youth, but it never parts company with the mature judgment of age. "Grant's Life in the West" has at least three strong points over most works which have our great General for their subject: (1) It is written by an old comrade and friend; it consequently imparts to the subject an individuality which cannot be found in any purely literary work written by one not familiar with the subject. (2) It is written by a soldier personally familiar with the campaigns which he describes and in intimate rela-

tions with the central figure of those campaigns. (3) It is written by one whose life has been passed in the West and who sees this thoroughly Western character with the eyes of a Western man.

It was fitting that this first distinctively Western Life of Grant should be published in a periodical which the *Review of Reviews* in its July number aptly terms "*that representative magazine of the Middle-West, THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.*"

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THE publication of this new Life of Grant would add more than a hundred thousand readers to any Eastern magazine so fortunate as to secure the work. The present affords the reading people of the Middle-West an opportunity to rally as never before to the support of their representative magazine, and at once put it upon the broad financial basis which they have so liberally helped establish for the magazines printed at the seaboard. We all profess to appreciate Western enterprise. But do we? Do *you*, when you neglect to include the representative magazine of the Middle-West in your list

of periodicals? Not content with simply taking the magazine, let your friends and acquaintances know that the beginning of "Grant's Life in the West and His Mississippi Valley Campaigns," in the October MIDLAND, is an event in which they should personally participate, to the extent of subscribing for the magazine and inducing their friends and neighbors to do likewise.

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WHAT a record! In the whole range of individual activities where can its counterpart be found! During the past quarter-century more than seven hundred patents have been issued to Thomas A. Edison—and the inventor has not yet reached his fiftieth year!

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SHREWD guessers in mechanics predict the going of the pneumatic tires, both for wagons and for bicycles. One substitute anticipated is a combination of spring spokes and flexible rim—the spokes of flat, tempered steel and curved in shape, the rim a flat steel band with cork along the inside of it.

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WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON, whose recent death is mourned by many personal friends and by thousands to whom he has ministered as artist and author combined, recently delivered a course of lectures before the Woman's Club of Des Moines, and his death was a shock to those who met him at that time. He was then in perfect health, apparently, and evidently in full enjoyment of the opportunities which life gives for original investigation. To those who knew him chiefly as an artist, he was somewhat disappointing, for he turned to them only the naturalist side of his dual nature. By the students of nature who followed his report of investigations into insect life, he was thought to be at his best.

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THAT was an interesting episode reported from Canton, Ohio, on the 10th day of August,—the call made by sixty prominent Bryan Democrats of Pitts-

burgh, Pennsylvania, on Major McKinley, the chief opponent of their candidate for the presidency. The spokesman of the party, after a few words of generous praise, declared his opinion that a candidate for the presidency is worthy the greatest respect of every citizen regardless of political affiliation. Major McKinley expressed grateful appreciation of the generous words spoken by one of a different political faith from that which he professed. He then happily alluded to the common pride of all American citizens in our common country and its history and to the general desire of men of all parties to make our government the best government in the world. Then thanking his guests for the personal good-will shown by men who disagreed with him politically, he extended his hand to the spokesman and afterward to every member of the party in turn.

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MR. BRYAN, in his Canton, Ohio, speech, after commenting on the personal worth of his distinguished opponent, said: "In this campaign persons are lost sight of in the interests of the cause which they represent." While the personality of the candidates cannot and should not be wholly excluded from consideration, this is essentially a campaign of principles and policies. "Spoils" are relegated to the back ground, for a time at least. Even veteran spoils-hunters are beginning to feel the genuine glow of patriotism! Men who have long been far apart are coming together on common ground, and men who have drank from the same canteen in many a political campaign are now in rival camps,—and all very much in earnest. Old methods of warfare have given place to new. The old demonstrative style of campaign has given way to discussion. Every earnest thinker is fast becoming a propagandist. All profess to covet the best things for their country, and are easily accredited with a sincere desire for the furtherance of their own best interests individually; but, how far apart are we one from another as to what is best!

With an oncoming flood of literature on the money question and the tariff question and with assurance of much public speaking and joint discussion during the campaign, the public mind is in a fair way to an intelligent voting conclusion in November. It is inconceivable that a nation of sovereigns would deliberately and knowingly vote to cripple their own industries or to financially embarrass a government part of which they themselves are. These coming weeks preceding presidential election, depressing as they will be to trade and harrowing as they may be to weak nerves, will be worth years to us as a people. In knowledge of the essential conditions of national prosperity, our nation is yet in her childhood,—now inclining to one theory, now to another, never giving her citizens more than a half-hearted guarantee of four years' continuance along any one line of policy. It is not too much to expect that at the close of this critically important campaign the Nation will emerge from an era of childish vacillation and will inaugurate policies which will give her long-suffering people assurance of at least that degree of permanence which is essential to national and individual prosperity.

#### GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

James Lane Allen, the Kentucky novelist and short-story writer, is in Louisville gathering material for a new book of historical romance.

Miss Grace Shoup, of Dubuque, had a Sixth Century poem, "The Fisherman's Fox," in a recent number of *The Independent*.

*Current Literature* gives space to a biographical sketch of Fanny Mack Lothrop, a Wisconsin-born poet and singer.

Ian Maclaren and J. M. Barrie, with their discoverer, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, are headed toward us. The first named will make a pilgrimage to the new center of literary activities—Des Moines, where he has been engaged to deliver a lecture.

Isadore Baker, of Iowa City, has a poem, "Two Voices," in the *Literary World*, of Boston, July 25th.

The *Critic* sees much to praise in "A Mountain Woman," by Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, of Omaha, and little to commend in "The New World and Other Verse," by Louis James Black, of Chicago.

Stanley Waterloo, of Chicago, is making rapid headway in England with his novels, "A Man and A Woman" and "An Odd Situation."

Mrs. Peattie's "Jim Lancy's Waterloo," one of the short stories in "A Mountain Woman," is a pathetic picture of Nebraska farm life in hard times.

Among the important scientific books published by the Macmillan Company is a translation of Professor von Zittel's "Text-Book of Palæontology" by Dr. Chas. R. Eastman, Ph. D., of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, formerly of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Dr. Weir Mitchell has been engaged for several years on a novel called "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," which will begin as a serial in the November *Century*. Those who have read it say it will rank as one of the greatest of American novels.

Mr. Franklyn W. Lee, litterateur and journalist, has quit the St. Paul *Dispatch* and turned his back on daily journalism, having bought the Rush City, Minnesota, *Post*, a prosperous weekly.

Mr. Frank O. Stuart, of Chariton, has a book entitled "How It Was Done," which, they say, is a strong blow at the monopolistic tendencies of the time.

A Cedar Rapids reader corrects THE MIDLAND's misstatement that Mrs. Stowe was the only daughter of Lyman Beecher, correctly stating that Catherine Esther Beecher, Mary Beecher Perkins and Isabella Beecher Hooker were sisters of Mrs. Stowe.

Mr. Henry B. Fuller, of Chicago, by many thought to be the coming man of American literature, writes the editor of THE MIDLAND: "Des Moines seems to be doing without trouble what Chicago has tried and tried to do and failed in doing, and both you and your town are to be congratulated upon your success."

Rev. J. B. Kenyon, the poet, writing from his home in Syracuse, New York, says, "THE MIDLAND has been steadily improving both in literary quality and mechanical appearance. I now regard your magazine as one of the creditable publications of the country." We are pleased to hear of the success of Mr. Kenyon's new book of poems.

## AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

Mrs. Emma Carleton, of New Albany, Indiana, in *The Critic*, indignantly protests against *The New Bohemian*, of Cincinnati, as an expression of the literary West. Mrs. Carleton doesn't enjoy literary criticism punctured with such phrases as "high rollers," "a corker," "boss-emuscator," etc. She says: "The writers of the West have a right to rise and protest against being 'expressed' in any such erratic and distasteful fashion. 'English, pure and undefiled' has yet many true lovers in the much misrepresented and maligned West... Heaven forbid that in any sane resort of the Muses *The New Bohemian* be accepted as an exponent of Western writers."

*Current Literature* comes to us in a new dress of type and with a new editorial management that, without disparaging the good work of the retiring editor, Mr. Jordan, is not permitting that standard periodical to go backward.

Among the periodicals recently deceased are *Literary Ohio*, Perkasio, Pennsylvania; *Ladies' Every Saturday* and *To-Day*, Philadelphia; *Travel and Waste Basket*, New York, and several of the so-called brownie magazines — the penny and nickel experiments on the credulity of advertisers and the long suffering of the public.

"Newspaper English Edited" is an interesting, instructive and oftentimes amusing feature of *The Writer*, of Boston. Once, or twice, in a while it isn't as instructive as it might be; for instance, it corrects the following sentence by Professor Trent, in the *July Forum*: "Mr. Roosevelt's first venture as a historian was made in 1882." *The Writer's* correction is in the substitution of *an* for *a*, before "historian"! If all the dictionaries prefer *an* to *a* before "historian," then it is time for the making of another dictionary, for the lexicographer should reflect, not dictate "the speech of people." The users of a language are greater than the makers of dictionaries. But, fortunately for them, there are several dictionaries that tell us *an* before *h* is a form outworn.

*The Bachelor of Arts* has had a unique experience. It announces that not one of the stories entered in its recent competition was worthy the prize offered; it therefore makes a second trial, extending the time to January, 1897.

*The Editor*, Franklin, Ohio, has absorbed the *Authors' Journal* of New York.

Mrs. Mary J. Reid, in collaboration with the wife of the dead poet, has an interesting paper on Eugene Field in the August *St. Nicholas*.

The Chicago *News* diagnoses the disease that is working its way into some magazines as "sultry exudations in novelette form," and predicts that it will soon wear itself out.

*The Arena*, with its accustomed wholeheartedness, has gone in for free silver.

Ex-President Harrison, in the August *Ladies' Home Journal*, gives his dispassionate judgment against the free silver proposition.

## TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Before us lies an MS. on which we just paid the postman four cents because of postage shortage at the other end of its journey. Opening it we find no return postage whatever, but in place of the same a letter which says:

If you cannot use it, will you kindly tell me if it has literary merit, or even promise, in it, and wherein it lacks, if it does. Also please inform me in regard to requirements of manuscript sent to your magazine. I am very anxious to contribute and yet I wish my work to receive only merited attention.

The gentleman who makes this call upon our time ought to start a movement for the establishment of a salaried public literary bureau, for in the struggle for our magazine's life and growth we really can't spare the time we would like to take for the review of MSS. which we find we cannot use to the best advantage. The request above quoted is not unusual; we receive hundreds of similar requests; but it is a physical impossibility to comply; hence the necessity of printed forms covering the one point upon which we pass, namely, the availability or non-availability of the MS. for our use in the immediate future.

After reading the following we were not surprised to find the MS. which accompanied it was of a kind to compel acceptance. We copy it because of its striking contrast with not a few ill-spirited letters sent the editor:

Enclosed find a manuscript. I have submitted MSS. to you before and your judgment in not using them has afterwards compelled my approval. I very much want THE MIDLAND to stand high, and while I shall be much gratified if I may be thought worthy to "come in," I shall still continue to enjoy it, and hope for more and more prosperity for it, even if compelled to "stay out."

In reply to many letters we repeat, THE MIDLAND cannot use any reading

matter that has appeared in print—even in the most obscure local paper.

If you cannot use the MS. kindly notify me and I will send postage for its return.

Will such requests never cease? With scores of letters to write daily, why should we be expected to write twice about a single MS! Since the accepted MSS. are necessarily less than two per cent of all the MSS. received, it is safe to enclose postage with every MS. sent and thus provide for the return of the same after examination.

A Chicago reader asks why *The Dial*, assumed to be the representative of literary progress, never sees anything worth mentioning in *THE MIDLAND*, and yet when such contributors as Mrs. Reid appear in the Eastern magazines it rarely fails to give the title of the contribution at least. In reply we can only say we don't know.

In reply to a letter from the editor stating that certain pictures had been sent back, as requested, a young artist-writer in a neighboring State discredited the statement, intimating that there was a purpose on the editor's part to make some use of the drawings without the knowledge of the artist. Before us is a letter from a distant State, written in similar vein, intimating that the editor, not immediately passing upon a story, means to use the manuscript without accounting to its author for it. Another letter came a few weeks' ago from an Iowa writer scoring the editor in a most unwomanly way because he doesn't more freely recognize home talent,—in other words because he returned a story which in her judgment was better than anything that had appeared in the magazine. We are used to these long range insults. They only excite compassion. A gentleman is a gentleman and a lady is a lady in every letter written as in every word spoken.

A correspondent asks why *THE MIDLAND* editor, in his recent paper replying to Charles Dudley Warner's plea for the further extension of civil service reform to consulships, paid no attention to Mr. Warner's slur at pensioners and side-thrust at pensions. These are the offending words:

We should have no difficulty in appending this [the civil service reform feature] to our

consular service. If we were not now loaded down almost to the sinking point with unnecessary war pensions.

Our purpose at the time did not include a discussion of pensions, and the force of the reply would have been weakened by the consideration of any other than the main question at issue. We read the words above quoted with mingled pain and indignation. "Unnecessary war pensions!" How pitifully mean this indirect attack upon the pensions which a grateful people have awarded the defenders of the nation's very life! Better abolish our entire consular service than take from one indigent soldier's widow the means whereby she lives! The proposed "reform" is open to enough objections without loading it down with the suggestion that it be carried out at the expense of those who have borne the brunt of battle or their widows and orphans.

In the winter of 1893-94 *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY* absorbed the *Literary Northwest*, of St. Paul, and filled the unexpired subscription list of that able and interesting but unfortunate magazine. Now we have to chronicle the absorption of *Tainter's Magazine*, of Lancaster, Wisconsin, and Galena, Illinois. Mr. Austin G. Tainter, its editor and publisher, having, for a consideration, turned over to *THE MIDLAND* its subscription list and good-will. In absorbing *Tainter's Magazine* *THE MIDLAND* measurably strengthens its hold in the State of Wisconsin—a State abounding in literary talent and appreciative readers of the best things in literature.

The inevitableness of *THE MIDLAND*'s successful future becomes more and more apparent to all who are watching its upward career. It is much to say of its progress during the last year of hard times ever growing harder, that since last September the edition of this magazine, printed by the Kenyon Printing and Manufacturing Company, has increased 6,000 copies; and the certainty for next month is an increase of at least 1,000, and the probabilities are an increase of many thousands, over the number of copies printed this month. With such an increase in such times as these, what may we not expect for "the representative magazine of the Middle-West" on the advent of better times!

## MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

Few novels are great in the depth and breadth of "Romola" and of "Anna Karenina"; few novels may carry—as these do—the chief parts in "the wide, sad tragedy of life" with an art which never attacks the sensibilities.

"A Lady of Quality" is not one of these few. The flavor of Seventeenth Century English in which the book is written alone seems to justify the frankness of certain conversations and episodes. I say "seems" because I am not yet convinced that there is justification. There can be little doubt, however, that the jar to one's finer feeling—in a first reading, at least—is communicated in some measure through the element of surprise. One is shocked just a little to find Mrs. Burnett in company with Fielding—searching in the mould and muck of two centuries for specimens of choice Billingsgate.

Can this, indeed, be the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and of "Sara Crewe"?

Nevertheless, there is redemption in "A Lady of Quality." The rough edges are unfelt in the closing chapters, which display all the vigor and intensity of Mrs. Burnett at her best in dramatic writing. In these chapters, too, a noble purpose in the book becomes apparent. A trenchant lesson—whose humanity has yet to learn, and which the author seeks to teach—unfolds itself, and there is no stepping aside to preach in any paragraph.

Clorinda Wildairs is a character unique in fiction—the anti-type of Clarissa Harlowe—a wild, roystering young creature of great beauty, fiery in temper, imperious in will, with horse-stable training and manners, a profundity of oaths, and with yet laxer morals. All this at the outset. Later on she outshines even the divine Clarissa in the virtue which overtakes her fearless spirit at the touch of true love.

Clorinda is the chief figure, the *piece de resistance*, of the story, yet in the drawing of the character of Anne many readers would find the saving grace of the book. Nowhere has Mrs. Burnett drawn a more lovable picture than that of this beautiful soul—this worshipful sister of Clorinda.

A novel of quite another sort is Marie Corell's latest book. This is a vigorous attack upon the materialism of the modern progressionist. "The Mighty Atom"—which is the title to the book—*versus* The Omnipotent Person, is the *cause celebre* in which the author enters a strong plea for the defendant. If the story had no other merit, the style in which it is written would commend it to all lovers of the simple Anglo-Saxon. There are pages with scarce a dozen words of Greek or Latin derivation on them, and this clearness and beauty of language is restful to the eye and sweet to the tongue. Miss Corell's writings in this respect equal the exquisite English of "Miss Ludington's Sister," or of the best of Arlo Bates' work.

The story in "A Mighty Atom" deals mostly with the private education and experiences of a very small and very precocious boy. Lionel Valtescourt is the son of a wealthy country squire whose ideas are certainly "advanced" enough to meet the necessities of progressionism—whatever the term may define. Lionel's tutors—except one who is discharged upon conviction of

faith in Christianity—are of the school of crass materialism. The child's mind is crammed with the lore of all nations. Here is the arrangement of his studies in mythology—bracketed in catalogue: 1. Of Ptah and Egyptian mythology. 2. Of Brahma, Vishnu and the Hindoo cults. 3. Of the Chaldean and Phœnician creeds. 4. Of the Greek and Roman gods. 5. Of Buddha and Buddhism. 6. Of Confucius and the Chinese sects. 7. Of Odin and the Norse beliefs. 8. Of the Mexican mythology. 9. Of Mohammedanism and the Koran. 10. Of the Talmud and Jewish tradition. 11. Of Christ and the founding of the Christian myth. Is it a wonder that the delicate, brainy youth grew tired of life at eleven years and committed suicide? He had already lived through sixty centuries.

Professor Cadman-Gore, the last tutor, is a learned materialist, not wholly without heart, of the type made familiar in "Robert Elsmere." A sweet child character, drawn to the life, is little Jessamine, six-year-old daughter of Robert Dale, verger of Cerubmartin.

FRANK W. CALKINS.

"The Damnation of Theron Ware," by Harold Frederic.

The outline of this novel is bad, horribly, shudderingly bad; but to exhibit only the outline is like exposing a magnificent figure, palpitating with life and color and beauty, to the X-ray and eliminating all but the gruesome skeleton. There is a wonderful glow about the story, an intellectual splendor and magnificence, and a voluptuous and sensuous glamor, with all the time the bed-rock of common sense lying solid under one's feet, and a sharp and pitiless cynicism stinging one's sense of the mean, the false and the ridiculous into painful activity, and cutting away a good deal of cherished sentiment besides. Still, evil predominates, from cover to cover, and the moral—if there is a moral—is not consoling to the benevolent mind. The question may be asked, just why did Mr. Frederic write this book? And the first answer that springs to mind is, surely he wrote it to exploit his wonderful gift as a story-teller, as a word-painter, as a character student,—choosing for his subjects about the worst that could be found in decent society. The beauties of nature are picked out with a discriminating and delicate touch. And certain beauties of soul—as shown in old Mr. Madden and his son, Michael—are not entirely neglected.

Mr. Frederic knows flowers and trees and woods and limpid brooks, and the charms of spring and of moonlight and all the sweet natural effects that play upon the spirit with a holy—sometimes unholy—influence. And he knows music and can describe the most marvelous performance, the most intoxicating and bewildering confusion of harmonies, in a way which seems almost as good as being there to hear it for yourself. In fact, you seem to be there, with Theron Ware,—in the dim magnificence of the church, with the great organ rolling out its stormy or sweet appeals under Celia's magic fingers; or in the wonderful boudoir with its chastely naked statuary, its soft, diaphanous draperies concealing, revealing, undreamt-of beauties,—and with Celia herself! Celia the goddess, the Isis, the Old-Greek, as she calls herself, evoking the

\*Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

\*Stone & Kimball, New York, \$1.50.

spirit of Chopin,—which surely can never hope to sleep in peace and quiet so long as passion, through music, rules human souls.

Mr. Frederic knows passion, too, and evidently has some consideration for the strong passion that is held in leash by a strong will, and has a wisdom that knows when to shorten up the tether and save from shame and ruin. Father Forbes and Doctor Ledsmar and Celia Madden form a superb group by themselves, standing, as they blandly declare, upon the very pinnacle of pagan philosophy. But, in reality, circumstances and their own selfish desires have simply floated them to the cool heights of insolent power. Passion they possess in abundance—or two of them, at least, the priest and the girl—and they indulge it, play with it as children play with fire, sip it as the connoisseur sips costly wine. The power to keep themselves well in hand and maintain an honorable position before the public, while secretly setting aside divine law and human conventions, seems to be their chief pride and glory and their chief happiness. They despise the world, but take good care that the world does not find it out. The fact that the poor, ignorant young minister, whom at first they admire and intend to adopt into their own charmed circle—thinking there is good stout stuff in him—cannot keep his head above water in the great sea of spiritual licentiousness into which they plunge him, any more than he can keep from getting tipsy and loose-tongued on two glasses of lager, or conquer the nausea occasioned by a few whiffs of a delicate cigarette, makes them despise him and drive him forth with heaped-up contempt. A proceeding warmly endorsed by the disgusted reader—from a slightly different standpoint.

The three have a sort of thieves' honesty among themselves. They are loyal to one another with a loyalty which their own violent outbursts against one another cannot upset. "He is a beast," declares Celia of the Doctor, with apparent vehement hatred; and the Doctor says still worse things of Celia. But when Theron takes sneaking advantage of these outbursts—which turn out to be mere affectations of rage—to try to find out things, they turn their backs upon him and hustle him out of their houses with distinctly no invitation to come back. But he is too much of a dolt and an egotist to interpret this to his own disadvantage. He excuses the apparent oversight and cannot see the many snare but pointed slights they put upon him. He persists in his utterly foolish and absurd infatuation for Celia until she turns upon him like a veritable Serpent of the Nile and stings him to his heart's core. She shows him how incapable he is of the first elements of honesty and loyalty. Perhaps she knew that his colossal vanity required hard blows. He was crushed, beaten to the ground, pierced as by a thousand arrows, scorched, harassed, tortured, so that he wanted to die. Yet, even then, his poor self-love raised its bruised and pitiful head and groveled at the feet of the priest—and was politely spurned. He went forth into the world smeared all over with a palpable shame and humiliation.

And now comes in the ex-Amazonian ballet dancer, the erstwhile companion of gamblers and sharpers, and now popular woman preacher, and makes a tolerably successful attempt to reinstate this limp and battered and disheveled man. Theron Ware, without making any damaging confidences to his good and simple-minded wife, starts off with her out West, to Seattle. He has given up the ministry, and the story winds up with a faint suggestion that, having the gift of eloquence, he may go into politics, and perhaps turn up in Washington City some fine day as a United States Senator. One can forgive Mr. Frederic for all the badness in his book because it is such clever badness, but this last is too much for American pride and faith. The author must have made up his mind to expatriate himself before casting such a slur upon American statesmanship!

Mr. Frederic may have had other motives beside literary ambition; he may have wished to exhibit poor, weak human nature in its meanest aspects,—some writers do have that craze. If so, he has succeeded very well.

ALICE ILGENFRITZ JONES.

#### RECEIVED.

"Cursed Before Birth: A Few Straight Tips Regarding Our Social Condition," by J. H. Tilden, M. D. Published by the author, Denver, Colorado; in paper.

"The Reason Why: A Story of Fact and Fiction," by Ernest E. Russell. Published by the author, 13 Astor Place, New York. In cloth, \$1.00; in paper, 50 cents.

"The Ute Bear Dance," by Verner Z. Reed, Colorado Springs, Colorado; from the *American Anthropologist* for July, 1896.

"Field Flowers," published by the Eugene Field Monument Fund, 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

"Frye's Home and School Atlas,"\* a linen-bound, handsomely printed, colored-mapped, down-to-date work of ready reference, comes to hand and its excellence is apparent.

"Sour Grapes, or Heredity and Marriage,"† by Ed Amherst Ott, is a book of fifty-eight pages, full of thought bearing upon the greatest fact in our social life,—heredity, and the powerful bearing of marriage upon that fact.

\* Ginn & Co., publishers, Boston. Mailing price, \$1.15.

† Des Moines Book and Stationery Co. 30c.

## A TYPICAL IOWA TOWN.

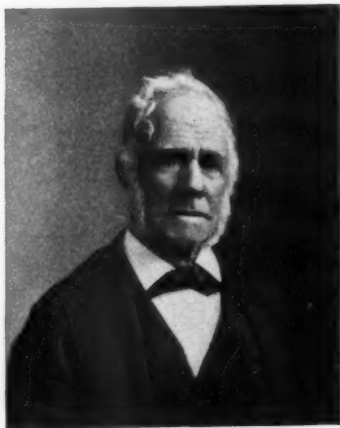
THE CITY OF MAQUOKETA.

By W. H. JEWETT.

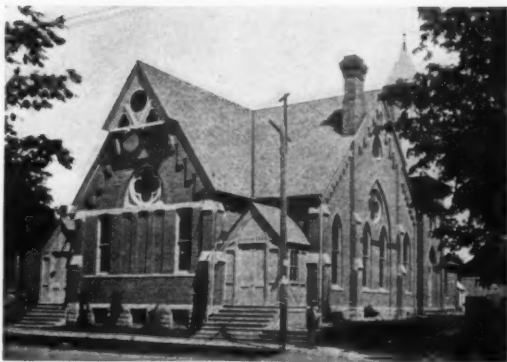
**I**T IS the character of its population that largely determines at what stage of its career a town is entitled to the distinction of cityhood. Some populous communities are only overgrown villages, while others, half as large, have already become cities in every sense of the word.

Maquoketa, Iowa, commonly called "The Timber City," is an example of this latter class. The push and energy of its business men, its fine residences and business blocks, the progressive spirit and local pride of its citizens, all prove that it is almost ready to lay aside its town "roundabouts" and put on city clothes.

Maquoketa is the metropolis and seat of government of populous Jackson County, and is surrounded by a country whose farmers, as a rule, are prosperous. It enjoys an excellent local trade and has, in proportion to its size, a large number of mercantile establishments. There is a robust activity about the place, which proves the town has by no means reached its full development.



J. E. GOODENOW, ESQ.,  
The Father of Maquoketa.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

In proportion to its size Maquoketa has a great many fine residences. These, with its well-kept lawns, are a particularly noticeable feature. Maquoketa, like Philadelphia, deserves the title of "a city of homes."

If one could have looked upon the present site of Maquoketa in 1837, not a sign of human habitation would have met his eye. Only the tall prairie grass, the flowers, the trees, the river, and the wild creatures of the wood and prairie were here. But in the spring of 1838 two men appeared, and soon a log cabin arose in the wilderness. Nature's long and undisputed sway was over.

One of these men was John E. Goodenow; the other, his hired man, Lyman Bates. They had driven all the way from New York, crossed the Mississippi River on the ice and, after a tedious and dangerous journey of nine weeks, reached their destination—the present site of Maquoketa. Here Mr. Goodenow purchased a claim, put up a substantial log house, and began to break the sod.

Mr. Goodenow seemed a man fitted by nature to blaze a way in the wilderness. When a mill was needed to crack the corn, he built it. When bricks were required, he burned them. He is still an honored resident of the town he founded nearly sixty years ago, and upon him has been affectionately bestowed the title of "The Father of Maquoketa." Surrounded by children and friends, he and his estimable wife are happily rounding out a career of usefulness.



THE M. E. CHURCH.

In 1840 a post-office was established here, with John E. Goodenow as postmaster. At first it was called Springfield; but, in order to avoid confusion, the name was changed to Maquoketa, after the river near by. Other villages sprang up around it, and for a time the race for supremacy was a close one; but Maquoketa soon distanced and finally absorbed its rivals.

In 1873 Maquoketa secured the county seat. Since then various attempts have been made to wrest the prize from her, but the "Timber City" has firmly established its supremacy. Andrew, the old county seat, still retains the jail, but its removal to Maquoketa has been decided upon, and the city is erecting a \$5,000 building for jail purposes.

The Midland Railroad, from Clinton to Anamosa, was completed to Maquoketa in 1870, and about the same time the Davenport & St. Paul Railroad was built from Davenport to Maquoketa, where it stopped. The former is now a part of the Chicago & Northwestern system, and the latter a portion of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.

The Maquoketa of to-day is a town of 4,000 people. It has macadamized streets, electric lights, a \$50,000 system of water-works, good schools and churches—in short, is a typical midland town of the better class.

The city is fortunate in its newspapers, which are alert and enterprising. The *Jackson Sentinel* is the pioneer, the first issue appearing in May, 1854.

Swigart Bros. are the publishers, and the paper is Democratic. Willard B. Swigart is the managing editor, and Josiah M. Swigart, the present postmaster of Maquoketa. The *Excelsior* is close behind in point of age, and this spring celebrated its fortieth birthday with a large anniversary edition. D. D. Prialx has been editor and proprietor since 1887. The *Excelsior* is Republican in politics. The *Record*, by Harvey & Fleming, is in its twentieth volume, and is an exponent of Democratic principles. About three years ago Grant & Griffin founded the *Republican*. All these papers seem well-fed and vigorous.

The Maquoketa public library, known as the Boardman Library Institute, was founded by William C. Boardman, a wealthy resident who died about ten years ago. In his will he set aside \$5,000 for library purposes, \$1,000 of which was to purchase books, as was also the interest from the remainder of the fund. The library at present consists of 3,000 volumes, carefully selected, and occupies commodious and well-furnished quarters.

Maquoketa is well supplied with places of worship. While the Congregational is not the first church organized in this vicinity, it is the pioneer church established on the present site of Maquoketa. In 1843, when five families constituted the town, a few people organized a Congregational Society. At first they held services in a log school-house that had done



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

## THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

duty as a blacksmith shop. In 1851 the Society completed its first church. In 1878 the present structure was erected. The membership at this time is about two hundred. Rev. Samuel Shepherd became pastor in April, 1895, and the church is growing and prosperous.

The Methodist Society antedates all others in this section, for it was organized near the present site of Maquoketa in 1838. It consisted of five members. "We know not," says Mrs. A. J. House, in her history of the church, "at whose cabin the first class-meeting was held, what portion of Scripture was read, what song composed that first faint chorus, or what the burden of the prayers that ascended from these lonely hearts. But we know that the spirit of God was there and that angels looked down upon the scene and rejoiced." The Society now has a handsome church, and Rev. Wm. Critchlow Macurdy, A. B., is its pastor.

The Baptists have a neat and substantial church home. The Society in 1892 held jubilee services for three days, in honor of its fiftieth anniversary. Rev. Henry Clark is its pastor.

October 6, 1874, several ladies assembled and formed a Protestant Episcopal Society, and in 1881 the corner-stone of St. Mark's Episcopal Church was laid, with Rev. Geo. A. Whitney as rector.

The other churches of the city are the German Reformed, Evangelical Association, Free Methodist and Roman Catholic.

Rising high above surrounding trees and houses, a landmark for many miles around, stands the "Academy" belfry, silently attesting the interest and pride



PROF. C. C. DUDLEY.

taken by a cultured community in its public schools.

The "Academy," so-called, is the high school building of Maquoketa. The building is in the center of a beautiful, five-acre lawn. It was erected in 1876, and contains twelve large rooms, besides recitation and cloak rooms. There are in addition three ward school buildings—two of them of four rooms each, and the third having a single room. Maquoketa believes in making ample provision for the education of its youth, and to that end has employed a very efficient corps of instructors.



THE OUTLOOK CLUB OF MAQUOKETA.



THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF MAQUOKETA.

Prof. C. C. Dudley, city superintendent of schools and principal of the high school, was born in Connecticut, in 1841, and, after passing through the public schools, entered Guilford Institute, where he remained for five years. After teaching for a time in the country and in his native town, he served for several years in Bridgeport, Connecticut, as principal of schools. Meantime, his parents had removed to Iowa. He followed in 1876, and soon after took charge of the schools here. Under his administration they were soon rated among the best in the State. At the close of his present term of contract he will have rounded out twenty-one

years of service in the schools of this city. During that period he has collected over \$12,000 for non-resident tuition, has built up in the high school a geological cabinet second to none among the public schools of the State, and has seen nearly three hundred graduates go out to honored places in nearly every State of the Union.

Professor Dudley's able assistants in the high school are Miss Mary V. Wynkoop, Miss Clara B. Jewett, Miss Callie Arnold and Miss Ida Ellis.

If the Nineteenth Century is woman's century, as Victor Hugo said, the women of Maquoketa are fully alive to the fact,



THE TUESDAY CLUB OF MAQUOKETA.

## THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

for this is essentially a town of women's clubs.

Of these, the Outlook Club is the oldest. It was organized in 1894, and federated the following year. Mrs. M. F. Cannell is president; Mrs. C. A. Gallagher, vice-president; Miss Lizzie Cassin, secretary, and Mrs. A. B. Bowen, treasurer. At present the Club is taking a "trip in England," under the guidance of the famous authors of that country.

The Woman's Club (federated) was also founded in 1894, by Mrs. A. J. House, who has been its president up to the close of the past club year. Last year the Club took up English History and Literature, and this year will turn its attention to American Literature and History. It has also done a good work in beautifying and improving the resting-place of the dead. Mrs. Rosa Van Dorn is its president.



MRS. S. E. CLAPPE.

Some two years ago a band of studious maidens with a thirst for learning, great purposes stirring their hearts, seized a golden opportunity and joined hands in learning's cause. The result is the Tuesday Club (federated)—twenty-five young ladies who seek intellectual benefit and are zealously striving to keep abreast of their older sisters of other clubs. The Tuesday Club is an active factor in the intellectual and social life of the town. Miss Mary Lisbeth Knittle is president.

The other women's clubs are the Maquoketa Monday Night, the G. A. Y. P., and the Progressive.

Last spring Mrs. S. E. Clappe opened a musical studio in Maquoketa. She came from Omaha, where for nine years she was engaged in voice culture and as a director in operas, oratorios and cantatas. Mrs. Clappe is a vocalist and



JUDGE A. J. HOUSE.

instructor of rare ability, and her work is meeting with much commendation. She is a true artiste, and her soul is in her art. Her specialty is voice culture, and she is frequently called to other points to direct operas, cantatas and oratorios, and her many fine press notices attest her success. She was formerly chorister of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church of Omaha. Mrs. Clappe has given a decided impetus to musical culture in Maquoketa.

The most important factor in the life of any city is its representative men. The following pages contain sketches of many of Maquoketa's foremost citizens. While all are not given, these well represent the various interests of this city.



HON. ALFRED HURST.



HON. B. F. THOMAS.



HON. WALTER C. GREGORY.

Hon. A. J. House, district judge, is a native of Canada. He came to Maquoketa in 1863, when sixteen years old, and has lived here ever since. His education was acquired at the State University, and in 1870 he was admitted to the bar. The following year he was elected superintendent of schools and, two years later, became county auditor. After two terms of service he resumed the practice of law. For twelve years he was city attorney. In 1892 he was appointed to the district judgeship and, later, elected to the position. In 1894 he was again elected. His eminent fitness for the position he occupies is universally conceded.

Alfred Hurst, serving his second term in the State Senate, is a self-made man. He came to Maquoketa from Davenport in 1870, and went into the lime manufacturing business. Later his brother became associated with him, and for

years the lime works of A. Hurst & Co., at Hurstville, two miles from Maquoketa, have been the largest in the West. This is due to the enterprise and business sagacity of the Hurst brothers.

Alfred Hurst was for five years a member of the board of supervisors of Jackson County, and his first election to the State Senate was in 1893. Last year he was again chosen to the same position, and he ran far ahead of his ticket. Senator Hurst has always been a consistent and unswerving Democrat. He is a man of great popularity, of strict integrity, and, as a legislator, is a firm friend of the common people.

B. F. Thomas, a prominent attorney, was born in Erie County, Pennsylvania. In 1850 he emigrated to Iowa with his father, and settled at Andrew. He completed his education at the Iowa State Normal School, and began the study of law in the office of Uriah Osgood, in Joliet. In 1858 he removed to Monticello, Minnesota, and opened a law office, soon gaining an extensive practice. Returning to his old home in 1860, he became a pension agent, and in 1884 removed to Maquoketa. His home is one of the neat and cozy residences of the city. Mr. Thomas is city solicitor. He is a man of probity and sound judgment, an honored and respected citizen, prominently identified with the M. E. Church and superintendent of its Sunday School.



RESIDENCE OF HON. B. F. THOMAS.

## THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

Walter C. Gregory was born at Delavan, Wisconsin, December 9, 1844. His father, Samuel K. Gregory, was a native of New York, and his mother, whose maiden name was Cynthia L. Blanchard, was born in Vermont. He came to Jackson County with his parents in 1861. For eight years he was engaged in farming and teaching school. He began the study of the law at Andrew, in 1869, becoming deputy auditor and, later, deputy clerk. In 1876 he was admitted to the bar, his extensive acquaintance soon securing for him a fine practice. This has constantly increased and few men are busier than he. He was twice elected county auditor on the Republican ticket, and made an excellent record. Mr. Gregory was attorney for the board of supervisors for two years, and for eighteen years a member of the school board, much of this time its president. He assisted in organizing the Boardman Library Institute, and has ever since been its president or one of its directors. He is now a member of the city council.

J. C. Murray has resided in Maquoketa since his childhood, coming here in 1855.



HON. GILMAN L. JOHNSON.

Mr. Murray is of Scotch-Irish parentage, inheriting the shrewdness of the one race and the ready wit of the other. After graduating from the Iowa State University he took up the practice of law, and is now a member of the firm of Murray & Farr. He is also editor of the American Red Polled Herd Book, and has a large herd of red-polled cattle. Mr. Murray is an indefatigable worker and whatever he has to do he does with his might. For some time past he has been giving a large part of his attention to the great Watson estate case, involving the possession of \$300,000. Mr. Murray's handsome home is one of the fine residences of the city.

Gilman L. Johnson was born in St. Lawrence County, New York, June 21, 1846. He attended the schools of his native village until the breaking out of the Rebellion, when he enlisted and was mustered into service May 15, 1861. On account of his youth he mustered as a musician, and was immediately transferred to the ranks by his commanding officer. He served continuously until the close of the War, and was mustered out June 9, 1865. He served for a time on the staff of Major-General Curtis as personal aide. While acting in this ca-



J. C. MURRAY, ESQ.



ASA B. BOWEN, M. D.

capacity in February, 1864, he lost his right arm during an engagement on the islands in Charleston (South Carolina) Harbor, and during the rest of the War served as depot quartermaster at Fort Fisher, North Carolina. When peace was declared he resumed his studies, and in June, 1871, graduated from St. Lawrence University and came West to practice law. In 1871 he located at Maquoketa. Mr. Johnson occupies a high position both profes-

sionally and socially, and his law practice is large and lucrative. He is a Democrat, and as such served his county in the Nineteenth General Assembly as a member of the Lower House, and in the Twentieth and Twenty-first Assemblies in the Senate. He was a delegate to the convention that nominated Hancock and a presidential elector the same year, making a strong campaign in his district for his old commander. For five years he was a member of the Democratic State Committee. Six years ago he was the unanimous choice of the bar of his district for the bench and went before Governor Boies with their endorsement, but was "turned down by the Governor," as he states, "at the dictation of a clique of cheap politicians." "I have had the supreme pleasure of attending two national conventions since that time," he remarked recently, "and assisted in my weak way in subjecting the Governor to the same operation." Mr. Johnson has withdrawn from active participation in



RESIDENCE AND OFFICE OF DR. A. B. BOWEN.



D. N. LOOSK, M. D.

politics, and is devoting himself entirely to his law practice, which he is now able to choose. His fifty years rest lightly upon him, and he is in appearance a young man. He bears the reputation of being just, generous and honorable, a good citizen, a staunch friend and an unrelenting enemy.

The successful doctor is one who keeps in touch with the latest discoveries of modern science. Dr. Asa B. Bowen is such a physician. He was born in Connecticut in 1842, and, twenty years later, began the study of medicine in a doctor's office, from which he entered the medical department of a man-of-war during the Rebellion. After the War he attended the Albany Medical College, graduating in 1868. The following year he came to Maquoketa, and has been in active practice there ever since. Doctor Bowen is a skilled surgeon, and has successfully performed many difficult operations. He is a member of the Iowa State Medical Society, the American Medical Associa-

## THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

tion, and National Association of Railway Surgeons; was United States pension examiner under Grant, Garfield, Arthur and Harrison, is local surgeon for the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, was for twelve years commissioner of insanity for Jackson County, and is a member of the Maquoketa school board.

David N. Loose was born in Eastern Pennsylvania. In 1874 he graduated from Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and then entered the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1877 received his diploma. Later his *alma mater* conferred upon him the higher degree of A. M. In the fall of 1877 the Doctor located in the northern part of Jackson County, Iowa, and, five years later, removed to Maquoketa, where he has since been in active practice. Doctor Loose bears a fine reputation as a physician. He is president of the American Savings Bank



GEO. O. JOHNSON, M. D.

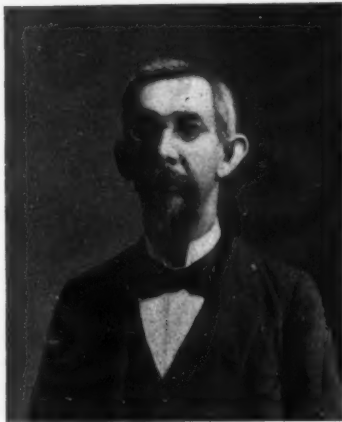


RESIDENCE OF DR. D. N. LOOSE.

of Maquoketa and senior member of the firm of D. N. Loose & Co., druggists.

Dr. Geo. O. Johnson was born in Lagrange, Ohio, fifty-one years ago. His parents moved to Jones County, Iowa, when he was a boy, and his early life was spent on a farm. He went to Galesburg, Illinois, to attend college, and while there he met with a serious accident that caused him to take up the study of medicine at Maryland University, Baltimore. He graduated in 1869, and, with the exception of a year spent at Yale, has been in active practice ever since. He first located at Wyoming, Iowa, and, five years later, went to Clinton, Connecticut. His health compelling a return to Iowa, he located at Maquoketa, where he has built up a fine practice. He is a close student and a man of progressive ideas. Doctor Johnson is a prominent Mason. He was pension examiner during Cleveland's first term.

Wm. H. Davies, M. D., was born in Virginia. After receiving a fine general education and taking a course of medicine at Winchester, Virginia, Medical College, he entered Jefferson Medical College, at Philadelphia, and graduated therefrom with honors in 1861. He entered the medical department of the Confederate Army and served as surgeon until the close of the War. Taking up the practice of medicine in



DR. WM. H. DAVIES.



WM. M. STEPHENS.

Virginia, he remained there until 1884, when he located in Maquoketa, and has ever since been one of that city's successful practitioners. Doctor Davies is a typical Southerner, courteous and dignified. He is a member of the Iowa Medical Society and the Virginia Medical Society, a permanent member of the American Medical Association, and, since 1889, United States pension examiner.

The Jackson County Bank is one of the solid institutions of Maquoketa, and has been successful from its inception in 1886. The capital is \$40,000. William M. Stephens, the founder and owner of this bank, has always taken a prominent part in the affairs of Maquoketa, and is a

leading spirit of the town. Mr. Stephens came from Ohio with his parents in 1855, and settled on a farm near Maquoketa. After receiving an education at the academy then located here, he entered the mercantile business. He was successful and continued until 1884. Two years later he established the bank. He also has other large interests here. Several times Mr. Stephens has been politically honored. In 1894 he was elected to the legislature, and at present is serving his fourth term as mayor. He is a Republican. Mr. Stephens has a large acquaintance and possesses the esteem and confidence of the people. As a business man his course has been honorable and just, and as an officer his record is clean.

The American Savings Bank of Maquoketa was organized last December and is already taking its place with the older



JOHN L. SLOANE.

financial institutions. Dr. D. N. Loose is president; George Cooper is first vice-president; W. B. Sutherland, second vice-president, and H. B. Hubbell, cashier. The bank's statements make a highly satisfactory showing. H. B. Hubbell, the cashier, is a native of Maquoketa. When his grandfather, D. M. Hubbell, established a bank in 1880, he entered as cashier, and, upon the death of the elder Hubbell, succeeded to the business, continuing therein until the present bank was organized. From 1890 to 1894 he was treasurer of Jackson County.

The Exchange Bank of Maquoketa was established in 1871 by L. B. Dunham, Louis H. Dunham and John L. Sloane. L. B. Dunham had been connected with financial institutions in Maquoketa for many years, and had helped to establish the Farmers' Branch of the State Bank of



H. B. HUBBELL.

Iowa, back in the Fifties. Upon his death, which occurred four years ago, Louis H. Dunham became president of the Exchange Bank, and John L. Sloane its cashier. The bank is ably and conservatively managed, and is financially strong. John L. Sloane, cashier, was born in Wooster, Ohio, in 1847, and has lived in Maquoketa since he was nine years old. He was one of the founders of the bank, and was assistant cashier until he succeeded to the cashiership in 1892.

Any mention of the business interests of Maquoketa should include the name of C. M. Sanborn, the pioneer grocer of the city. In 1854, when a lad of eighteen, he came here from New York State, accompanied by his mother and sister, and started a wagon and blacksmith shop. He later tried farming, but in 1862 returned to town and opened a grocery store. This time he had started on the



THE SANBORN BLOCK.

right course, and he has followed it ever since. Industry, fair dealing and attention to business was the key that opened the door of success; and Mr. Sanborn is in every way a "self-made" man. Last year he began the erection of the San-

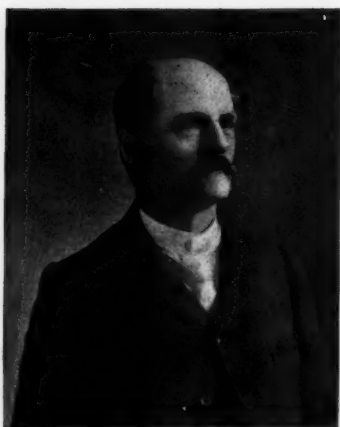
born Block, and now it stands an ornament to the city. It is three stories high, and very handsome in design. It cost \$15,000. The two upper floors are devoted to offices and lodge rooms and Mr. Sanborn occupies the lower floor and basement. His store is a model of neatness and taste, and would do credit to a city much larger than Maquoketa. He enjoys an excellent trade. For three terms he was mayor and for many years a member of the council.

Mortimer Rice, with the exception of three years spent in the War, has been engaged in the dry-goods business continuously for forty years. Twenty-five years of this time has been spent in Maquoketa. He is a successful merchant, and his prosperity is the result of industry and a thorough knowledge of his business. Mr. Rice is one of Maquoketa's representative men — hard-working, energetic, quick to see and grasp an opportunity, and always fair and honorable. He owns and manages Rice's Grand Opera House.

One of the men who have helped to make Maquoketa what it is is Hon. Geo. L. Mitchell, who has a large dry-goods business. Mr. Mitchell's parents are among the earliest settlers of Jackson County, having moved here about fifty



RICE'S OPERA HOUSE.



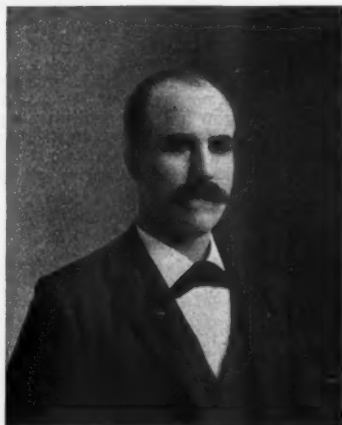
MORTIMER RICE.

years ago. The elder Mitchell was twice elected to the State Legislature and once to the State Senate. George L. was born in Maquoketa, and ten years ago, upon the retirement of his father, assumed charge of the business, which he still carries on. In 1887 he was elected to the legislature on the Democratic ticket, and later refused a renomination for the same office in order that he might give undivided attention to his business. He has refused other offices for the same reason, preferring to devote all his energies to a successful mercantile career.

A fitting representative of the hardware interests of Maquoketa is W. H. Hand, senior member of the hardware firm of Hand & Trout. Mr. Hand came to Ma-

quoketa in 1875, and, after attending the high school here, entered the lumber business. After eight years Mr. Hand sold his lumber interest and turned his attention to hardware. At first he was alone, but later became associated with J. B. Trout, and the store of Hand & Trout is one of the well known and successful business houses of the Timber City. Mr. Hand is a man of energy and enterprise and a prominent member of the Methodist Church, of which Sunday School he was for four years superintendent. He is a Mason and an Odd Fellow, and has served as a member of the city council.

A. D. Lawrence, senior member of the dry-goods firm of A. D. Lawrence & Sons, was born in Allegany County, New York, and removed to Illinois when a child, fifty-eight years ago. He began



WILLIAM HAND.

his mercantile career at Roscoe, Illinois, in 1852, where he conducted a general store for twenty-five years. In 1872 he established a dry-goods house in Maquoketa under the firm name of Covell, Smith & Company. The firm continued under this style until 1880, when Mr. Lawrence, who had moved to Maquoketa three years before, assumed control and gave it its present title. The sons are Arthur J. and A. Dale Lawrence. Last spring a branch store was established at Marion and A. Dale Lawrence placed in charge. Both stores are among the largest in their respective towns. Mr. Lawrence, Sr., began life with nothing but energy and determination, and his success is due entirely to his own unaided efforts.

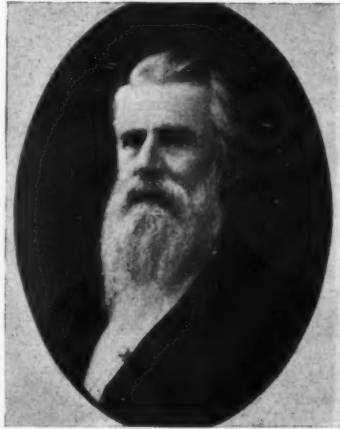
Harvey Reid moved with his parents from "York State" in 1844. When the



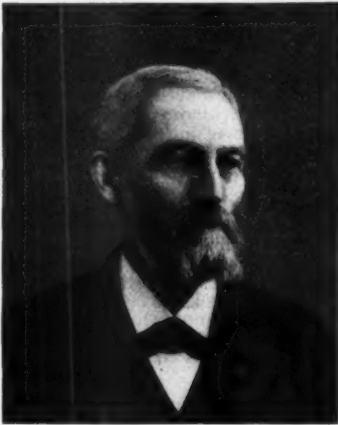
HON. GEO. L. MITCHELL.

War broke out he enlisted, and he carried a musket until the strife was over. For twenty years he was book-keeper and cashier for the Iowa Packing Company, of Sabula, then was elected treasurer of the county. He then went into the boot and shoe business in Maquoketa. The firm is H. Reid & Co. Mr. Reid is president of the Maquoketa school board and of the Boardman Library Institute, and since its organization has been adjutant of the Jackson County Veteran Association. He is prominent in Grand Army circles and has collected a great deal of valuable data concerning the late War.

The name of James Decker is prominent in the annals of Maquoketa. He was born at Saratoga Springs, New York, in 1808, and when a lad obtained employment in New York City. He soon accumulated enough capital to go into business for himself at Troy, New York, and at



THE LATE JAMES DECKER.



A. D. LAWRENCE.

twenty years of age carried a stock valued at one hundred thousand dollars. His business was largely wholesale, and, in addition, he had extensive real estate interests at Troy. Ceaseless activity in time made inroads on his health, and in 1845 he sold his business and bought three farms in Lewis County, New York. Here he lived for a time. A few years later he moved to Watertown, New York, where he built a beautiful residence and made his home until his death on February 1, 1881. Early in the Fifties he visited Iowa and became the possessor of large real estate holdings in Maquoketa. In 1876 he erected the Decker House here at a cost of over \$60,000.

In 1828, Mr. Decker was married to Miss Azubah A. Betts, and their married life was most happy. Mrs. Decker died

in 1891. Five children were the result of this union.

Leonard W., son of James and Azubah A. Decker, was born in Troy, New York. After receiving an excellent education he engaged in the mercantile business, but was called home to assist in the management of large property interests. In 1885, his father having died, Mr. Decker came to Maquoketa, where his interests were centered, and has resided here ever since. He is a man of wealth, owning the fine Decker House, several business blocks and other property. Mr. Decker was married in 1862 to Miss Mary H. Reynolds, of New York City. Three children have been born to them, one of whom died in infancy.



LEONARD W. DECKER.



THE DECKER HOUSE.

The Decker House was built in 1876. It is one of the best hotels in the smaller cities of the United States, and is provided with all the modern appliances and conveniences. Mr. J. A. Wherry is the proprietor and makes the welfare of his guests a careful study. In this he is ably assisted by his young wife, the daughter of Leonard W. Decker, owner of the hotel.

Good insurance men, like poets, are born, not made. They must possess tact, energy, business sagacity and personal popularity, all of which are combined in James W. Ellis, representing the well-known Hawkeye Insurance Company. Since coming to Iowa as a child in 1852, Mr. Ellis has lived on the same farm near Maquoketa, with the exception of three years spent in the War. Seven years ago failing health compelled him to seek lighter employment, and he secured the agency for the Hawkeye, meeting with success from the start. Last year he stood third in the list of the Hawkeye's agents doing the most business in the State. Mr. Ellis is also an enthusiastic collector of curios, and his "Ellisonian Institute" is a museum containing hundreds of rare relics, antiquities and specimens.

The electric lighting system of Maquoketa is probably equaled by no other town of its size in the State. It is owned and operated by the Barnes Electric Light and Power Company, who last winter built a new power house. There are two dynamos, one of fifteen hundred and the other of twelve hundred light capacity. The power is supplied by three engines with a combined horse-power of over three hundred. The system in use is the latest

and most approved. The plant was established in a small way about ten years ago by Barnes Bros. (Wilson and Joseph Barnes), and J. Frank, son of Wilson Barnes. The firm at that time conducted a large machine shop. Wilson Barnes is one of the early residents of Maquoketa, coming here from Illinois in 1860. For a while he was engaged in steamboating on the Maquoketa River, and then bought an interest in a machine shop here in 1867, acquiring full control the next year. His brother and son later became associated with the business, and the machine shop and foundry grew into an important industry, manufacturing steam engines, creamery supplies, wind mills, etc. As

electric lighting developed the firm gradually gave it more attention, finally leasing their machine shop and devoting all their energies to this industry. Joseph Barnes died a few years ago, and the firm now consists of Wilson and J. Frank Barnes.

J. Frank Barnes is the possessor of a thoroughly practical knowledge of electricity and mechanics, to which he has devoted the greater portion of his life. He is master mechanic of the State Penitentiary at Anamosa, having charge of all machinery and the construction of all buildings; and his time is divided be-



JAMES W. ELLIS.

tween his duties there and his interests here.

Maquoketa bears the reputation of being a good "show town," and this is no doubt because of its excellent facilities in this line. Rice's Grand Opera House is a place of amusement that many a larger city might feel proud of. It is a handsome building, with a stage 35x62 feet, and a seating capacity of one thousand. The body of the theater is provided with opera chairs, and the building is lighted by one hundred and twenty incandescent lamps. The properties include thirteen full changes of scenery. The opera house was recently purchased by Mortimer Rice, one of the oldest and most successful business men of the city, who intends to make it one of the best places of amusement in the State.

The Maquoketa Business College was established in Maquoketa by J. F. Wall, a graduate of Bayless Business College of Dubuque, in 1894. At first its growth was slow, but as its students graduated and showed by their work the character of the instruction gained, it grew in popularity. At present it occupies large rooms in the fine new Sanborn Block, and has reception room, recitation rooms, main study, lecture hall, wardrobe, etc., and is fitted up with all the accessories necessary to successfully carry on the work. Mr. Wall has had ten years' experience as an instructor. His aim is to ground his pupils thoroughly in all essen-



THE BARNES ELECTRIC POWER HOUSE.

tials necessary to a successful business career. His methods are "not an hour ahead nor a minute behind the times."

The president of the Timber City Commercial College, Capt. E. C. Johnson, is a graduate of the State University of Iowa. For two years he was assistant principal of the Maquoketa high schools, but resigned his position. He organized Company M, First Regiment, I. N. G., in 1893, and has been its captain ever since. E. A. Hale, the principal, is a graduate of Davenport Business College. After teaching several terms he became principal of the Timber City Commercial College. Miss Mae Flathers, instructor in shorthand and typewriting, is a graduate of the Bayless Business College of Dubuque. There are three departments, or courses, as follows: The Commercial, the Normal Academic and the Shorthand and Typewriting. These

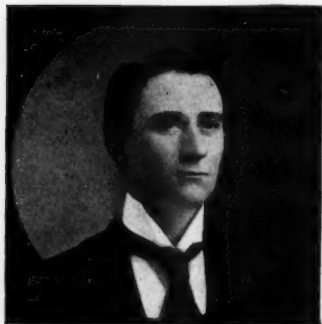


WILSON BARNES.



J. FRANK BARNES.

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.



J. P. WALL.

courses are all very thoroughly conducted. The college is fitted with desks, banks, express and post-offices, recitation rooms, etc.

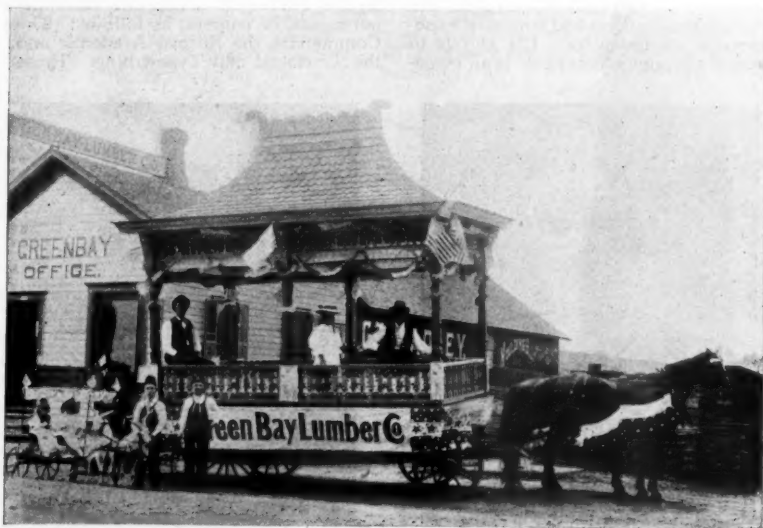
The Green Bay Lumber Company is one of the largest institutions of its kind in the West. It has headquarters in Des Moines, and branches in forty-five cities and towns throughout Iowa. About two years ago, concluding to establish a branch in Maquoketa, the company selected B. C. Busby, of Marion, Iowa, as the man to act as its representative. Mr. Busby was an experienced lumberman. Time has proved that the company made a wise choice, for under his management the Maquoketa branch has flourished. The illustration shows the local office and



EDNA CUNDILL,  
A Representative New Woman.

the ornamental pavilion, which was placed on wheels and made a striking feature of the business men's parade on the Fourth of July last.

The City Roller Mills is one of the important industries of Maquoketa. It is a substantial, three-story structure, and is thoroughly equipped for grinding wheat, corn, rye and buckwheat. The jolly miller, Thomas Hench, is a very busy man, indeed. Mr. Hench thoroughly un-



MANAGER BUSBY'S GREEN BAY LUMBER COMPANY EXHIBIT.



CAPTAIN HOAG'S PONY FARM, NEAR MAQUOKETA.

derstands his business, and the product of his mill is in demand.

The large cold-storage establishment of E. D. Hansen is illustrated herewith. For twenty years Mr. Hansen managed the business for T. R. King & Company, but last year he purchased it and now conducts it himself. He is an extensive buyer and shipper of butter, eggs and poultry, and his trade covers a large part of the State.

McCaffrey & Company are the most extensive manufacturers and jobbers of cigars in this section. They employ many men and sell in the neighborhood of three million cigars per year. They keep three men on the road, and McCaffrey's brands of cigars are smoked all over the West. O. McCaffrey established the business several years ago, and its success is due to his energetic management.

Three hundred and fifty pure-bred Shetland ponies in a group is a sight that can be seen at only one place in the world — and that is at the Beldena Shetland Pony Farm,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles northwest of Maquoketa. About twelve years ago, J. Murray Hoag, who had lost an arm in the service and retired from the regular army with the rank of captain, began importing and breeding Shetland ponies. He bought the best, regardless of price, both at home and abroad. For a choice stallion he has paid as high as \$500, and for a brood mare \$250. In a few years his herd

had representatives in every State and Territory of the Union. Beldena Farm consists of three hundred and twenty-five acres of highly-improved blue-grass land, and is devoted exclusively to the breeding of Shetlands. Its two houses, several large barns and other improvements make it the ideal pony farm, as well as the largest of its kind in the world. It is a place worth going many miles to see. The ponies range in size from forty-six inches in height down, and are of all colors common to horses, many beautifully spotted and marked.

Think of a colt weighing only sixteen pounds! Yet, this tiny bit of horseflesh actually existed at Beldena, and still lives there, although considerably larger at



HENCH'S MILL.



O. MCCAFFREY.

present. A bunch of mares with their tiny foals is truly a pretty picture. Nothing can give greater pleasure to children than these miniature horses. They are gentle, kind and obedient — a pet, a companion, a servant and a friend. Shetlands should not be confounded with the cheaper Iceland pony, which is usually dull and sluggish.

"The American Shetland Pony Club," of which Captain Hoag is vice-president, was organized six years ago, "to promote the introduction and rearing of high-class ponies, and the publication of a stud-book." Its membership numbers over one hundred of the better class importers and breeders of this country. Those who buy Shetland ponies should see to it that their purchases are registered in the American Shetland Stud Book, and that an official certificate of registration

is transferred to them. That Captain Hoag's ponies are among the finest in the land is abundantly proven by their prize-records, made and maintained year after year at our large fairs. They captured nine cash prizes at the World's Fair, Chicago.

Captain Hoag has aptly been dubbed "King of the Lilliputs." Personally he is a pleasant gentleman to meet, and visitors at Beldena Farm are sure of a cordial welcome, from both the Captain and his estimable wife.

A photographer should be a true artist, and this Will Cundill, Maquoketa's photographer, is, without a doubt. His work compares favorably with that of the best artists in the great cities. Nearly all the cuts that illustrate this article are from photographs made by him, and his work is its own best recommendation.



HANSEN'S COLD STORAGE BUILDING.



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MENTION THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

**PUBLISHERS NOTES.**

**NOTES FOR TWENTY-QUESTIONERS.—**

1. Mail your answers in ample time to reach THE MIDLAND on or before the 15th of the month. Several excellent answers came on the 16th of last month, after the "polls" were closed. 2. Use as many sheets as you please, but write only on one side of the sheet. 3. Make your pages look as neat as possible. 4. Spell correctly. 5. See that your sentences are grammatically constructed. 6. Don't indulge in unnecessary fine writing. 7. Don't condense so much as to omit important details. For example, in answer to the question, "What has Rudyard Kipling done to win fame?" it is hardly enough to simply say, "Written stories." You might at least complete your sentence, saying "He has written stories." But that would not cover the question. The least one could say is that "He has written stories and poems." It would be better to tell more, *e. g.*, "He has written stories and poems, chiefly of life in the East Indies." We make no insistence on any form of words; we only illustrate the point that, while many answers are too full of detail, others are wanting in essential details. 8. We insist upon one thing; namely, that the boy or girl shall not let any one else write the answers. There are unmistakable signs of age in writing, as in the human face. When (*e. g.*) answers come from a boy of ten which are written in the firm hand and with the elaboration of a mature woman, the committee to whom the answers are referred can do nothing but throw the answers out. Parents and friends may give information and suggestions; but the competitors must, themselves, compose and write out the answers. 9. Re-read the general directions at the top of the Twenty-Questions page, and you will find that you must not enclose with your answers any letter to the editor, or publisher,—not even directions as to what you want done with your subscription in case you win.—Yours not to reason why; yours but to answer the questions and wait. If you find your name in the list of winners in the next number of the magazine, *then* send a postal card, or letter, to the publisher telling him whom to send the year's

subscription to and with which month the subscription should begin.

The prize descriptive paper in the July 1st competition is entitled, "*Brighter Britain, or Maoriland*," a description of the native inhabitants of New Zealand, their traditions, habits, manners and customs. Its author is Miss Alice Monk, of Denver, Colo., who was for four years a teacher among this interesting people. This paper, illustrated by pictures brought from New Zealand by the author, will appear in the October MIDLAND.

Am well pleased with the encyclopædias.—O. Stuart, Cottage Hill, Iowa.

"The Legend of the Corn," by Katherine Pierce, will grace the October MIDLAND.

Nearly two months ago I subscribed for THE MIDLAND MONTHLY and purchased the Americanized Encyclopædia, and I am well satisfied with it and I know everyone who subscribes for the same will be satisfied.—Chas. T. Wright, Laird, Minnesota.

Helen M. Newby, a successful Twenty-Questioner, writes: I am very thankful for the opportunity you so kindly afford. I know I will enjoy THE MIDLAND very much more for having earned it myself. I like the magazine very much.

I felt very much gratified to find myself one of the successful ten in your Twenty-Question contest. I consider your magazine one of the best published and I shall take great delight in reading it.—Zelpha M. Guilford, Maquoketa.

I received the encyclopædias last evening and am much pleased with them.—Allie Jones, Lime Springs.

The Americanized Britannica received and it is all O. K. "Of all that is good Iowa affords the best" is true in regard to your magazine. I have taken especial pains to show my encyclopædia to my friends.—R. T. Greene, New Providence.

A Council Bluffs reader writes: "The announcement of that Life of Grant evidences your good generalship or diplomacy—which?" It is neither; it is our good fortune, and our readers' good fortune.

## Prepared For The Crowd!

take pleasure in saying that this is for the benefit and convenience of strangers who may attend the *Great Iowa State Fair, from September 4 to 11, at Des Moines.* It's our province to see that all strangers are comfortably housed and provided for, and that no one need stay away from any fear on that score, but if they will give us sufficient notice we will have them placed, and a card with street and number, just where they are to go and what it will cost, sent to them. Address "Information Bureau," care of Harris-Emery Company.

*Our business Goods, so we say the State Fair: and are prepared tire Fall and Win-bill the Harris-is ready to sup-We will have a to \$200,000 worth to select from, in-of Dry Goods, No.*

Millinery, Fall and Winter Garments of all kinds for Ladies, Misses, and Children, Carpets and Upholstery, and if you want us to pay your round trip railroad fare, and want to include Men's and Boy's Clothing, Boots and Shoes, and Furniture in your bill, we have houses in these lines who will join with us if you purchase the required amount of goods.

**WE GROW!** We enjoyed last spring the largest increase of any spring season since the house was opened. We deal with an open and liberal hand. *That we grow!*—it's the best evidence that our business methods are popular and our prices and goods are satisfactory to our patrons. Hoping that our future business relations may be mutually profitable and pleasant, we remain, respectfully yours,;

## The New Fall Goods Ready For Inspection!

*is to Sell Dry to all visitors to That if you wish to buy your enter Dry Goods Emery Company ply every want. stock of \$175,000 of merchandise cluding all kinds tions, Blankets,*

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## THE GRANT EVENT.

[From the Sioux City Journal.]

The American people are never lacking in appreciation of their great men, but it does seem that they have failed thus far to give due weight to the character of General U. S. Grant. This may be because his life was so different from many of our ideals, but it is more probable that the cause is to be found in the fact that what is known of him is mixed with partisan feeling growing out of his later contact with public life. General Grant was a Western man and a grand American, and what he was is worthy of study by all true Americans. We have not had any great quantity of literature about Grant and his career, but now we are promised something that will be greatly appreciated. In the October number of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY there will be commenced a new life of General Grant. It is appropriate that this life of a great Western man should appear in a Western magazine, and THE MIDLAND will have the thanks of all midland people for its enterprise. The story of Grant's life to appear in THE MIDLAND has been prepared by Colonel John W. Emerson, of Missouri, a warm friend of General Grant, on whose farm Grant received his commission as brigadier-gen-

eral. It will be profusely illustrated with old and new portraits and views—many of them very valuable and never before in print.

[From the Chicago Inter Ocean.]

The interesting announcement is made in this issue that Colonel John W. Emerson, of Ironton, Mo., the old army comrade of General Grant, will begin his great work, "Grant in the West," in the October MIDLAND, and that this work will run through the year, and the numbers of the coming year. It will be illustrated with many valuable portraits and views never before made public.

[From Hon. Harvey Ingham, Regent of the Iowa State University, in the Upper Des Moines, Algona.]

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY will publish one of the most important contributions to Grant literature. It is a sketch of Grant's career in the West by a Western man.... This valuable and important work can be had nowhere except in THE MIDLAND. It will create a big demand for Iowa's popular magazine among the veterans of the War.

## "Grant's Life in the West," by a Western Man.

*Authorized, Endorsed and Commended by Col. Fred. D. Grant.*

### "Grant's Life in the West, and His Mississippi Valley Campaigns."

*By Col. John W. Emerson, of Ironton, Mo., General Grant's Old-time Friend  
and Army Comrade, on Whose Grounds Grant made His  
Headquarters in 1861.*

The publication of *Grant's Life in the West*, by a Western Man,—and that man a close personal friend of the General, before, during, and after the War,—may truthfully be pronounced a *Historical Event*.

This interesting and important work will be published serially and *exclusively* in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, *commencing with the October number, 1896*, running through the remaining months of the year and continuing through the year 1897. *It will be profusely illustrated* with old and new portraits and views,—many of them *very valuable and never before in print*.

The work will include Grant's Soldier Life in Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, his romantic courtship and marriage, his Mexican War experiences, his farm life in Missouri, his humble business career in Galena, his brilliant Missouri, Tennessee and Mississippi campaigns in the War of the Rebellion.

These features will be embellished with sketches and incidents drawn from the author's own personal knowledge, and from information given the author by those who were most intimately associated with Grant in public and private life.

Every man, woman and child in the Middle-West should read "*Grant's Life in the West*," and should begin with the *beginning*. Subscriptions should be sent directly to the Publisher of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, or through his *authorized* agents in the field, or through subscription agencies known to be reliable and prompt.

Remember, "*Grant's Life in the West*" begins with THE MIDLAND MONTHLY of October, 1896.

A word personal as to the author, Colonel (and Judge) John W. Emerson. Page 1098 of the "*History of Missouri*," after speaking at length of the birth, parentage, education and public services of Col. J. W. Emerson, says:

"As a lawyer, Judge Emerson has few equals in the State. He is a deep thinker, a logical and forcible speaker, and as Circuit Judge was regarded as one of the ablest in the Commonwealth. He resigned the Judgeship because he preferred a private life." The history refers in a highly complimentary manner to the

soldier-jurist's able addresses, lectures and contributions to the literature of his time. It concludes: "His residence is one of the most beautiful in the State. It is located in the lovely valley of Arcadia, and is surrounded by the scenery of the Ozark Mountains, and is historical, being the place where Col. U. S. Grant received his commission as Brigadier-General and was encamped in 1861.

*As to Colonel Emerson's authority from the family of General Grant:*

Col. F. D. Grant, son of the General, has written Colonel Emerson a number of most cordial letters, from which the following are quotations.

Extract from letter of Col. F. D. Grant to Col. J. W. Emerson, February 26, 1889:

"Was so pleased with what you had to say, and the way in which you said it, that I assembled the family together and read your article to them. We all agreed that your paper brings out a number of points which will give the historical student a better idea of General Grant's character than any other similar paper we have read."

Extract from letter from Col. F. D. Grant to Col. J. W. Emerson, March 21, 1889:

"You are at perfect liberty to use as much of the Personal Memoirs as you please in your forthcoming book."

Extract from letter of Col. F. D. Grant to Col. J. W. Emerson, February 18, 1896:

"I am pleased to learn that you are about to complete and bring out your long deferred work on the life of my father, General Grant. Your papers hitherto published have given me so much pleasure that I am sure this work will be exceedingly interesting to myself and others, as well as historically valuable. I wish your work great success."

Subscribe for THE MIDLAND MONTHLY NOW and thus insure against the strong probability that the October edition—large as it will of necessity be—will early be exhausted. Send us a long list of your friends who ought to know about this work in time to begin with the beginning, and we will mail them circulars and sample copies. Send draft or money order for \$1.50 for each subscription you order, to

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*The Grant Event—Continued.*

[From the Capital, Des Moines.]

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, through the  
 indomitable will-power and persistency in  
 effort of its able editor, has long since  
 achieved a footing and popularity that in-  
 sures its permanency. It has developed  
 hitherto unknown factors, and given wide  
 circulation to the really creditable articles  
 of its constantly increasing list of con-  
 tributors. The productive tendencies of  
 the Middle-Western field of intelligence

have been shown in a rich field of historic  
 prose, short story and smooth verse.

Having reached its sixth volume THE  
 MIDLAND MONTHLY is to be enriched in  
 its table of contents by the publication of  
 the first "Life of Grant in the West, by  
 a Western Man." This interesting and  
 important work will be published seri-  
 ally and exclusively in THE MIDLAND  
 MONTHLY, commencing with the October  
 number, 1896.

